

No. 57

SEPT.

# WILEY GAGGLES

## COMICS

10¢







WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM



# THROW UP YOUR HANDS!

and **CHEER** for a  
**BRAND NEW**  
**COMICS MAGAZINE!**

## BLAZING WEST

---A SLAMBANG, THRILL-A-MINUTE WESTERN COMIC THAT TOPS THEM ALL!



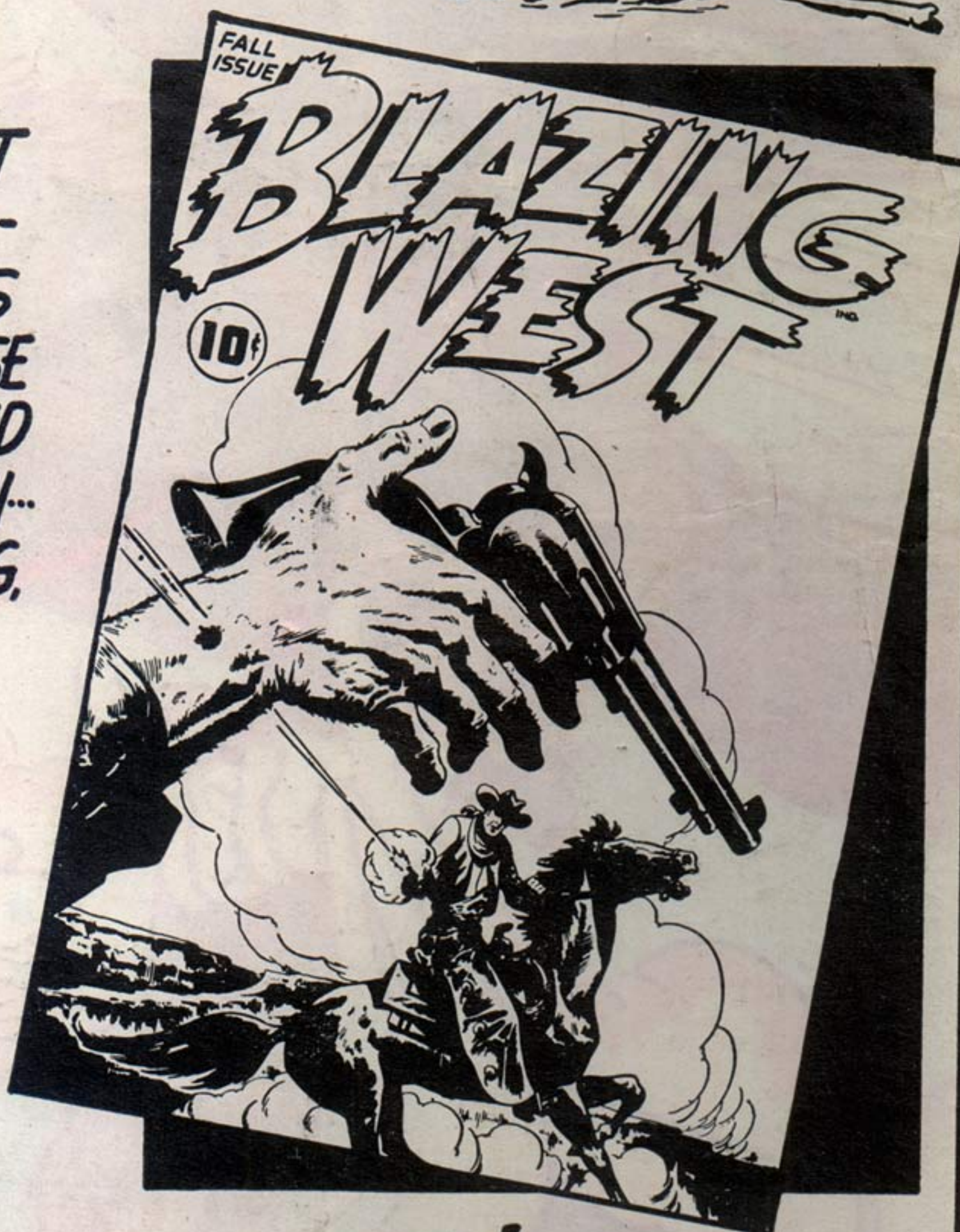
You'll **GASP AT** FAST-SHOOTING, RED-BLOODED GUNFIGHTERS THAT PACK A POWERHOUSE PUNCH...CHILL TO PAINTED INJUNS ON THE WARRPATH...THRILL TO HARD-FIGHTING, FAST-RIDING COWBOY HEROES!

★ ★ ★

You've **NEVER** read a western like this... it's an action-packed killer-diller! So...

*don't miss*

## BLAZING WEST!



**10¢** ON ALL STANDS



# SUPERKATT

...HE'S EIGHT FEET TALL, WITH A LONG NOSE AND WHISKERS! HE'S **PUBLIC ENEMY NO. 1!**...IF YOU SHOULD SEE THIS CROOK OR HAVE ANY INFORMATION REGARDING HIS WHEREABOUTS, NOTIFY "**CRIME KILLERS**" IN CARE OF THIS STATION AT ONCE!

HEY! WOSSAMATTER, DOPEY... YA **BLIND?**



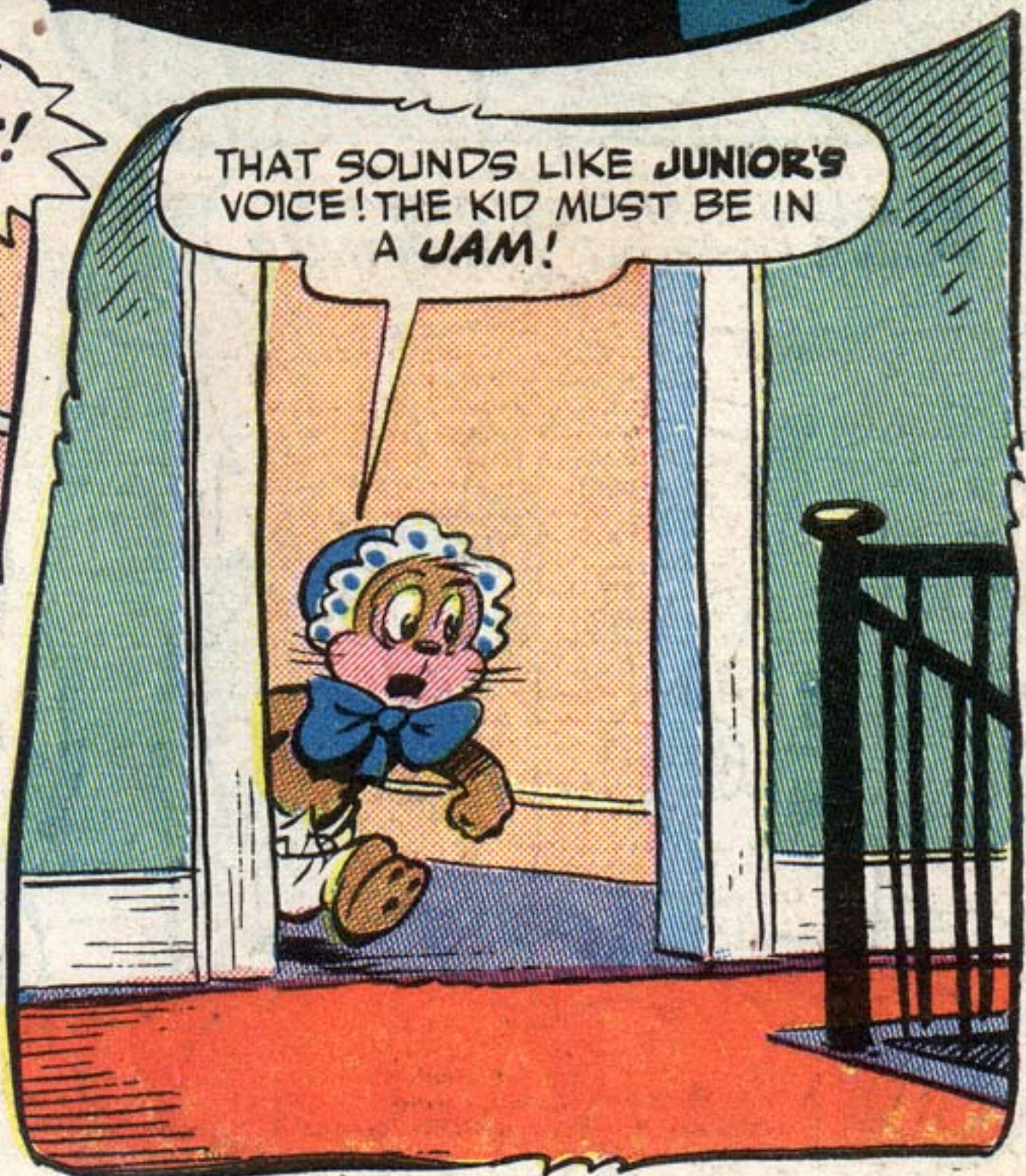
HALP! HALP!  
DON'T SHOOT!

LIFE



HERO OF  
THE WEEK!

THAT SOUNDS LIKE JUNIOR'S  
VOICE! THE KID MUST BE IN  
A JAM!





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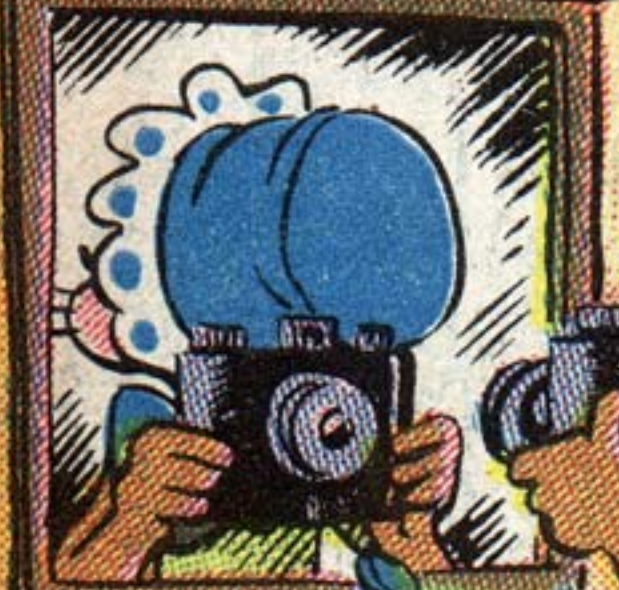
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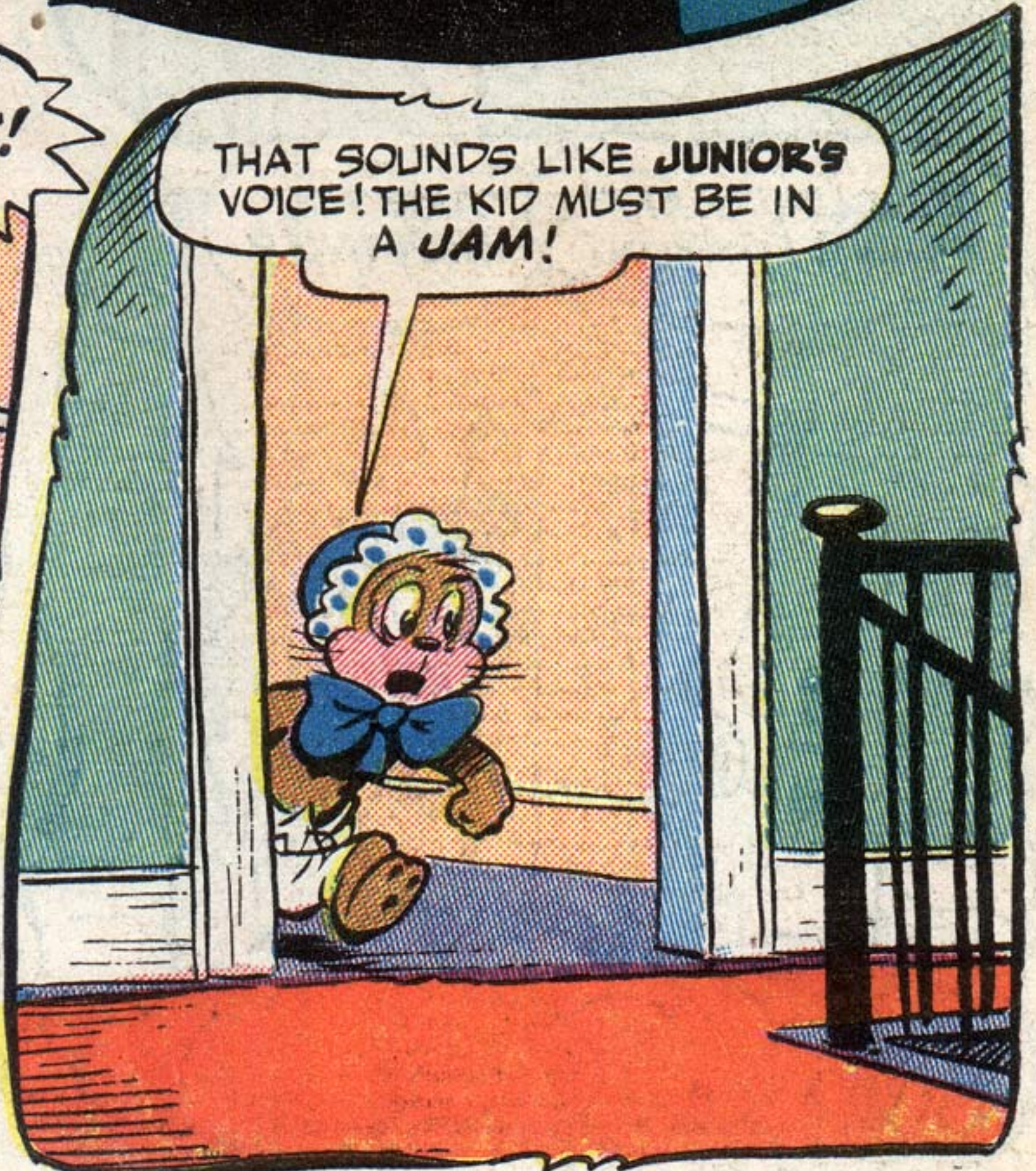
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LIFE



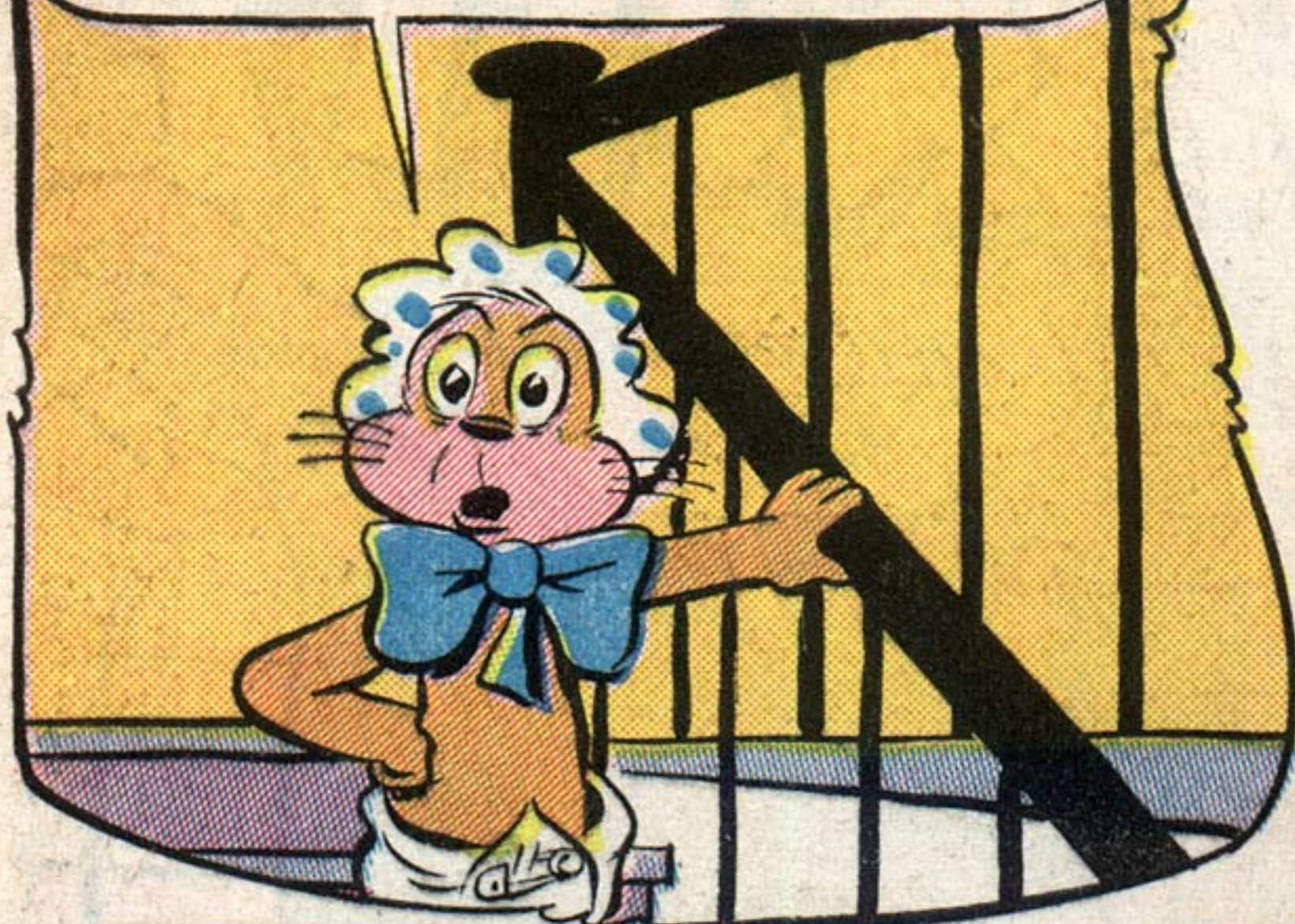
HERO OF THE WEEK!

?



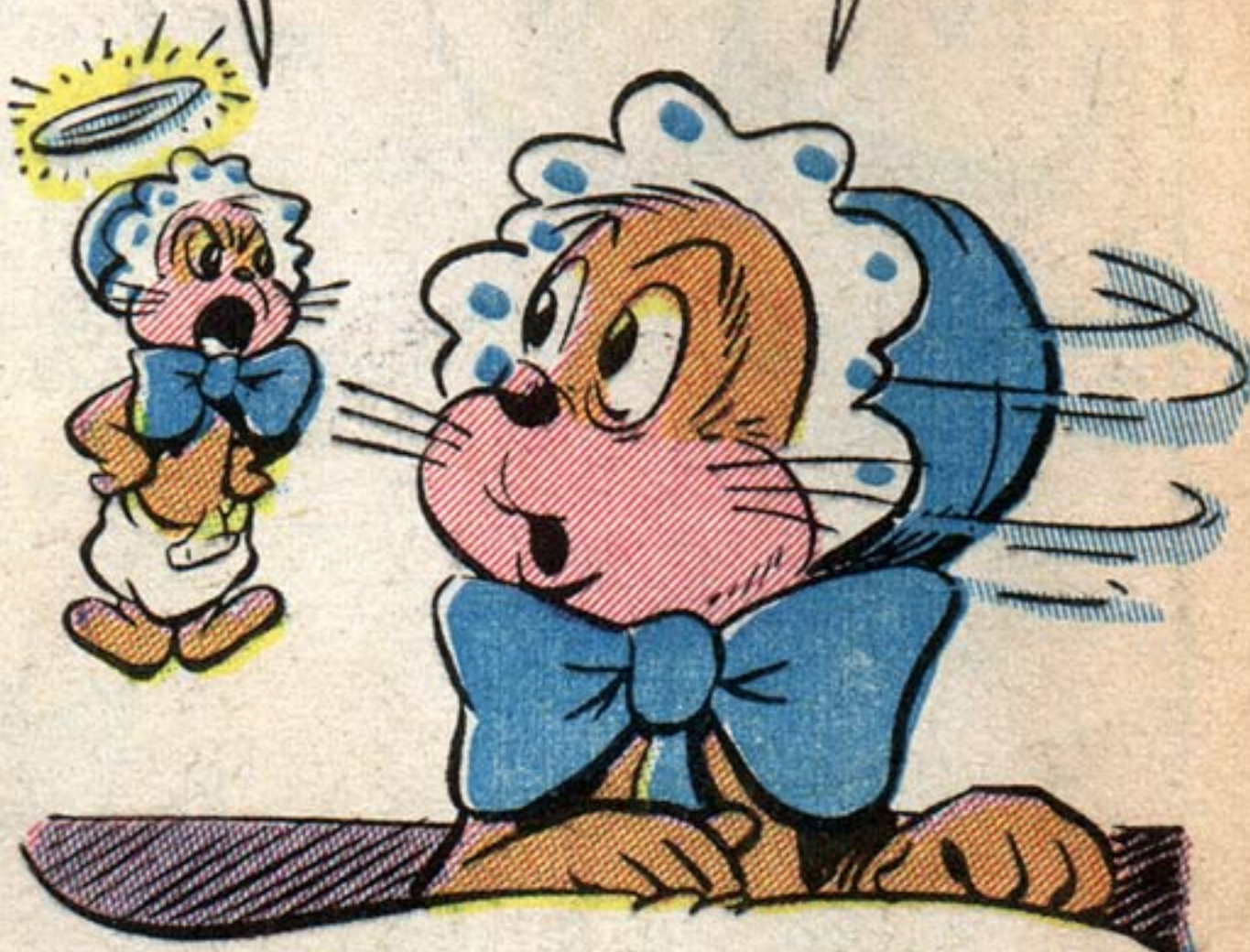


COME TO THINK OF IT, WHY SHOULD I CARE IF HE'S IN A JAM? HE'S NOTHING BUT A THORN IN MY SIDE! HE'S SELFISH AND MEAN AND...



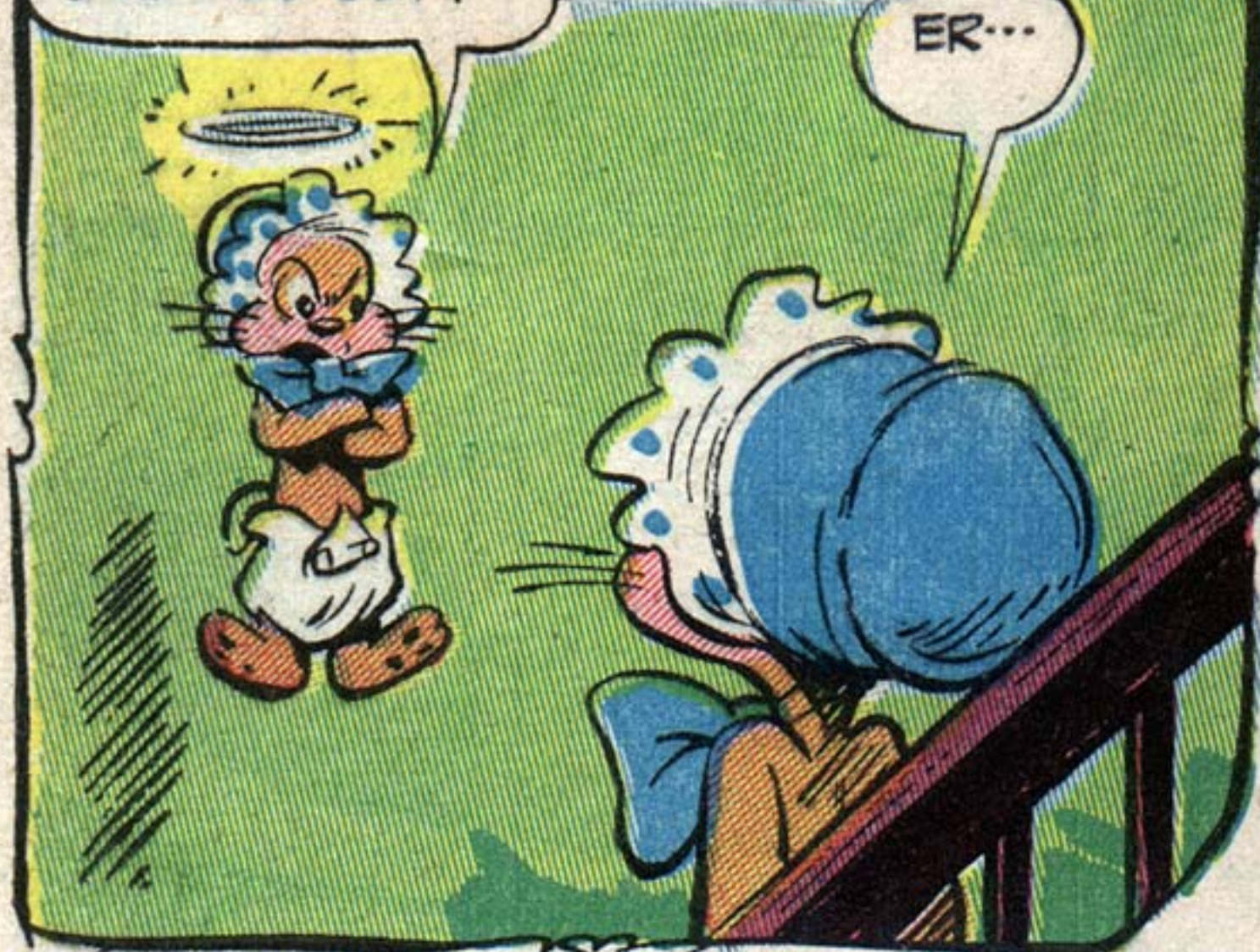
**SUPERKATT!**

**HUH?**



FOR ALL YOU KNOW, THIS MAY BE A MATTER OF LIFE OR DEATH! HOW ARE YOU GOING TO FEEL IF THAT POOR LITTLE FELLOW'S LIFE IS SNUFFED OUT?

ER...



AND WHAT DO YOU SUPPOSE *ST. PETER* IS GOING TO SAY TO YOU WHEN IT COMES TIME FOR YOU TO KNOCK ON THOSE PEARLY GATES?



I'M **SUPERKATT!**  
...MAY I COME IN?

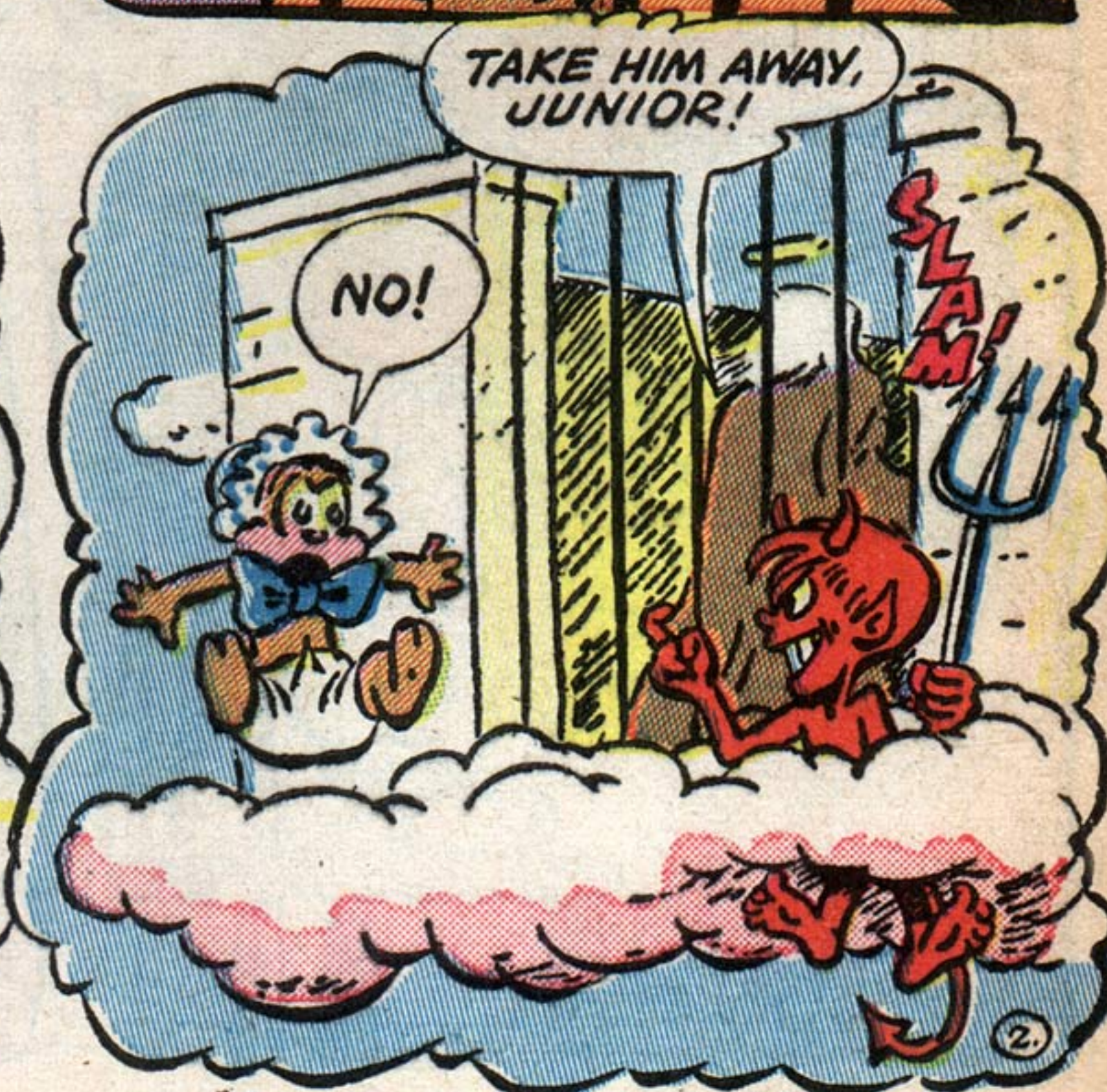
ARE YOU  
KIDDING?



TAKE HIM AWAY,  
JUNIOR!

**NO!**

**SLAM!**





HEY THERE, SUPE, ME  
FRIEND...**WOT'S UP?**  
YA LOOK LIKE YA  
JUST FOUND OUT  
DERE WUZNT NO  
**SANNY CLAWS!**

NO, HUMPHREY...IT'S NOT  
THAT! IT'S THESE **TELEVISION  
MURDER PROGRAMS!** THEY'RE  
A **BAD INFLUENCE!**

I WOULDN'T KNOW  
...I NEVER SEEN  
ONE! WOT'RE  
DEY LIKE?

WELL,  
THEY'RE...

**LISTEN!** THERE'S  
ONE COMING FROM  
THAT HOUSE NOW!

OH, YOU WILL,  
WILL YOU?

YAS,  
I WILL!

OVER MY  
DEAD BODY,  
YA WILL!

HAVE IT  
YOUR WAY!

**REALISTIC,**  
AINT IT?

OW!

**TSK, TSK!** IF YOUSE DIDN'T  
TELL ME, I'D NEVER BELIEVE  
DAT WUZ A RADIO  
PROGRAMMY!

WOT PROGRAMMY  
WUZ YA LISTENIN'  
TO, BUB?

**THAT WAS NO  
PROGRAM, THAT  
WAS MY WIFE!**

WELL, ANYWAY, ALL THESE CRIME  
PROGRAMS ON THE AIR ARE A  
BAD INFLUENCE ON THE KIDS!  
GOODNESS KNOWS WHAT  
THEY'LL GROW UP TO BE!

AW,  
SUPE...I  
THINK YER  
EGGSAGGERA-  
TIN'!



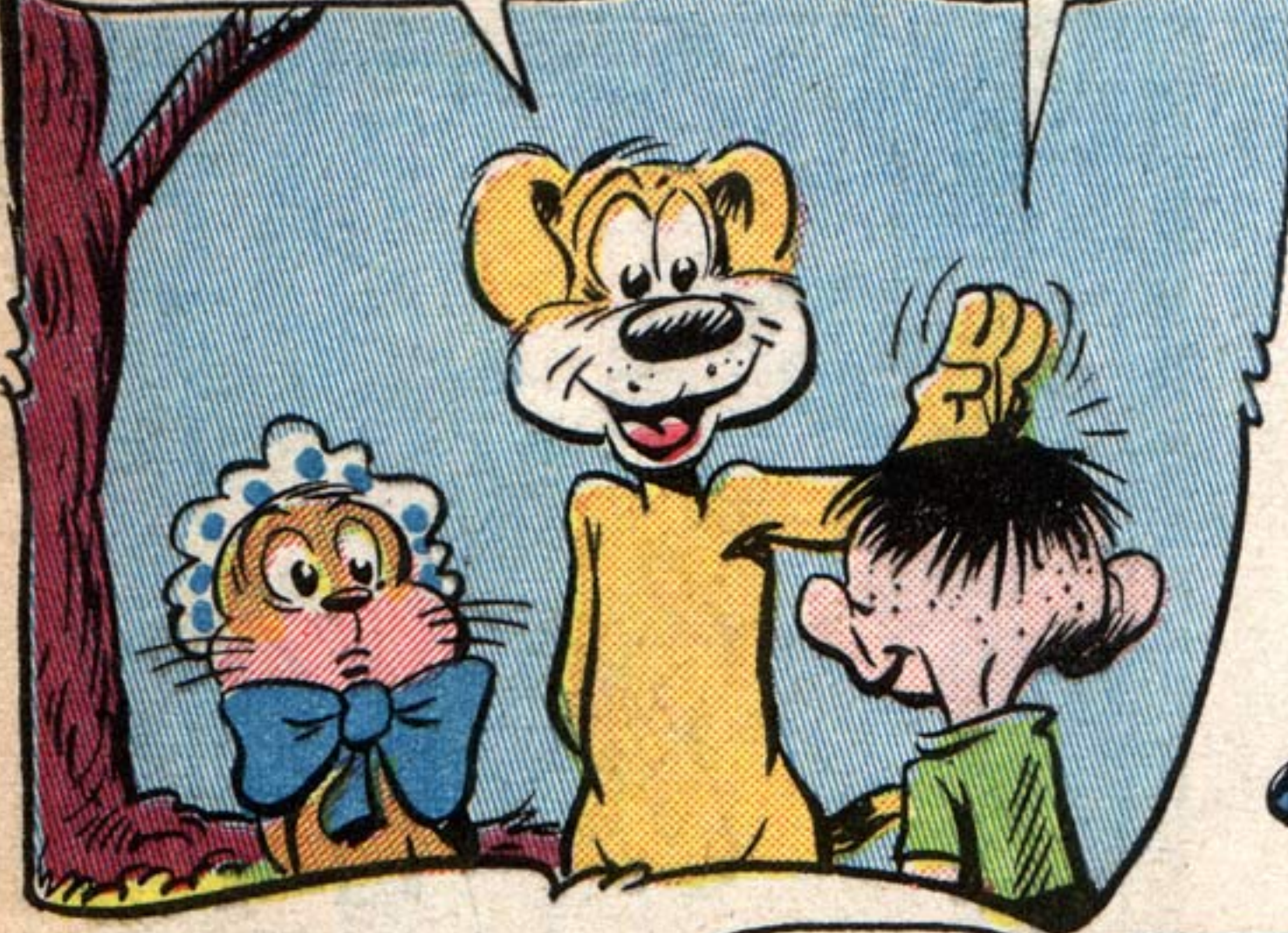


NOW F'RINSTANCE...TAKE  
DIS SWEET LI'L FELLER!  
...DO **YOUSE** LISTEN  
TA DA RADIO, SONNY?

SURE I DO!  
DO I LOOK  
LIKE I'M  
**DEEF?**

WELL, TELL ME WOTCHA  
GONNA BE WHEN YA  
GROW UP!...A  
**PRESIDENT?...  
A SENATOR?...  
A...**

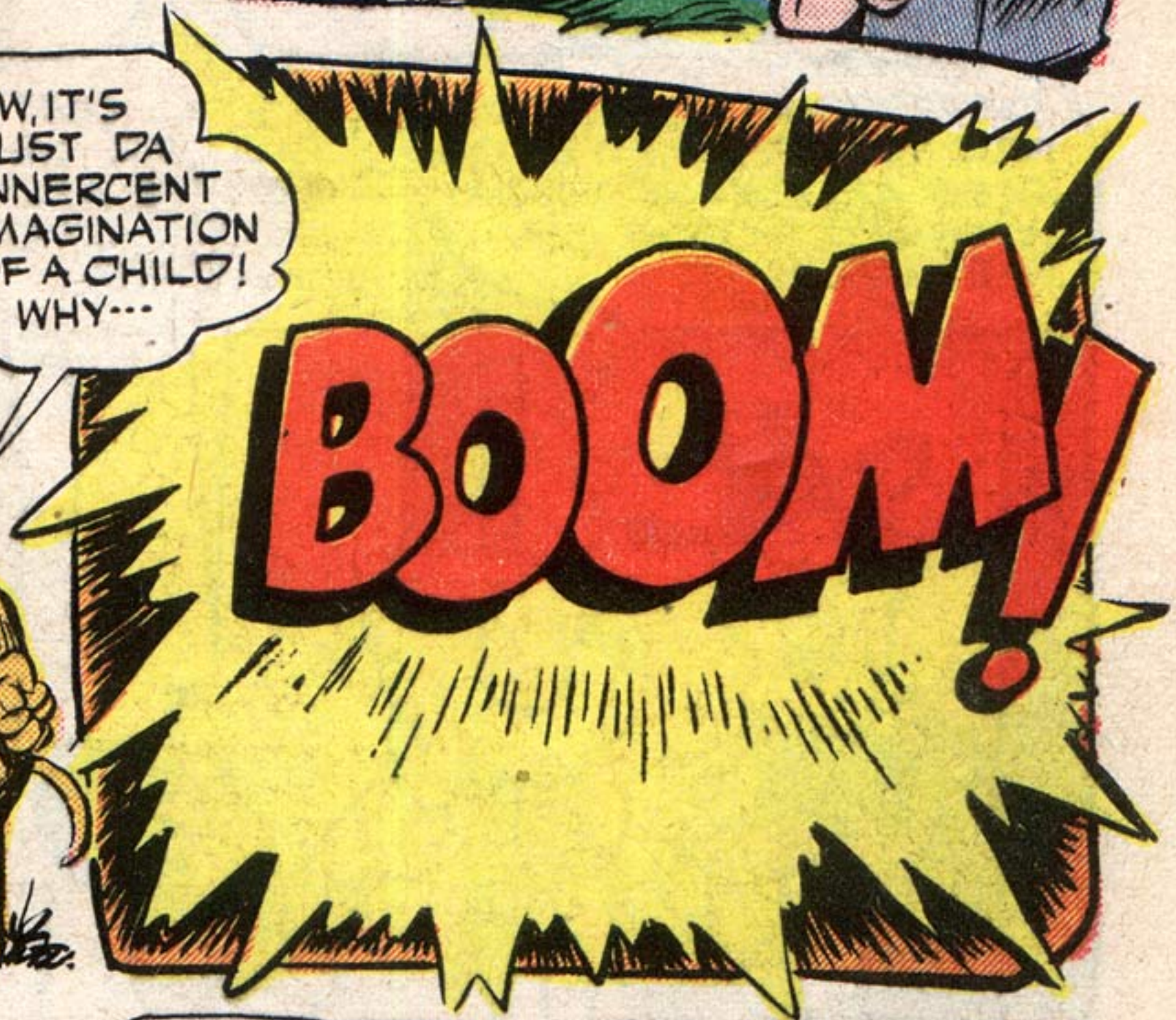
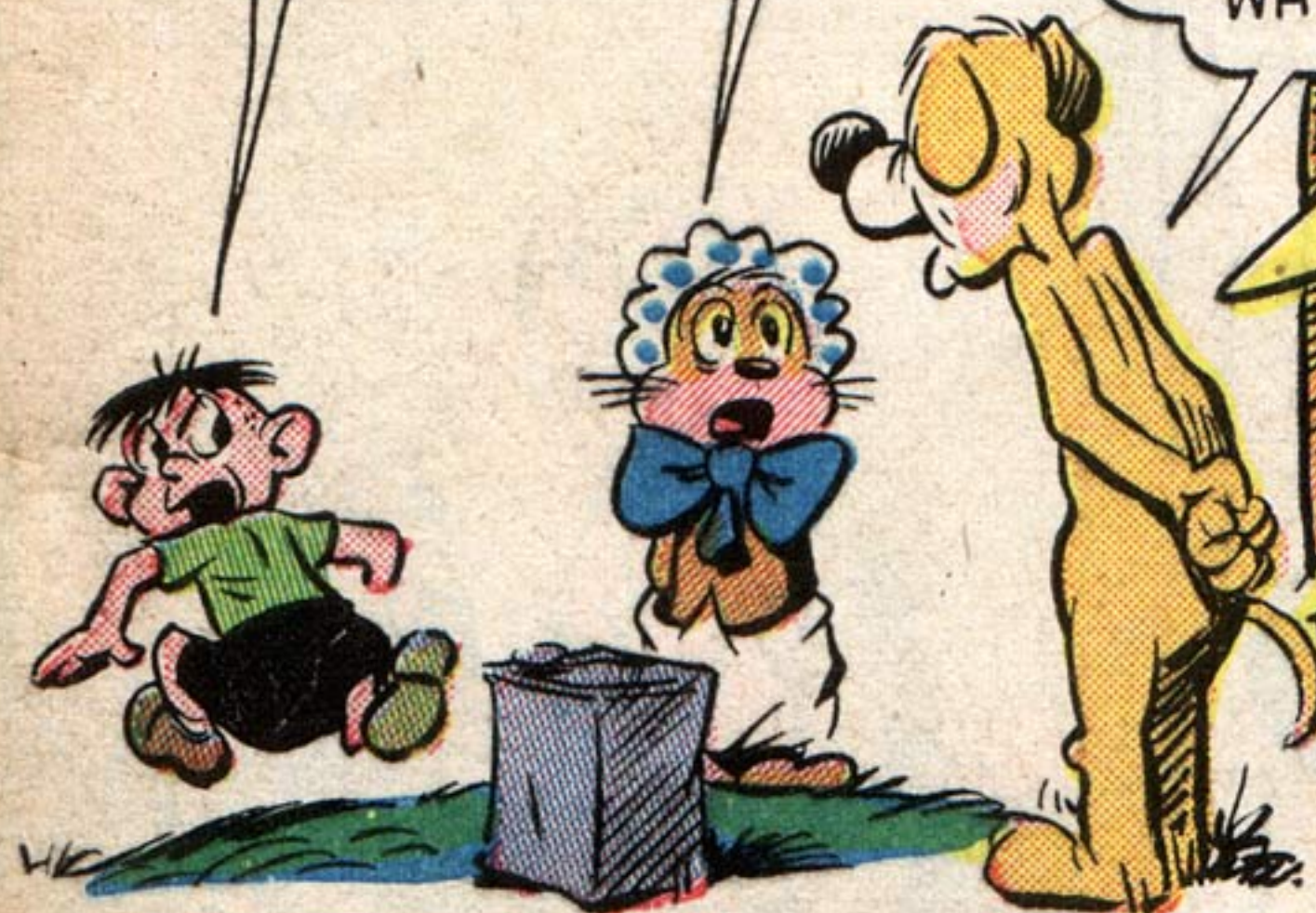
STOW IT, DOGFACE!  
I'M GONNA BE A  
**MAD SCIENTIST!**  
...LOOK! I JUST  
BUILT ME FOIST  
ATOM BOMB!



YA BETTER SCRAM  
...IT'LL GO OFF IN  
A SECOND!

SEE WHAT  
I MEAN,  
HUMPHREY?

AW, IT'S  
JUST DA  
INNERCENT  
IMAGINATION  
OF A CHILD!  
WHY...

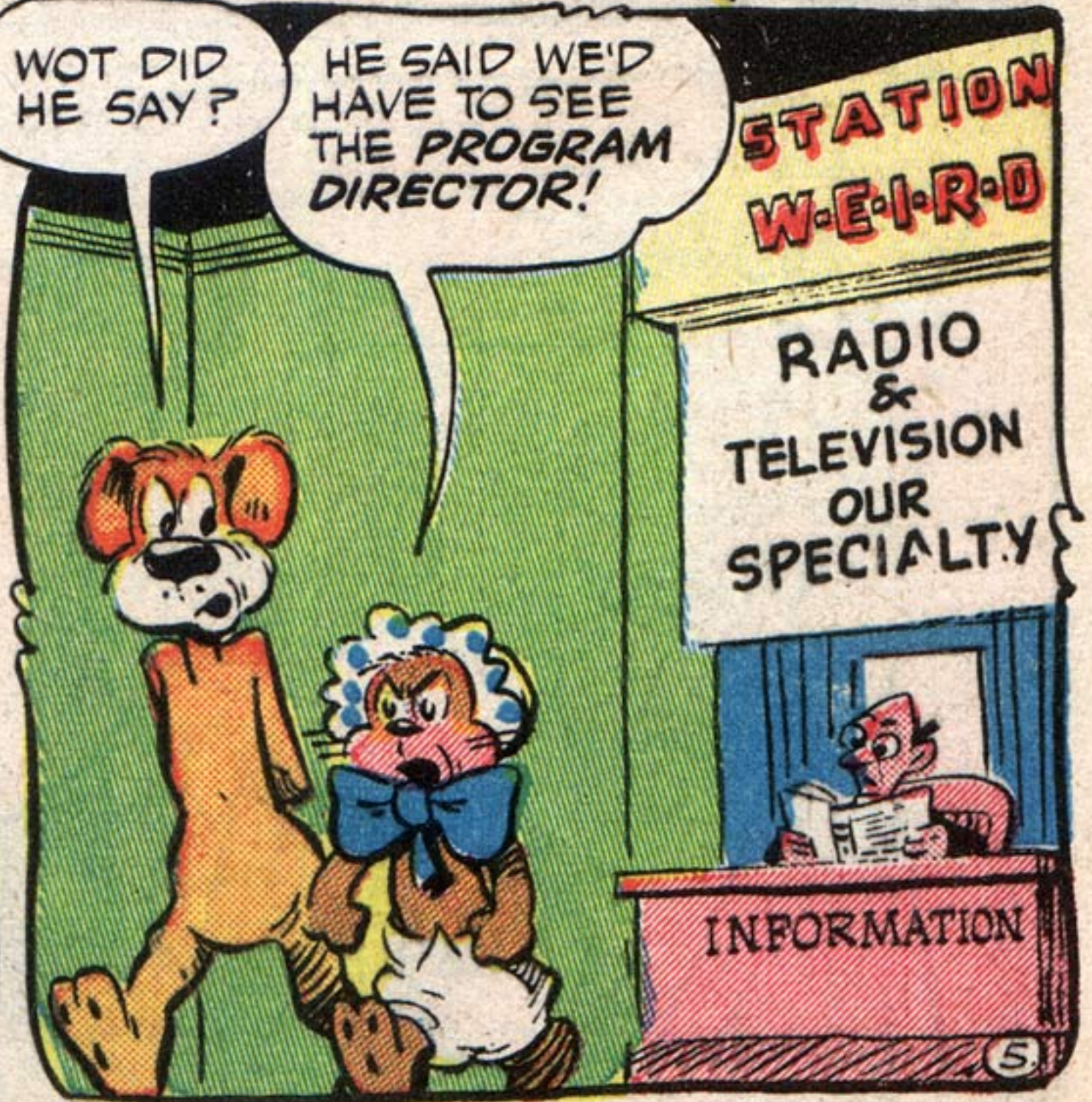
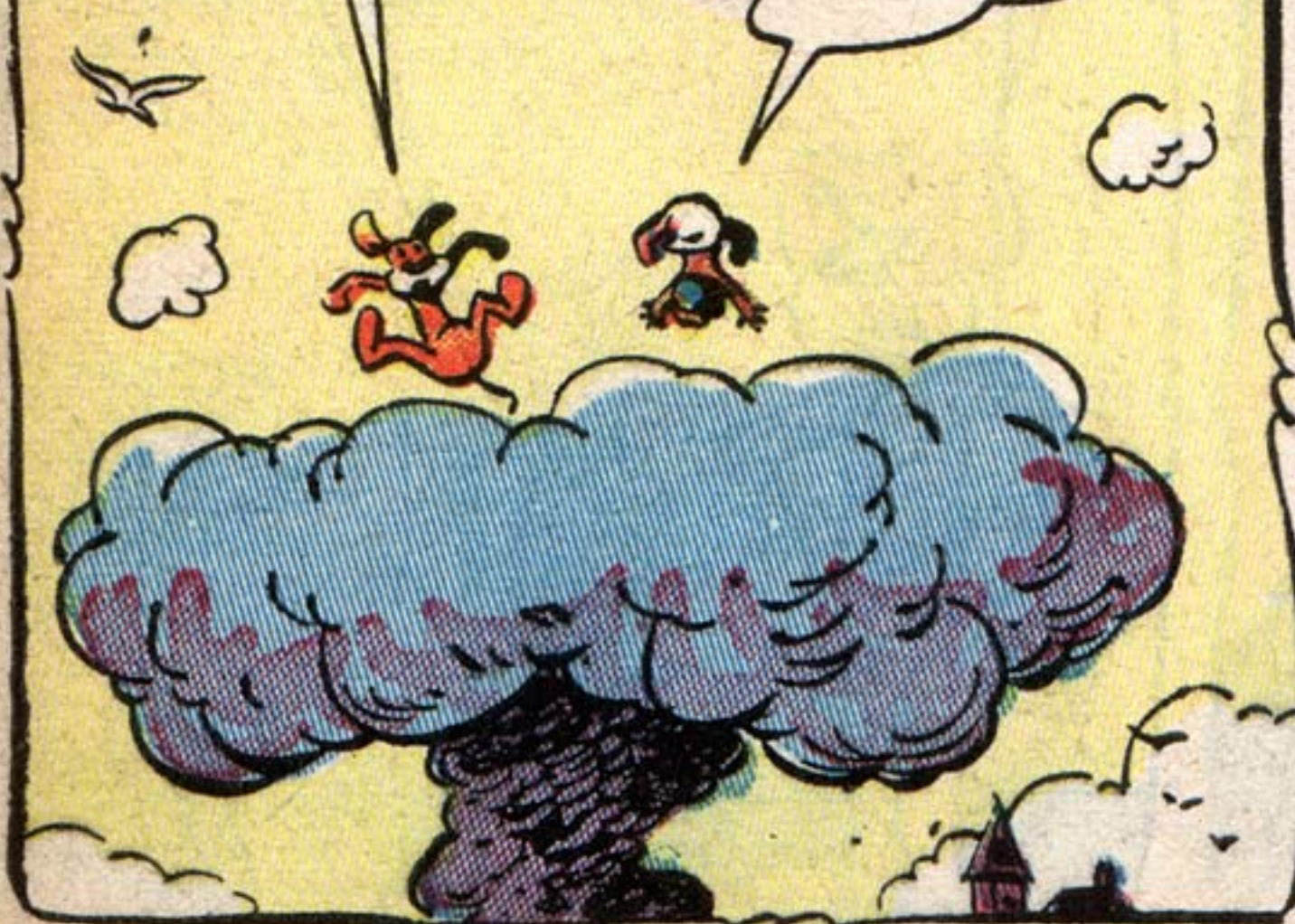


I SEE WOT  
YA MEAN,  
**SUPERKATT!**

**THAT  
SETTLES IT!**  
AS SOON AS WE  
LAND, I'M GOING  
TO DO SOME-  
THING ABOUT  
IT!

WOT DID  
HE SAY?

HE SAID WE'D  
HAVE TO SEE  
THE **PROGRAM  
DIRECTOR!**





HMMM... I DON'T  
SEE ANY DOOR  
MARKED **PROGRAM  
DIRECTOR!**

I'LL KNOCK  
HERE AN' ASK  
SOMEBODY!

AH SAY...SOMEBODY'S POUNDIN' MAH PANEL!  
SPEAK UP, SON...WHAT'S ON YO' MIND? AH'M  
SENATOR CLAGHORN! AH'M FROM THE SOUTH  
...THE DEEP SOUTH, THAT IS!

KNOCK!  
KNOCK!

?

?

OH...FORGIVE ME FOR GOING  
INTO MY ACT! I'M EXPECTING  
**FRED ALLEN**, AND FOR A  
MOMENT I THOUGHT YOU  
WERE HE! HA-HA!

IT'S ALL *OUR*  
FAULT, SIR...WE  
GOT THE WRONG  
DOOR!...C'MON,  
HUMPHREY!

HEY, DIS FREDDIE ALLEN  
MUST BE SOME HAN'SOME  
GENT IF HE LOOKS LIKE  
ME! HUH, SUPE?

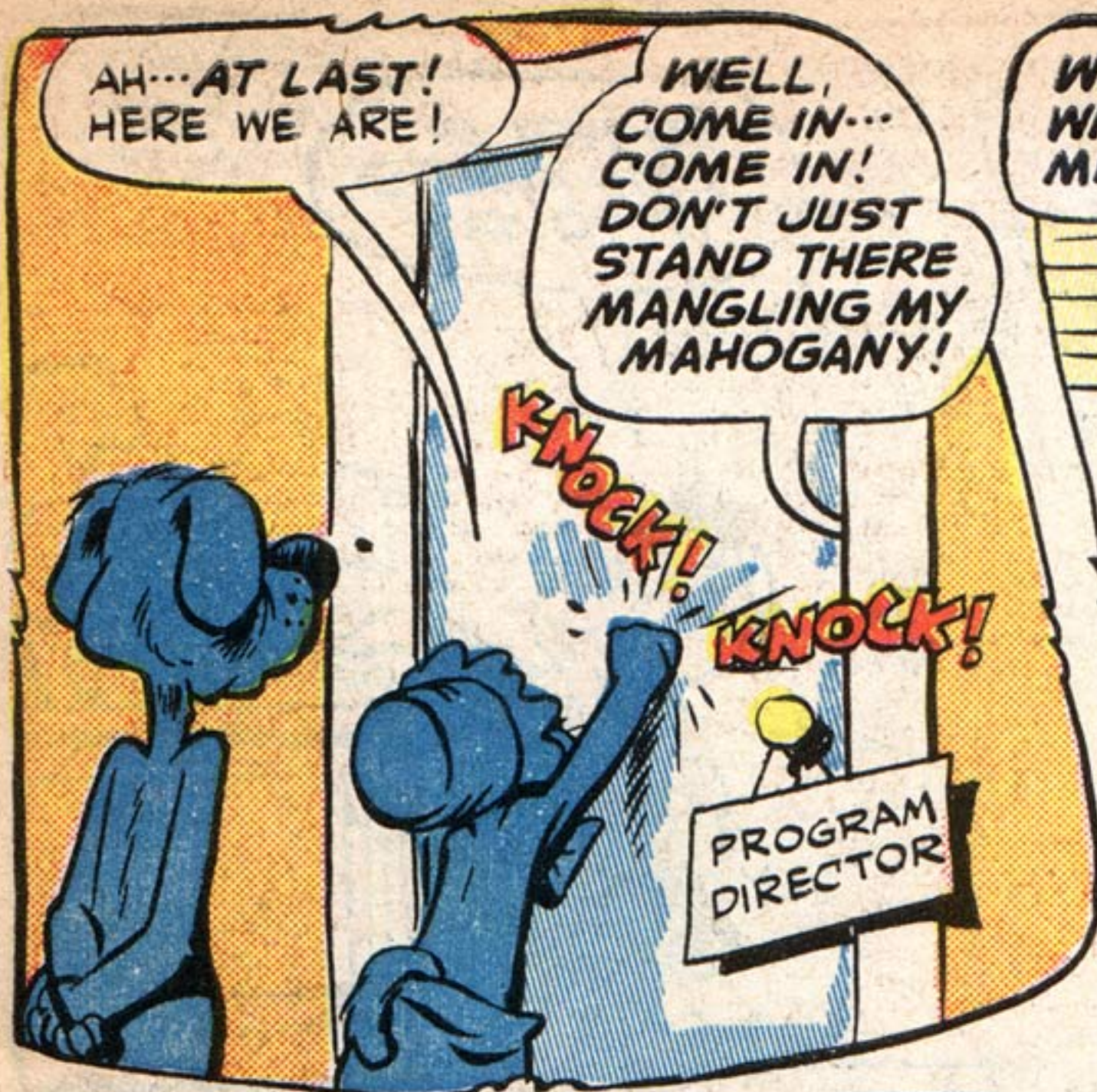
SH-HHH!  
HERE HE  
COMES  
NOW!

**GULP!**

WELL, OF ALL DA FUNNY-  
LOOKIN'...REMIND ME TA  
GET ONE OF DEM PLASTIC  
SOIGERY JOBS DONE ON  
ME KISSER!

OKAY, BEAUTIFUL  
...BUT LEAVE  
US NOT FORGET  
WHAT WE CAME  
HERE FOR!





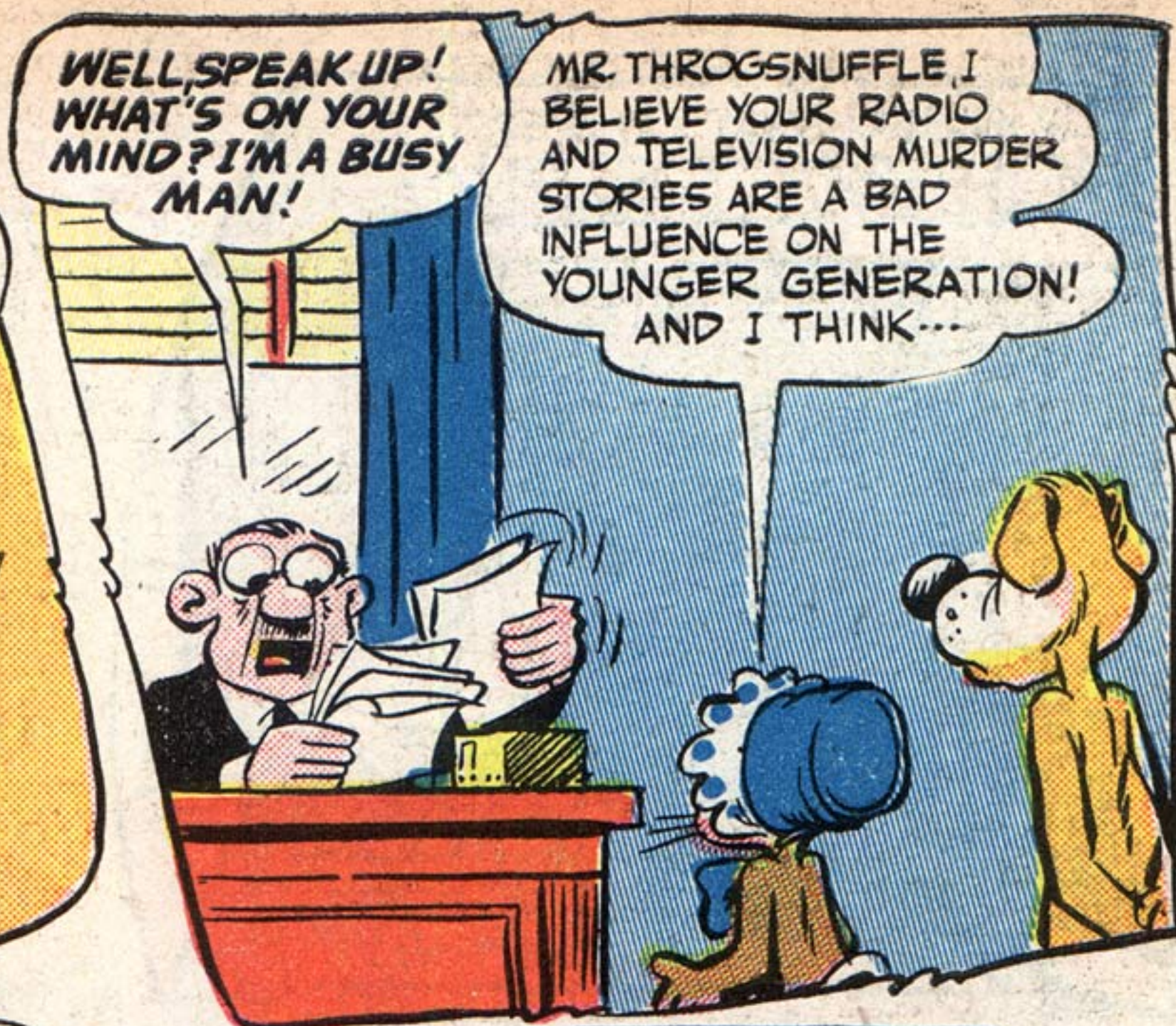
AH...AT LAST!  
HERE WE ARE!

WELL,  
COME IN...  
COME IN!  
DON'T JUST  
STAND THERE  
MANGLING MY  
MAHOAGANY!

**KNOCK!**

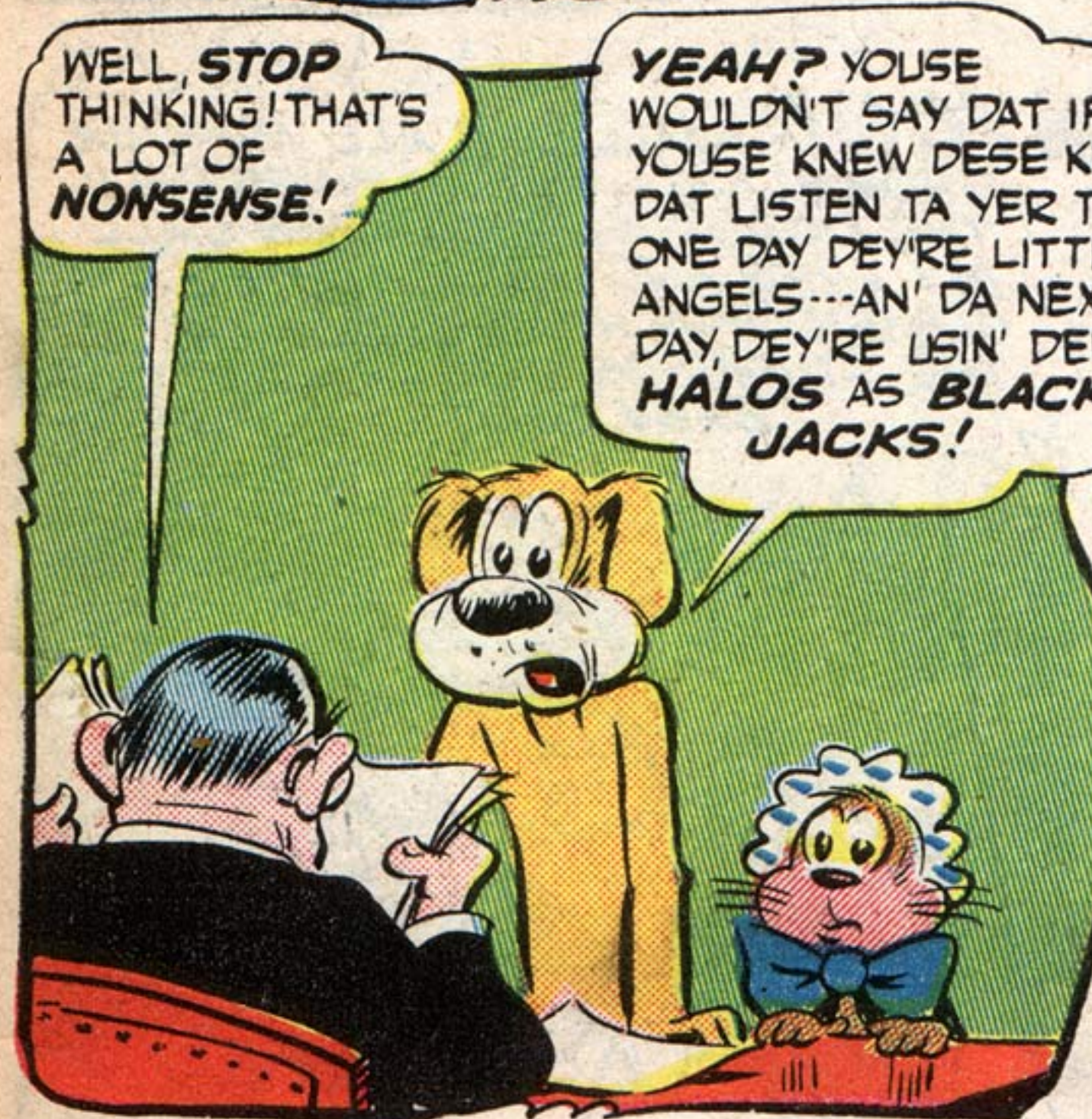
**KNOCK!**

PROGRAM  
DIRECTOR



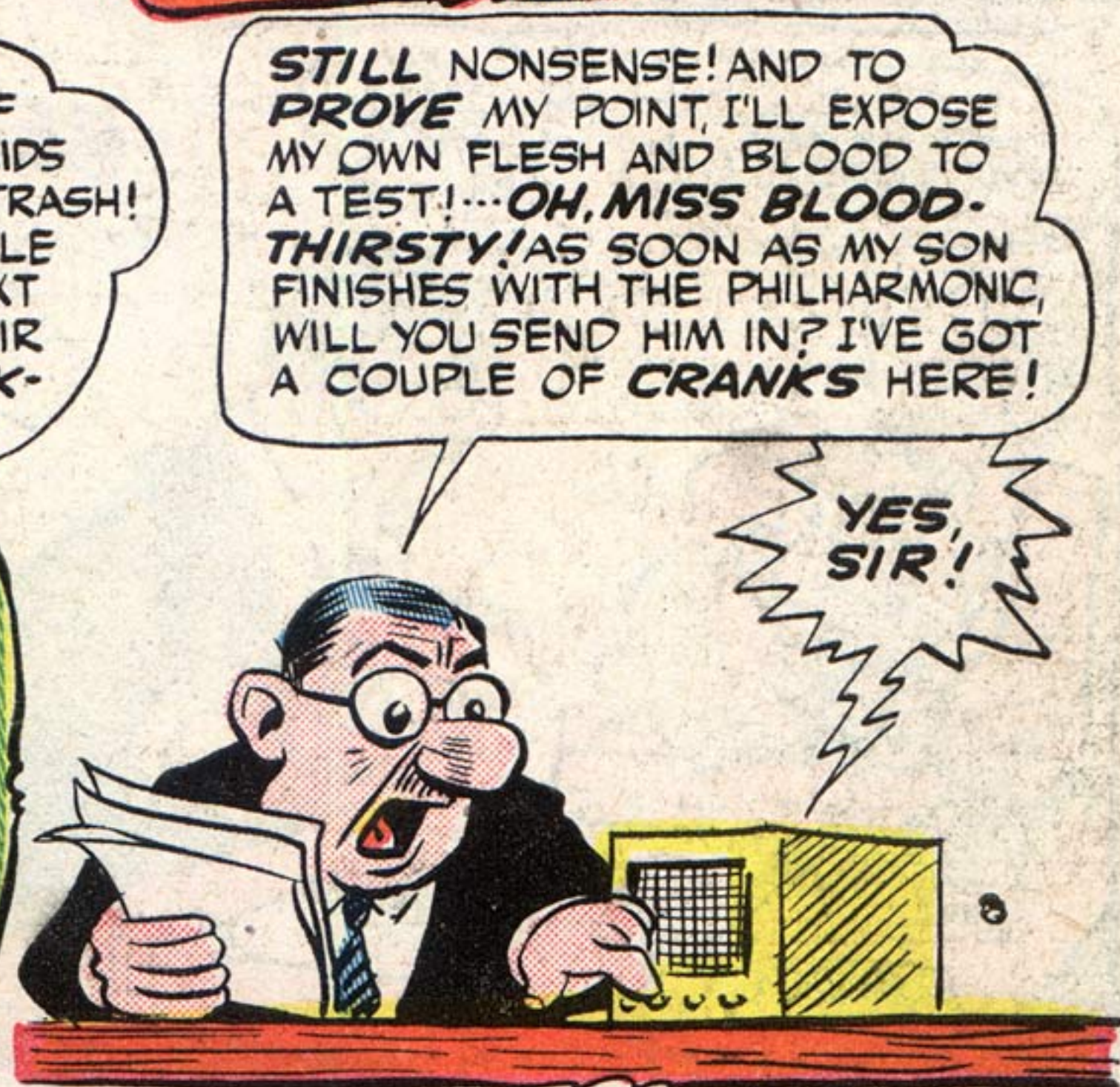
WELL, SPEAK UP!  
WHAT'S ON YOUR  
MIND? I'M A BUSY  
MAN!

MR. THROGSNUFFLE, I  
BELIEVE YOUR RADIO  
AND TELEVISION MURDER  
STORIES ARE A BAD  
INFLUENCE ON THE  
YOUNGER GENERATION!  
AND I THINK...



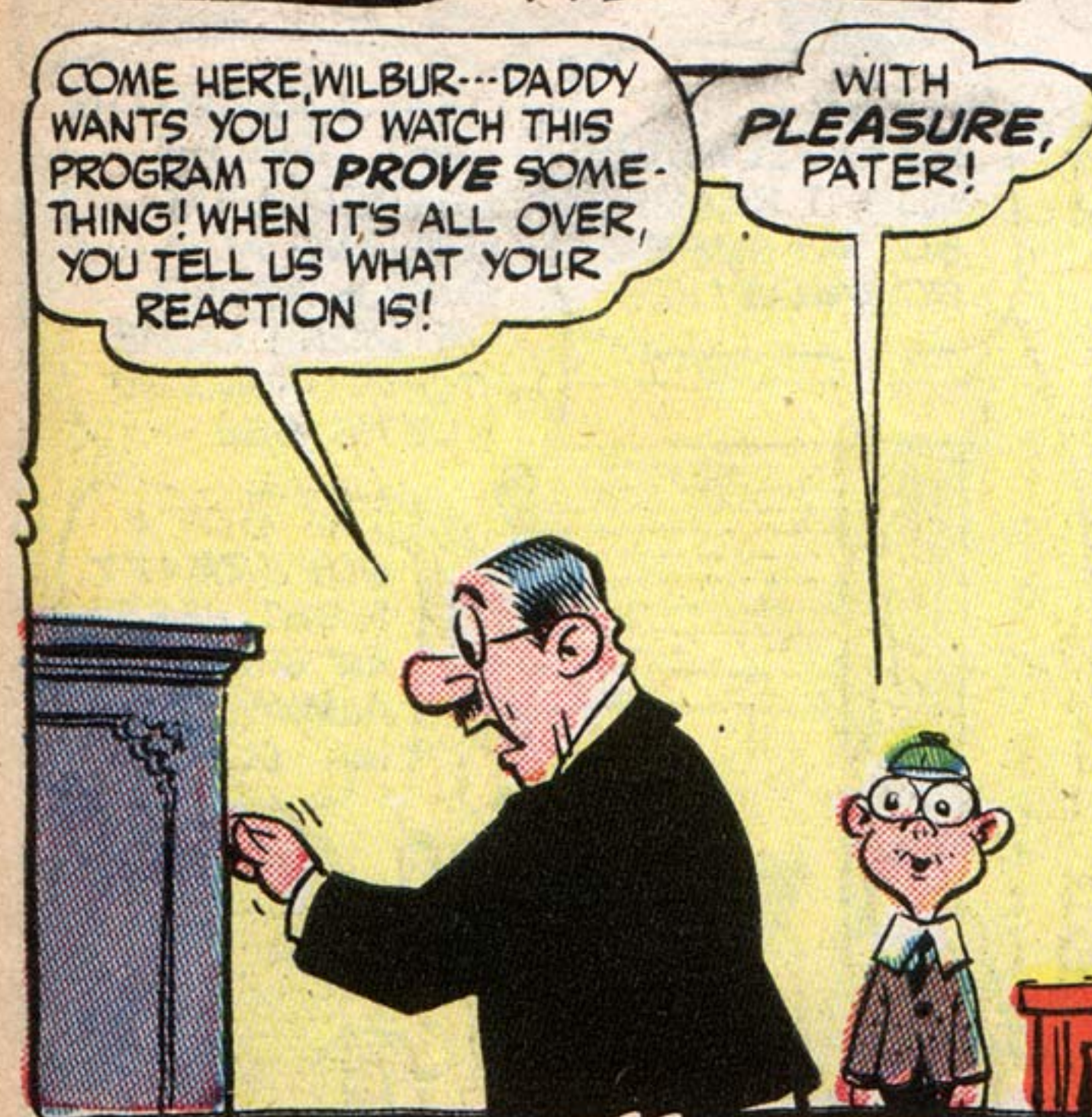
WELL, **STOP**  
THINKING! THAT'S  
A LOT OF  
**NONSENSE!**

**YEAH?** YOUSE  
WOULDN'T SAY DAT IF  
YOUSE KNEW DESE KIDS  
DAT LISTEN TA YER TRASH!  
ONE DAY DEY'RE LITTLE  
ANGELS...AN' DA NEXT  
DAY, DEY'RE USIN' DEIR  
**HALOS AS BLACK-  
JACKS!**



**STILL NONSENSE!** AND TO  
**PROVE** MY POINT, I'LL EXPOSE  
MY OWN FLESH AND BLOOD TO  
A TEST!...**OH, MISS BLOOD-  
THIRSTY!** AS SOON AS MY SON  
FINISHES WITH THE PHILHARMONIC,  
WILL YOU SEND HIM IN? I'VE GOT  
A COUPLE OF **CRANKS** HERE!

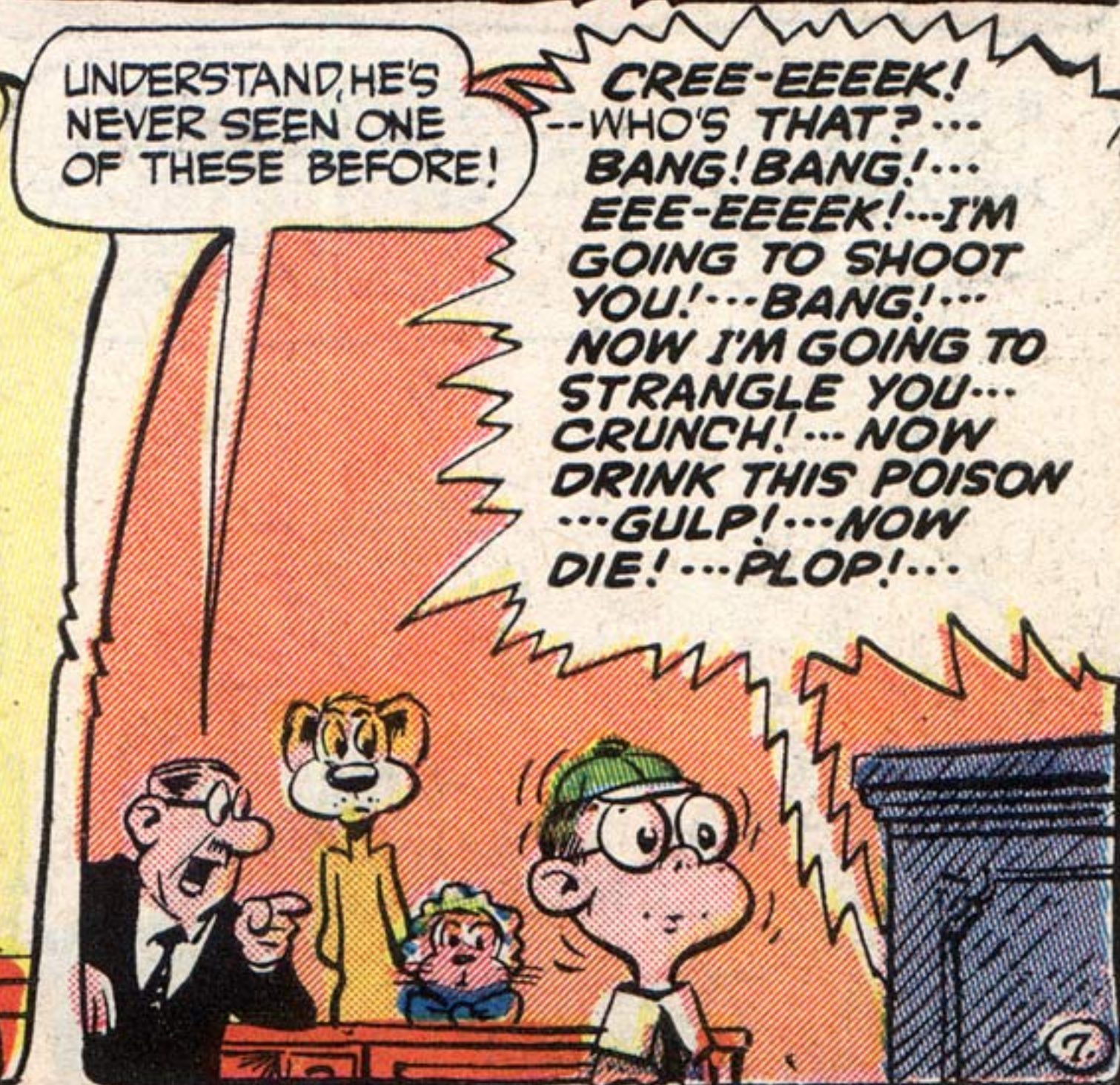
**YES,  
SIR!**



COME HERE, WILBUR...DADDY  
WANTS YOU TO WATCH THIS  
PROGRAM TO **PROVE** SOME-  
THING! WHEN IT'S ALL OVER,  
YOU TELL US WHAT YOUR  
REACTION IS!

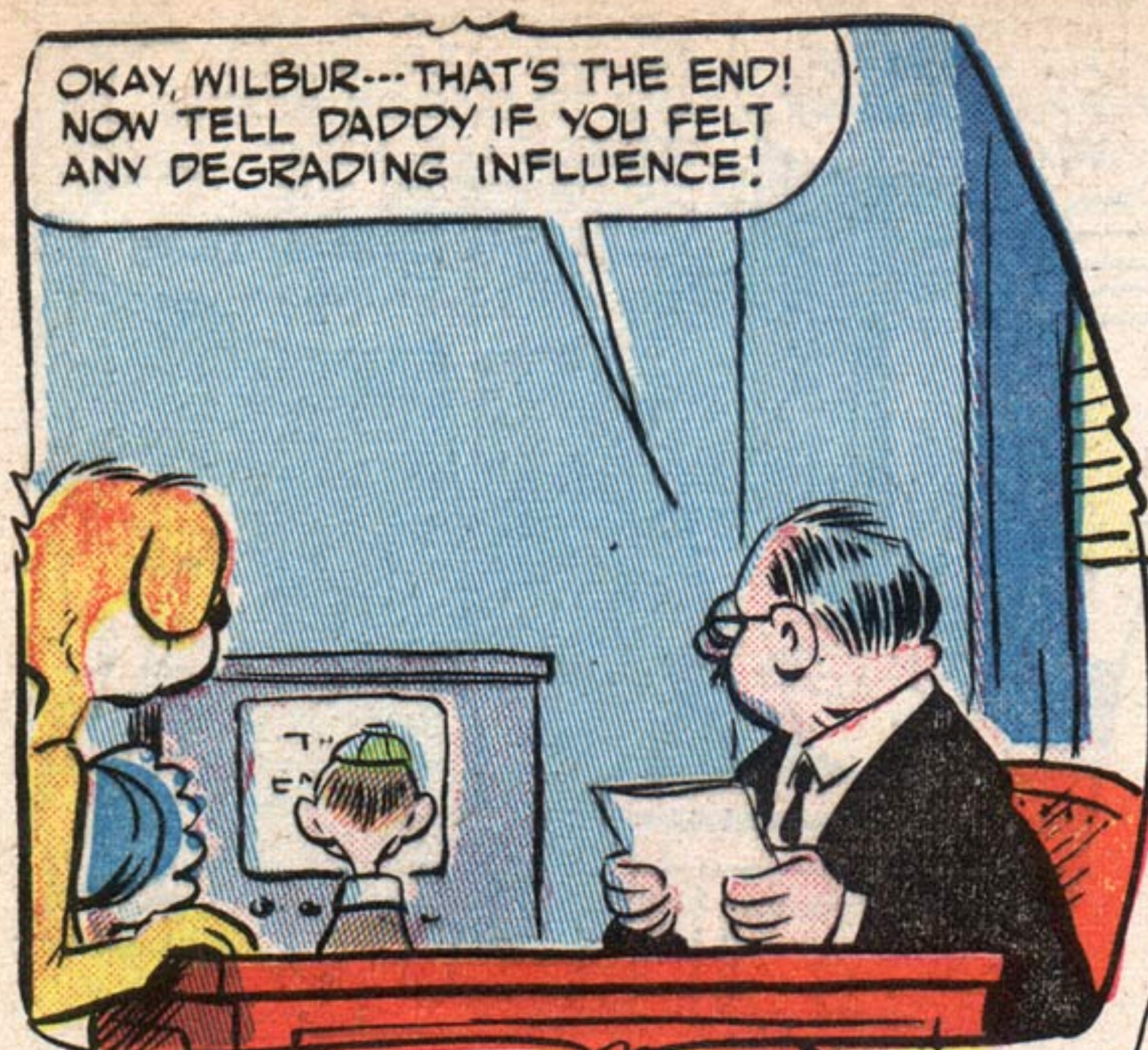
WITH  
**PLEASURE,**  
PATER!

UNDERSTAND, HE'S  
NEVER SEEN ONE  
OF THESE BEFORE!

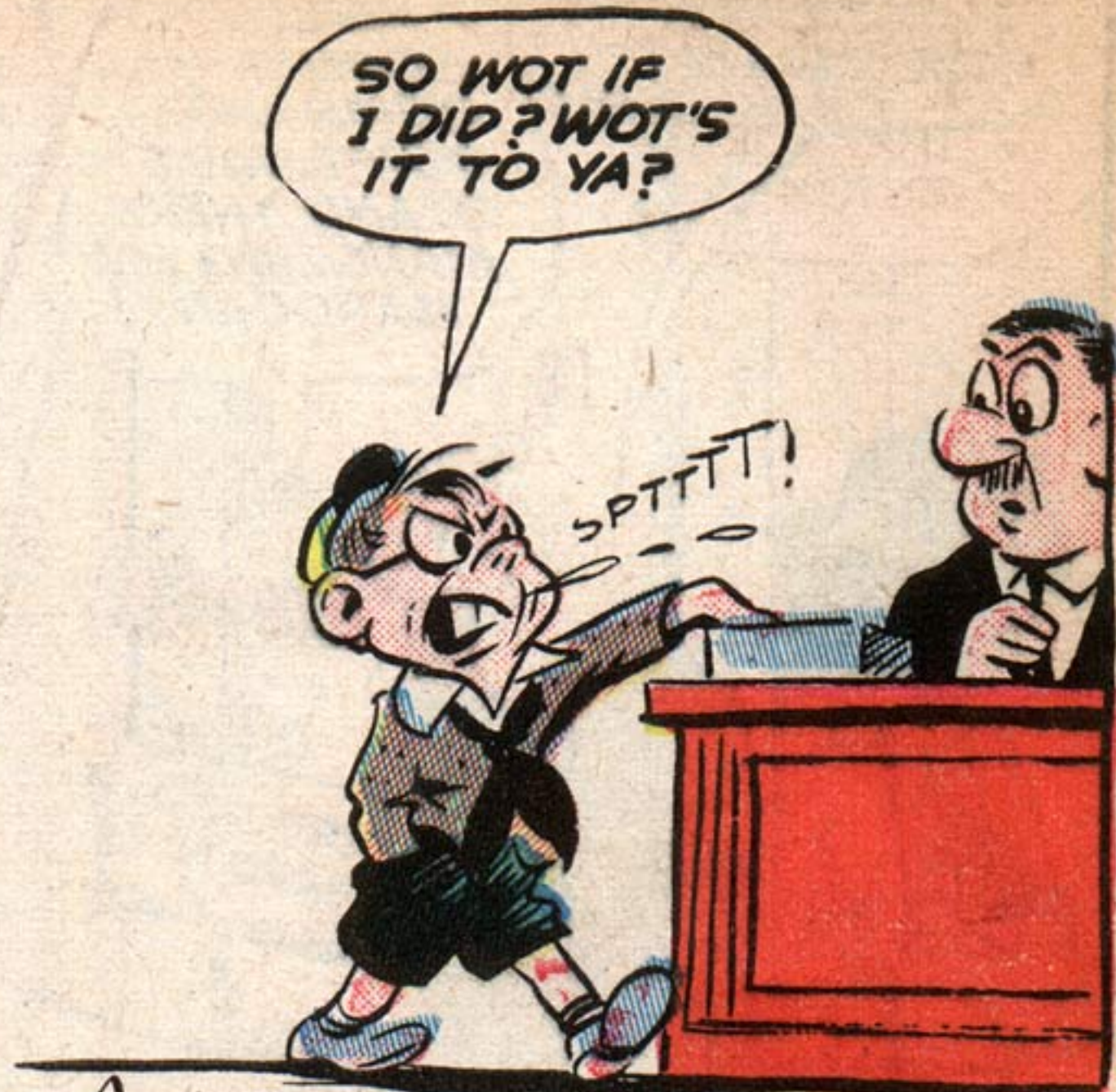


**CREE-EEEEK!**  
--WHO'S THAT?...  
**BANG! BANG!...**  
**EEE-EEEEK!...I'M**  
**GOING TO SHOOT**  
**YOU!...BANG!...**  
**NOW I'M GOING TO**  
**STRANGLE YOU...**  
**CRUNCH!...NOW**  
**DRINK THIS POISON**  
**...GULP!...NOW**  
**DIE!...PLOP!...**

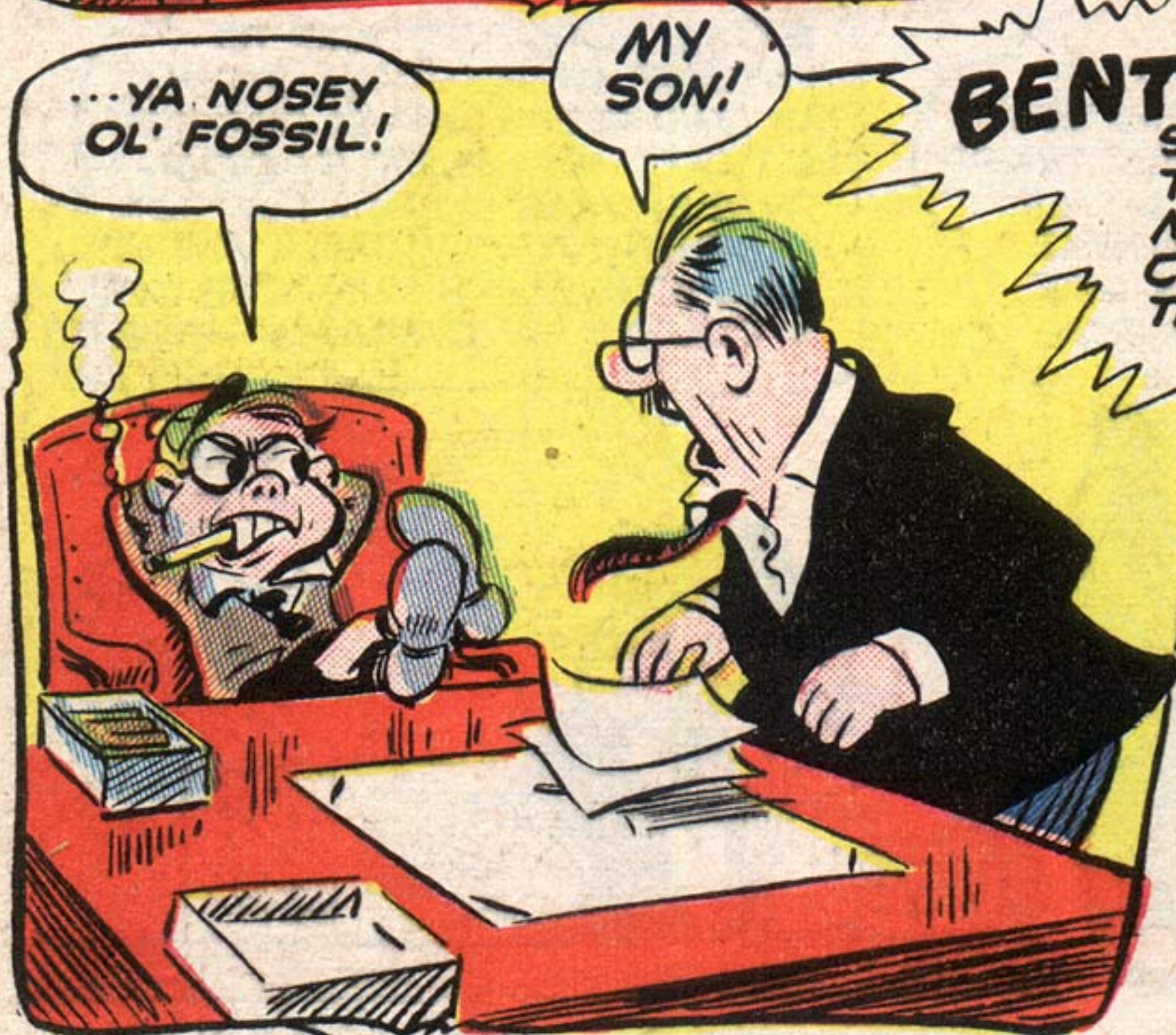




OKAY, WILBUR... THAT'S THE END!  
NOW TELL DADDY IF YOU FELT  
ANY DEGRADING INFLUENCE!



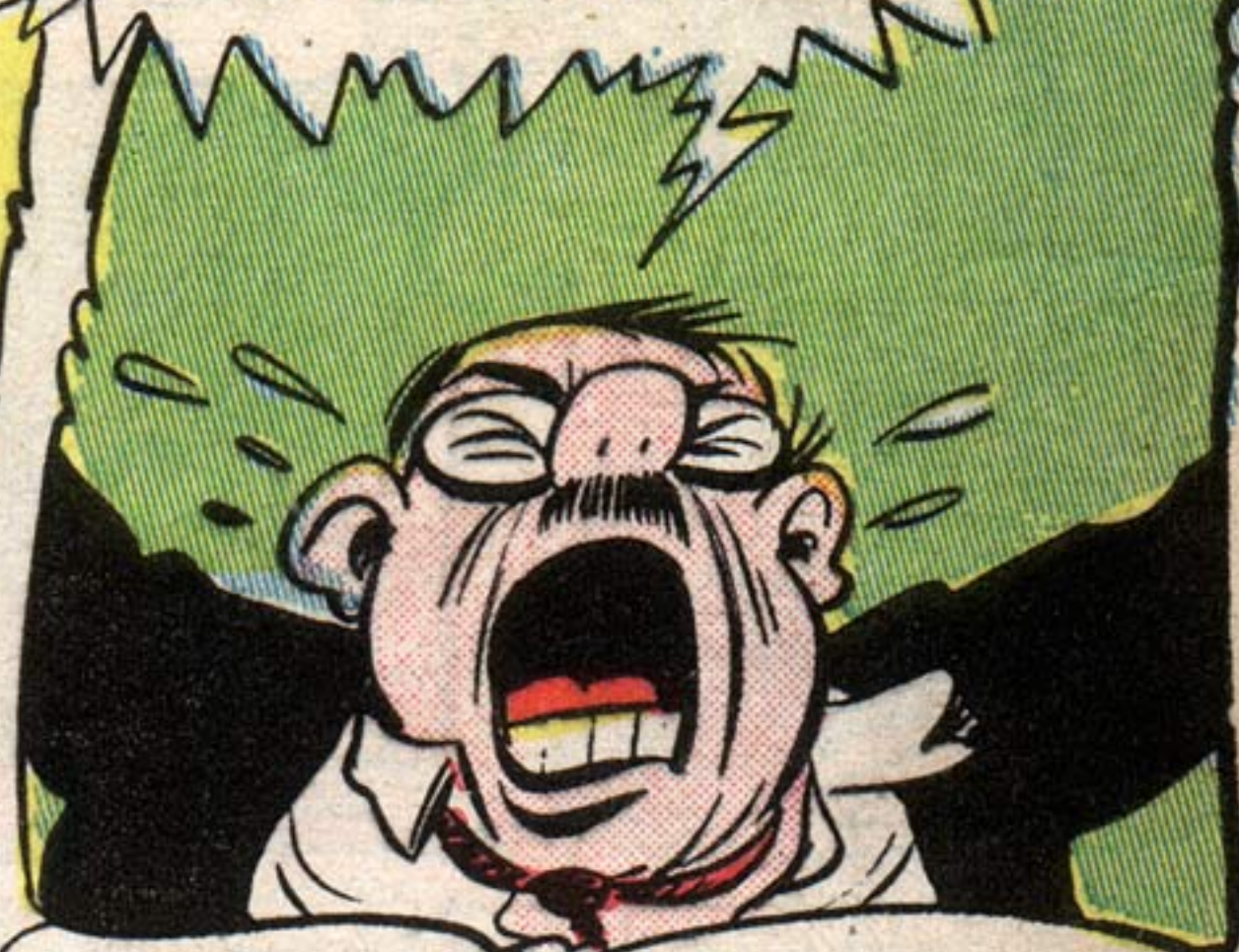
SO WOT IF  
I DID? WOT'S  
IT TO YA?



...YA NOSEY  
OL' FOSSIL!

MY  
SON!

**BENTON!**...CALL OFF ALL MURDER  
SHOWS! CALL THE MARINES! CALL  
THE COAST GUARD! THEN CALL  
MY WIFE AND TELL HER TO  
COME DOWN HERE AND BEAT  
THE STUFFINGS OUT OF HER  
BABY BOY!

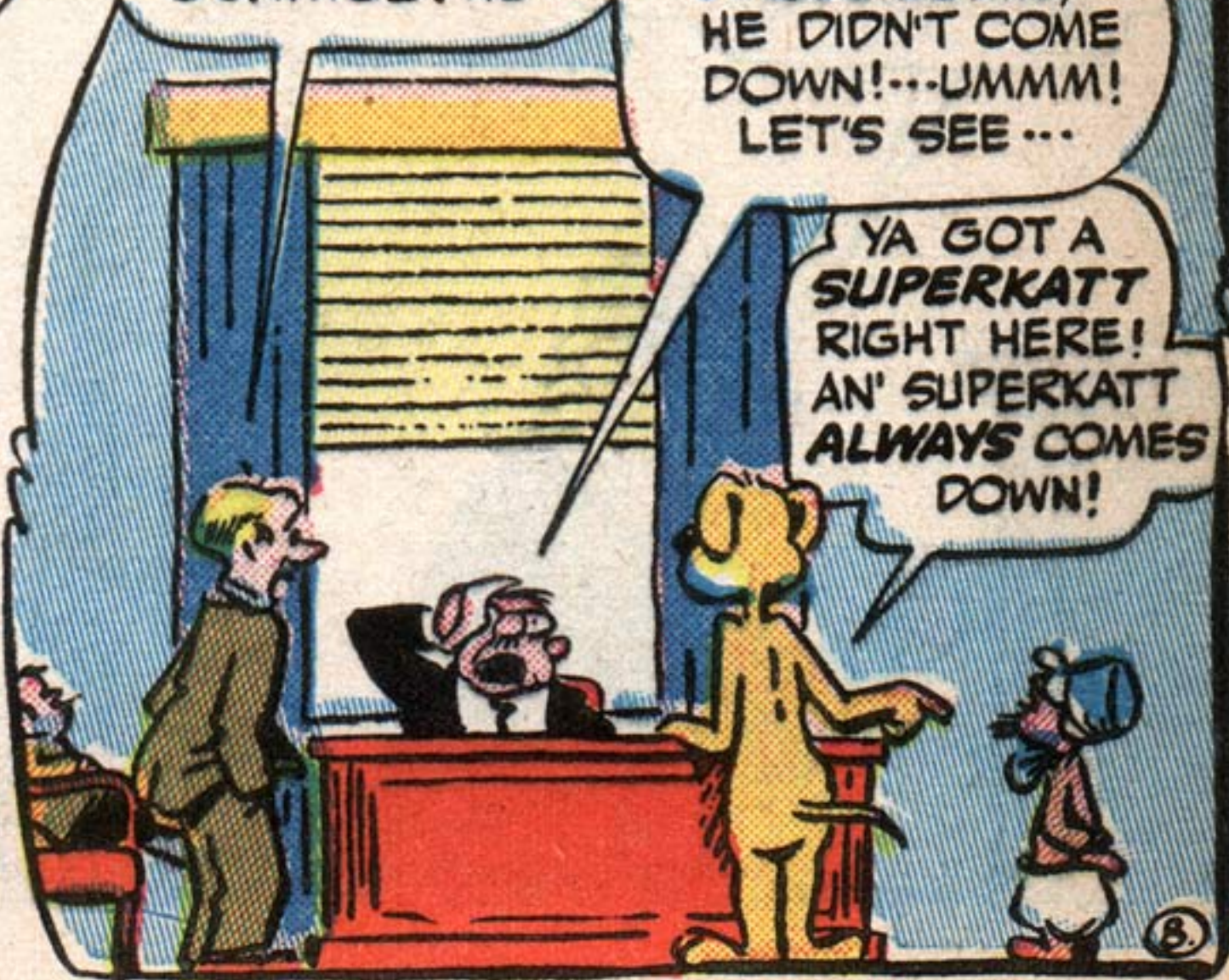
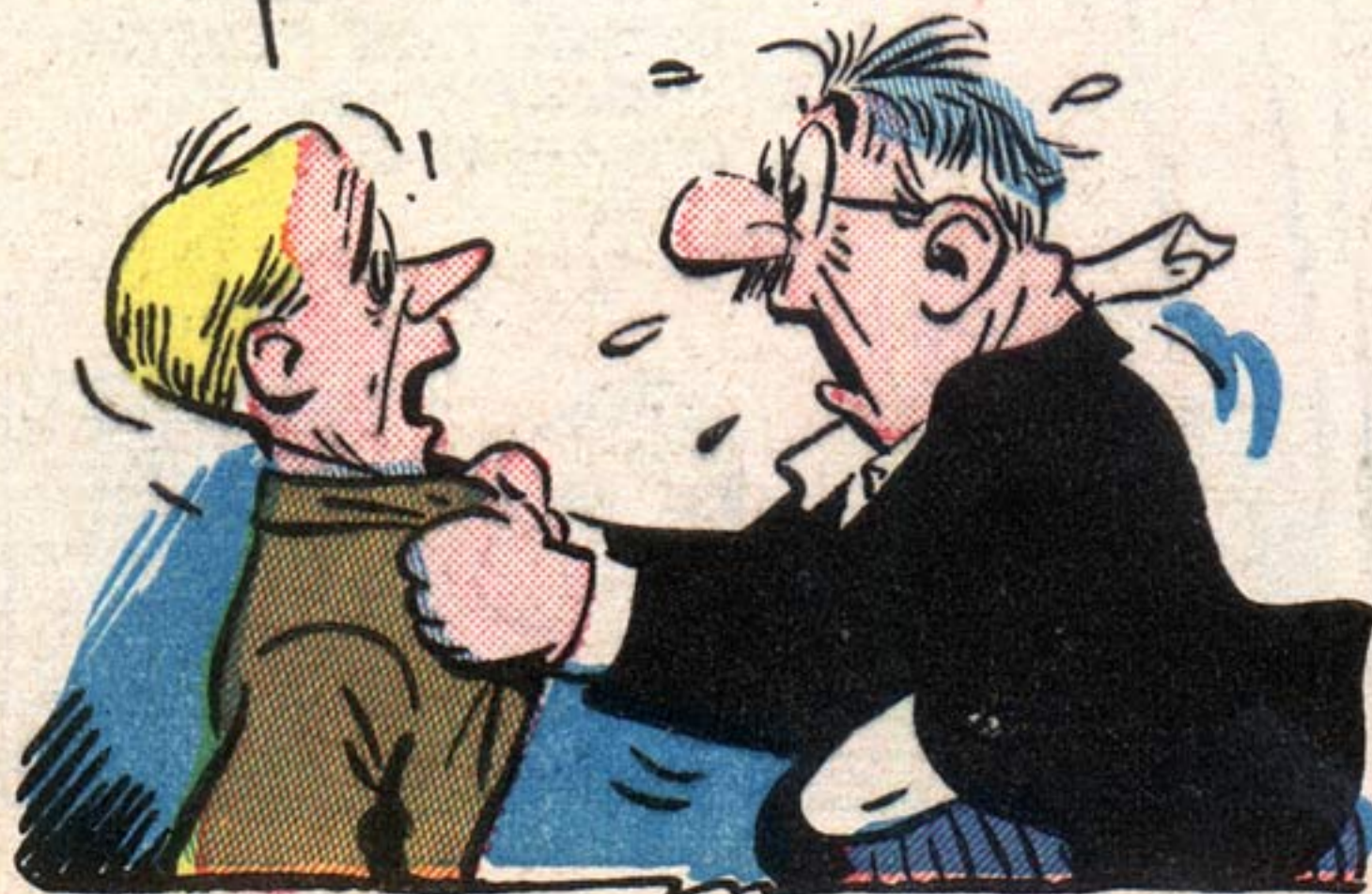


B-BUT SIR  
...WHAT'S  
WRONG?

**EVERYTHING!** WHAT  
SORT OF SHOW HAVE  
WE READY TO REPLACE  
THE "CRIME KILLERS"  
TOMORROW?...**QUICK!**

WE'VE GOT A  
**SUPERSCHMOE**  
SCRIPT READY...  
BUT NO **SUPER-  
SCHMOE!** HE...

YEAH, I KNOW! THE  
LAST TIME HE  
LEAPED A TALL  
BUILDING AT A  
SINGLE BOUND,  
HE DIDN'T COME  
DOWN!...UMMM!  
LET'S SEE...



YA GOT A  
**SUPERKATT**  
RIGHT HERE!  
AN' **SUPERKATT**  
ALWAYS COMES  
DOWN!



**SUPERKATT!** ON TELEVISION YET... **THAT'S IT!**... GET ME THAT SCRIPT, BENTON!

BUT SIR... I...

NO **"BUTS"** ABOUT IT! I SHOULD HAVE LISTENED TO YOU IN THE **FIRST PLACE!** NOW LISTEN, YOU TAKE THE SCRIPT HOME AND READ IT OVER! MAKE ANY CHANGES YOU WANT... BUT BE HERE TOMORROW AT SHOW-TIME!

YESSIR! **JEEPERS!**

**LATER...**  
**AT HOME...**

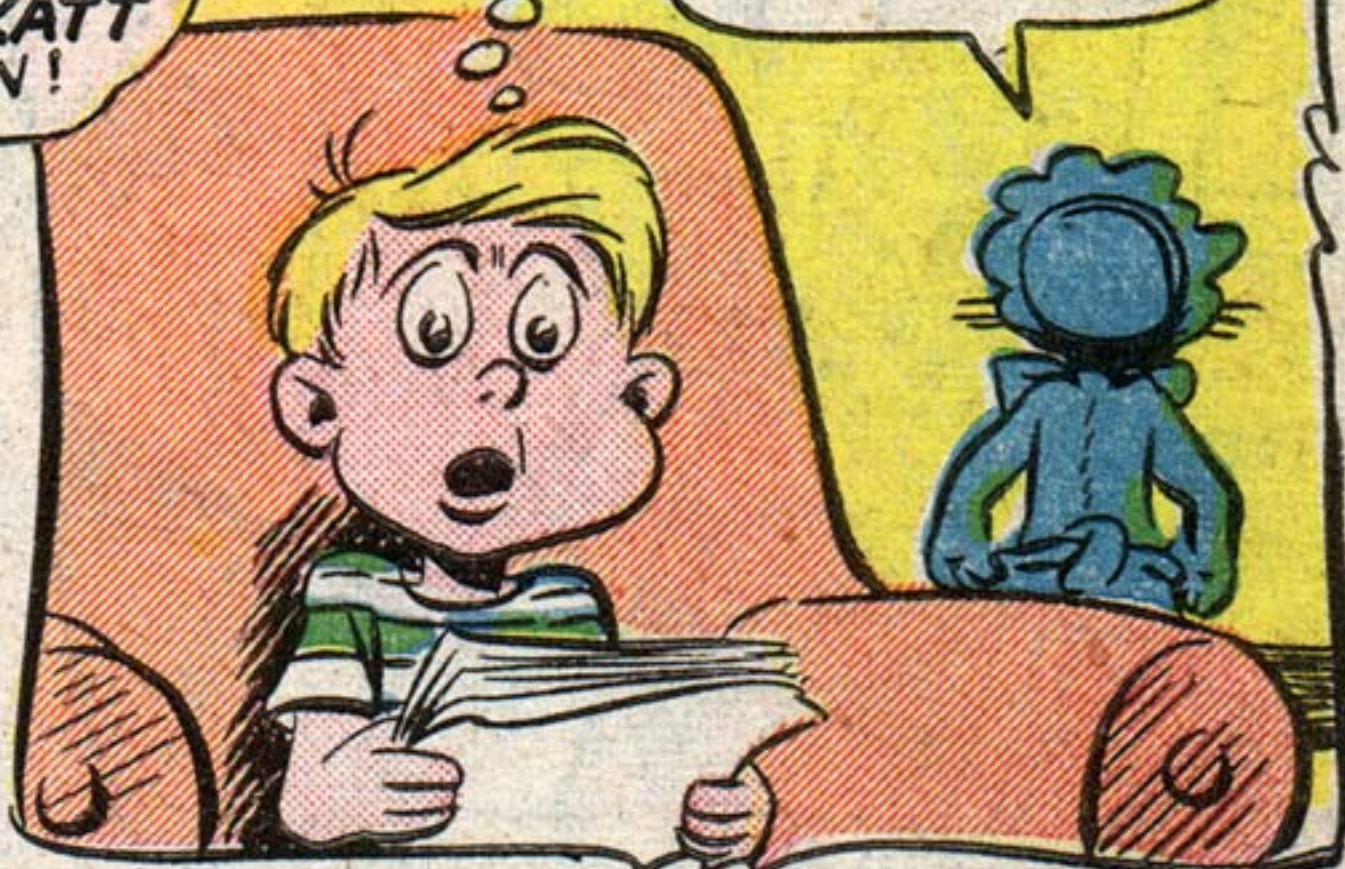
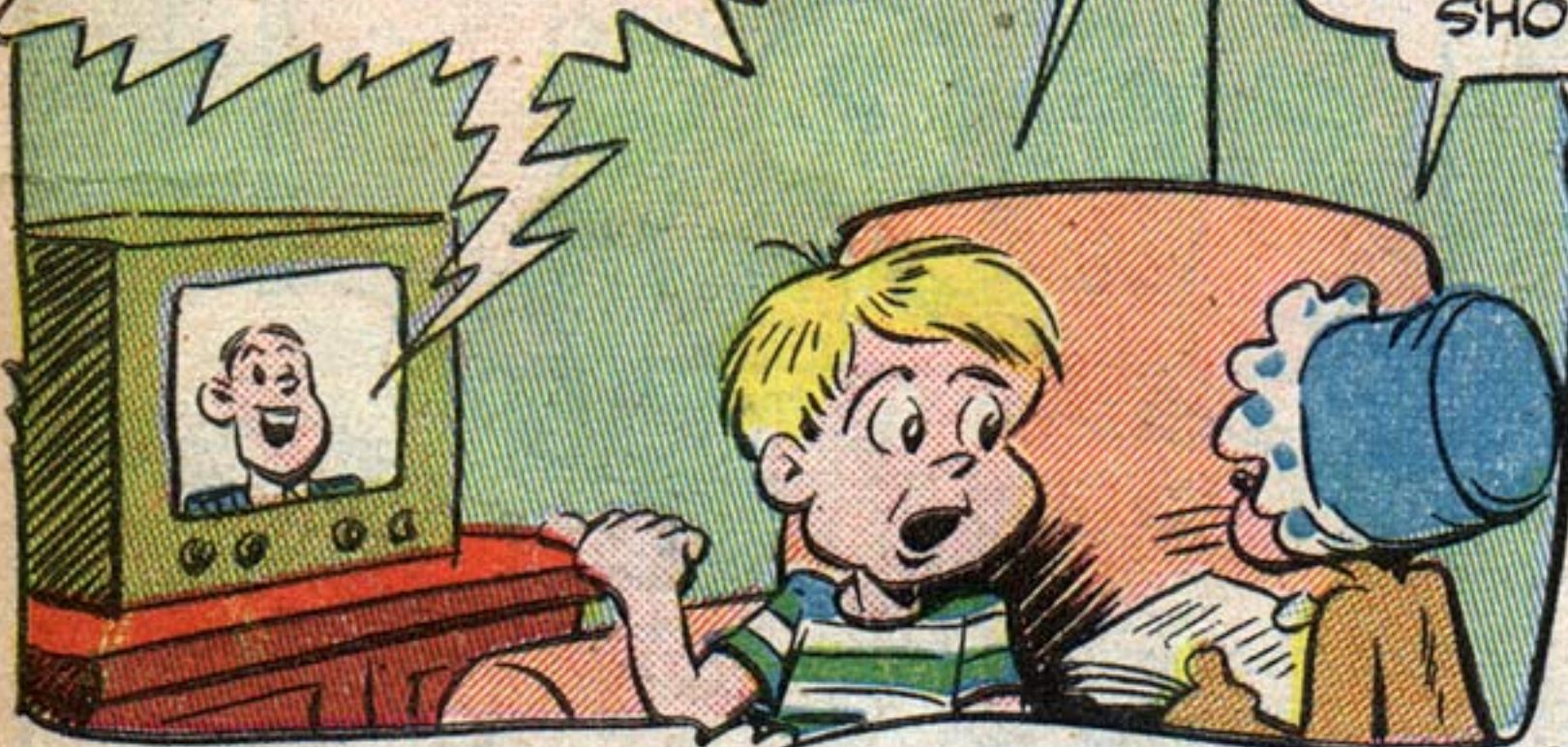
...SO THERE'LL BE NO MORE **"CRIME KILLERS!"** INSTEAD, AND BEGINNING TOMORROW, WE BRING YOU **SUPERKATT...** THAT DARING DOER OF RIGHT!

ARE THEY KIDDIN'?

NOPE! AND IF YOU DON'T BELIEVE THEM, HERE'S THE SCRIPT FOR THE NEW **SUPERKATT SHOW!**

NO MORE **"CRIME KILLERS!"** **SUPERKATT** INSTEAD!

READ IT AND WEEP, SONNY-BOY! I'M GOING TO GET A GOOD NIGHT'S REST! AND TOMORROW... **JUST WATCH ME ON TELEVISION!**

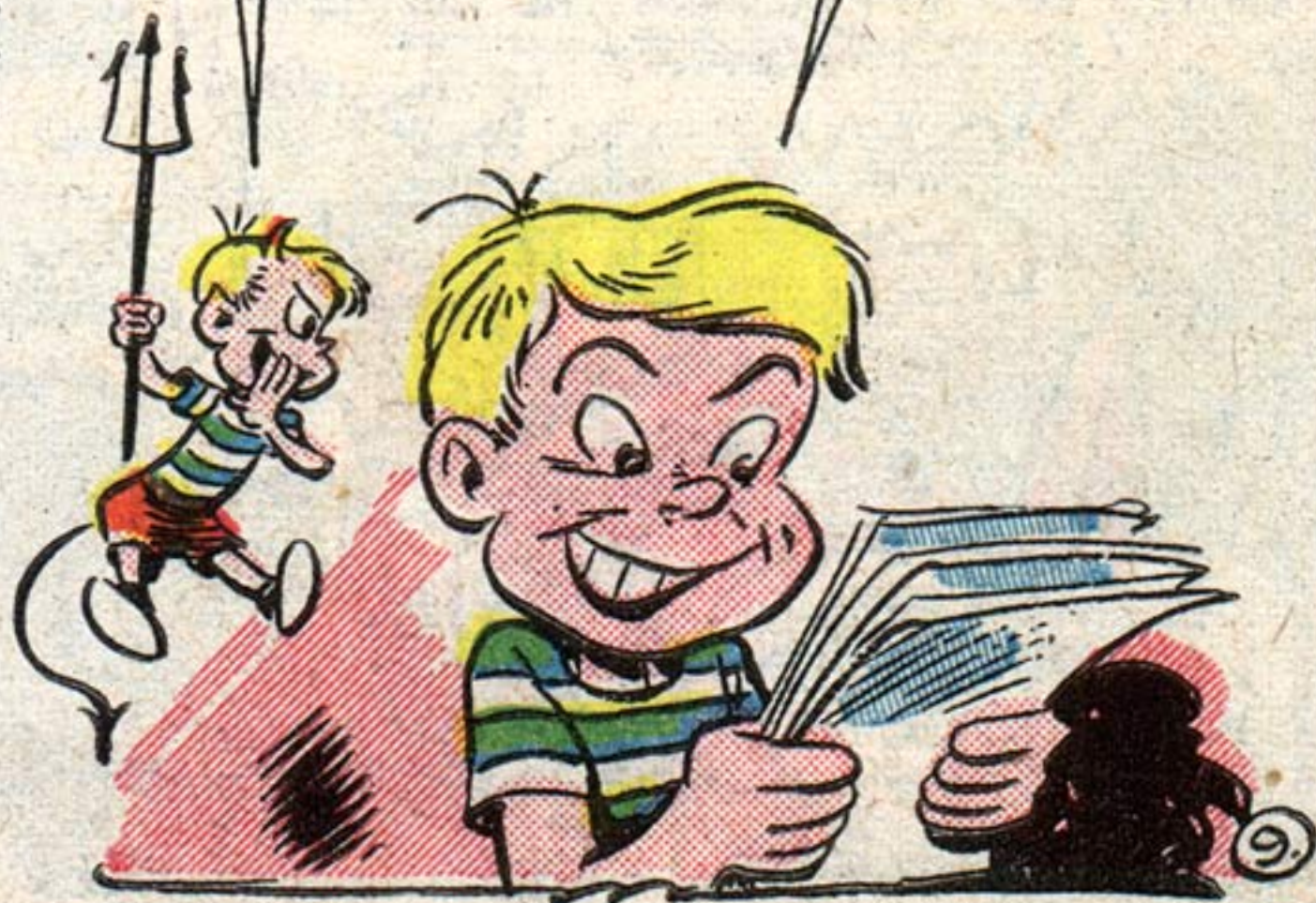
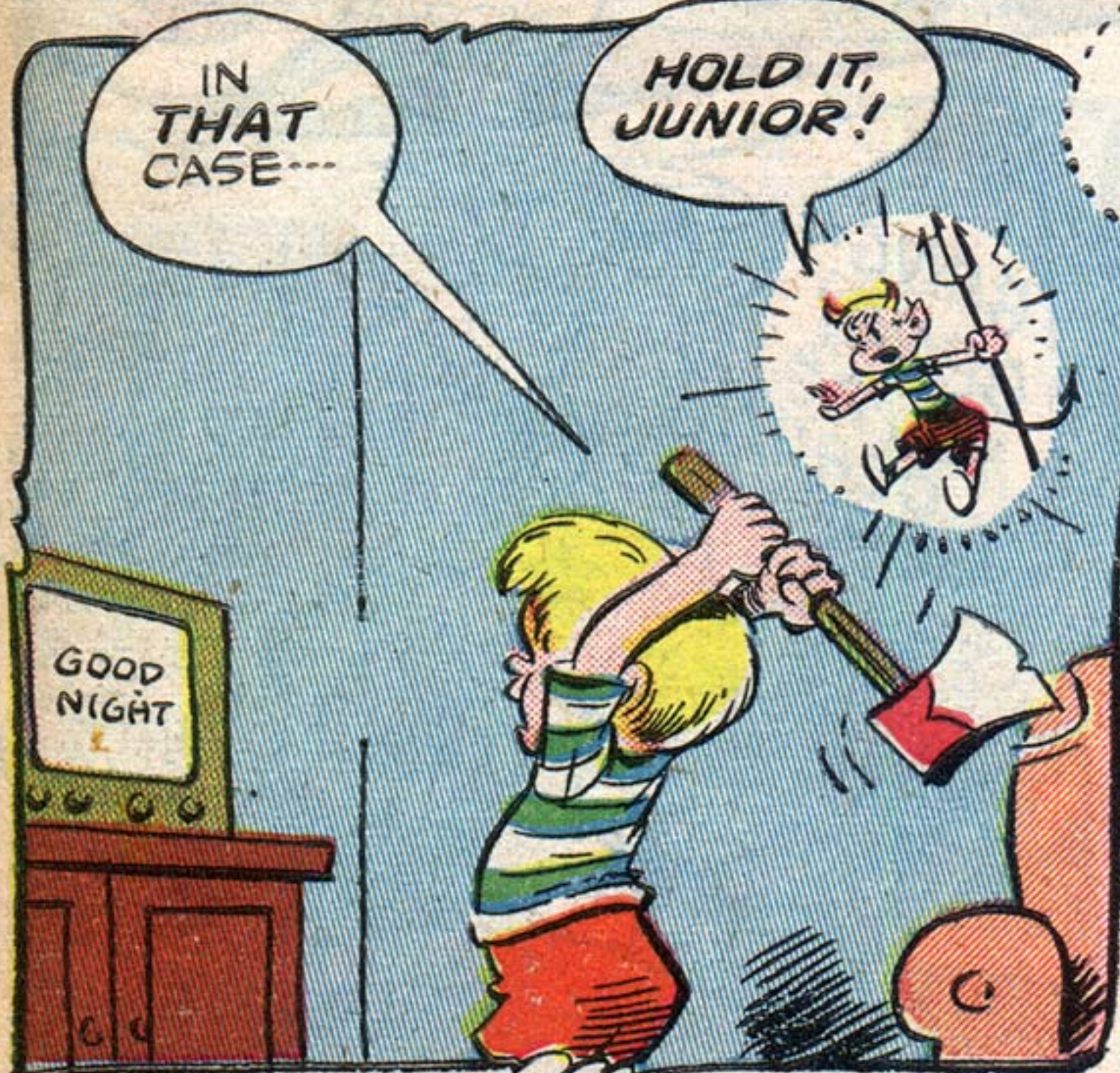


IN THAT CASE...

HOLD IT, JUNIOR!

LOOK! WITH SOME SLIGHT CHANGES IN THAT SCRIPT... WHO CAN TELL...

I HEARS YA, JACKSON!... WHERE'S A PEN?





**SHOW-TIME NEXT DAY!**

NOW IN THIS SCENE,  
THE VILLAIN IS ABOUT  
TO KIDNAP THE GIRL  
WHEN YOU JUMP  
ON HIM!

OKAY...WHERE  
IS THAT VILLAIN?  
I'M READY TO  
JUMP HIM!

YOU OUGHTA KNOW  
WHERE...IT'S LIKE THE  
SCRIPT NOW HAS  
IT! **DOWN THERE  
BY THE CAR!**

OKAY...**JUMP!**  
IT'S SHOW-TIME...  
THE TELEVISION  
CAMERAS ARE  
RUNNING...**GO  
AHEAD AND  
JUMP!**

**AWK!**

**TCH, TCH!...**  
I THOUGHT  
SUPERKATT  
COULD FLY!

OH, HE KIN FLY, ALL  
RIGHT...IT'S HIS  
**LANDIN'S DAT'S**  
BAD!

DUE TO CIRCUMSTANCES BEYOND  
OUR CONTROL, WE ARE FORCED TO  
CONCLUDE THIS PROGRAM! AND  
WHETHER YOU LIKE IT OR NOT, WE  
WILL RESUME OUR USUAL "**CRIME  
KILLERS**" PROGRAM **REGARDLESS**  
OF ITS BAD EFFECT ON THE KIDDIES!  
...SO THERE!

WELL, WISE GUY...  
I GUESS I FIXED  
**YOUR WAGON!**  
...LISTEN!

SO  
IT WAS  
**YOU!**  
**GR-RRR!**

**BANG!  
BANG!  
YOU'RE  
DEAD!**

**AH!**

REFORM SCHOOL

MAYBE  
IT'LL BE  
JUST AS  
WELL!

**The END**



# SPENCER SPOOK

WELL, IT'S GETTIN' ABOUT TIME TO START HAUNTIN', BOSS, SO I BETTER GET ON BACK TO MY HOUSE!

YEAH, SO LONG, SPENCER! I-- OH-OH! THERE GOES MY TELEPHONE!

RING!  
R-R-RING!

THE BOSS  
1720 -- 1776

JUST A MINUTE, WILL YA, SPENCE? THERE MIGHT BE SOMETHIN' YOU CAN DO FOR ME!

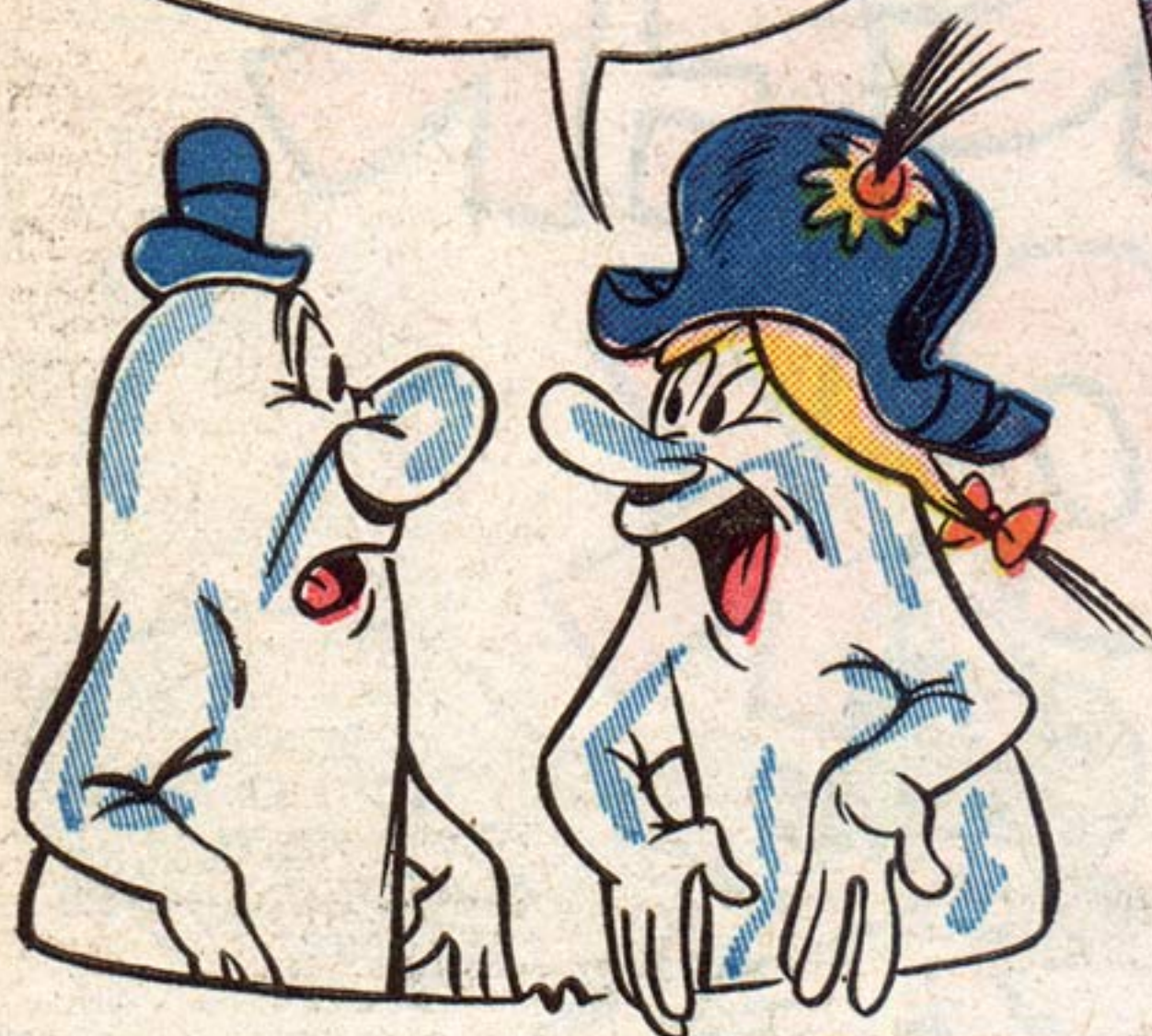
SURE, BOSS, SURE!

OH HELLO, PETE!... THREE NEW ONES?... SURE, PETE... I'LL FIND **SOMEPLACE** FOR 'EM! SEND 'EM ON DOWN... I'LL TAKE CARE OF 'EM **SOME WAY!**

I'LL BET A CAN OF ECTOPLASM AGAINST A GHOST'S GIRDLE THAT THIS CALL SPELLS TROUBLE!



WE'VE GOT THREE NEW GHOSTS COMING TO JOIN US! PETE'S SENDING THEM RIGHT DOW---

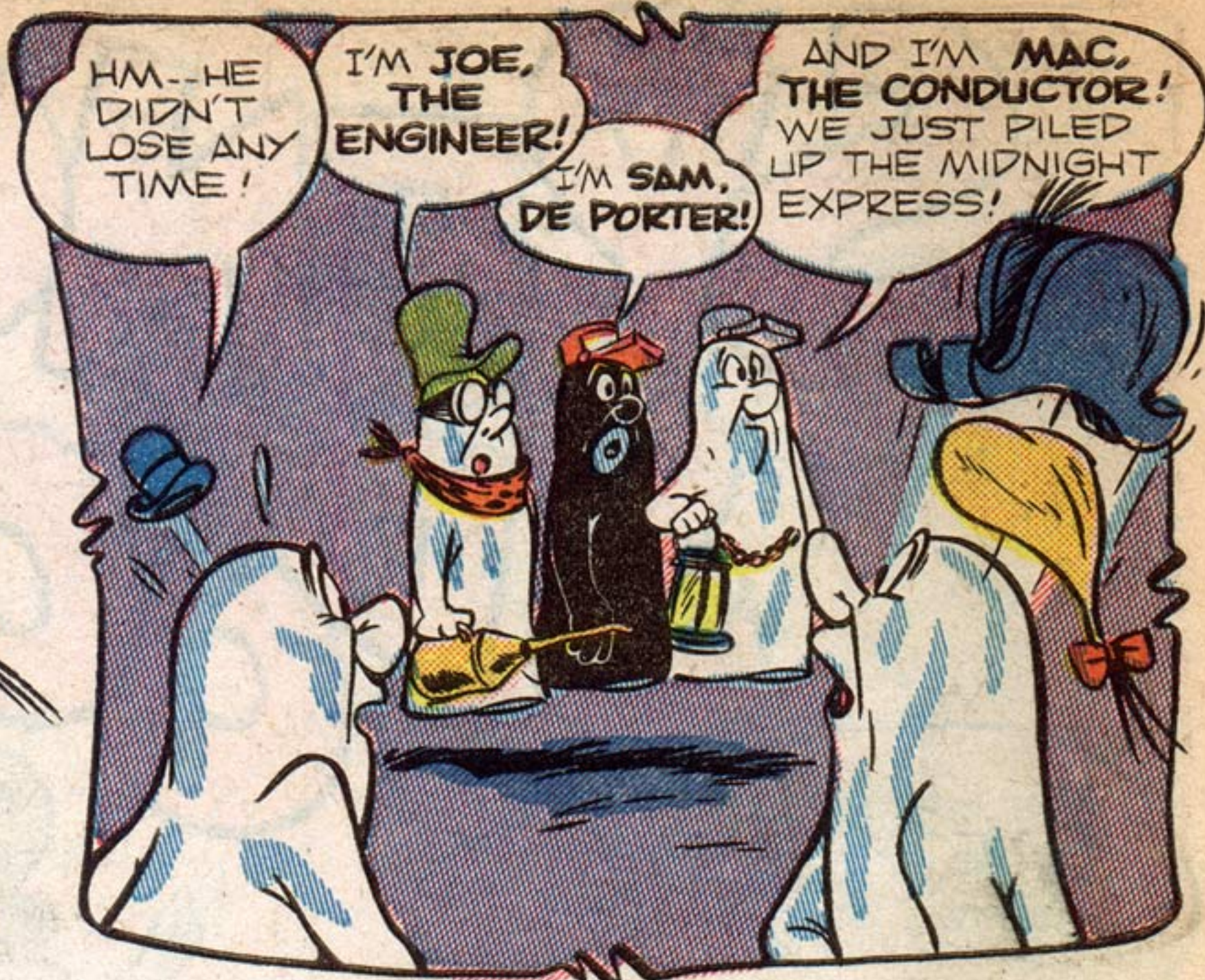


HM...HE DIDN'T LOSE ANY TIME!

I'M JOE, THE ENGINEER!

I'M SAM, DE PORTER!

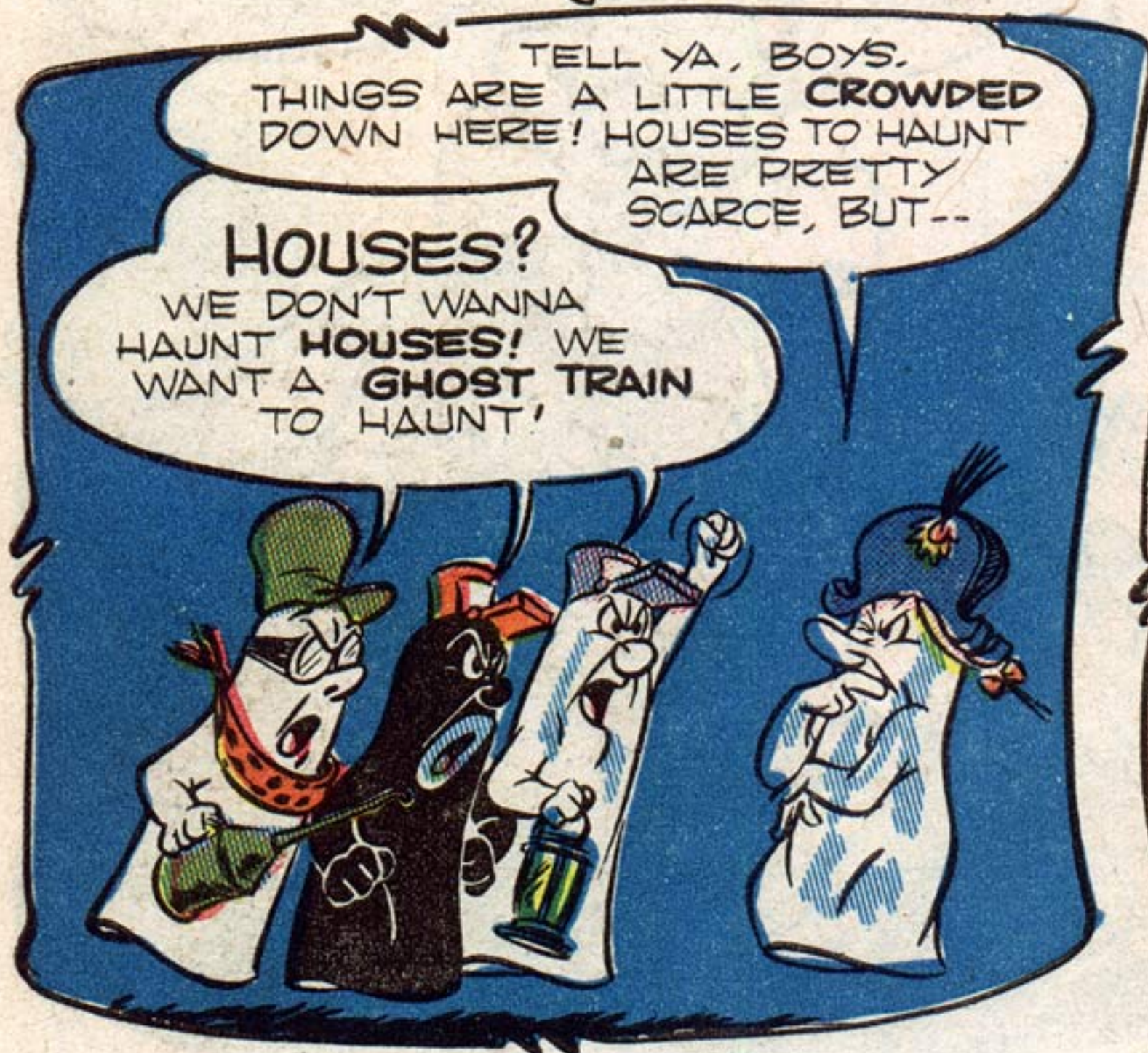
AND I'M MAC, THE CONDUCTOR! WE JUST PILED UP THE MIDNIGHT EXPRESS!



TELL YA, BOYS. THINGS ARE A LITTLE **CROWDED** DOWN HERE! HOUSES TO HAUNT ARE PRETTY SCARCE, BUT--

**HOUSES?**

WE DON'T WANNA HAUNT **HOUSES!** WE WANT A **GHOST TRAIN** TO HAUNT!



A **GHOST TRAIN**? WHY, THAT'S **RIDICULOUS!** I'VE NEVER HAD A CALL FOR ONE BEFORE IN MY WHOLE **DEATH!**

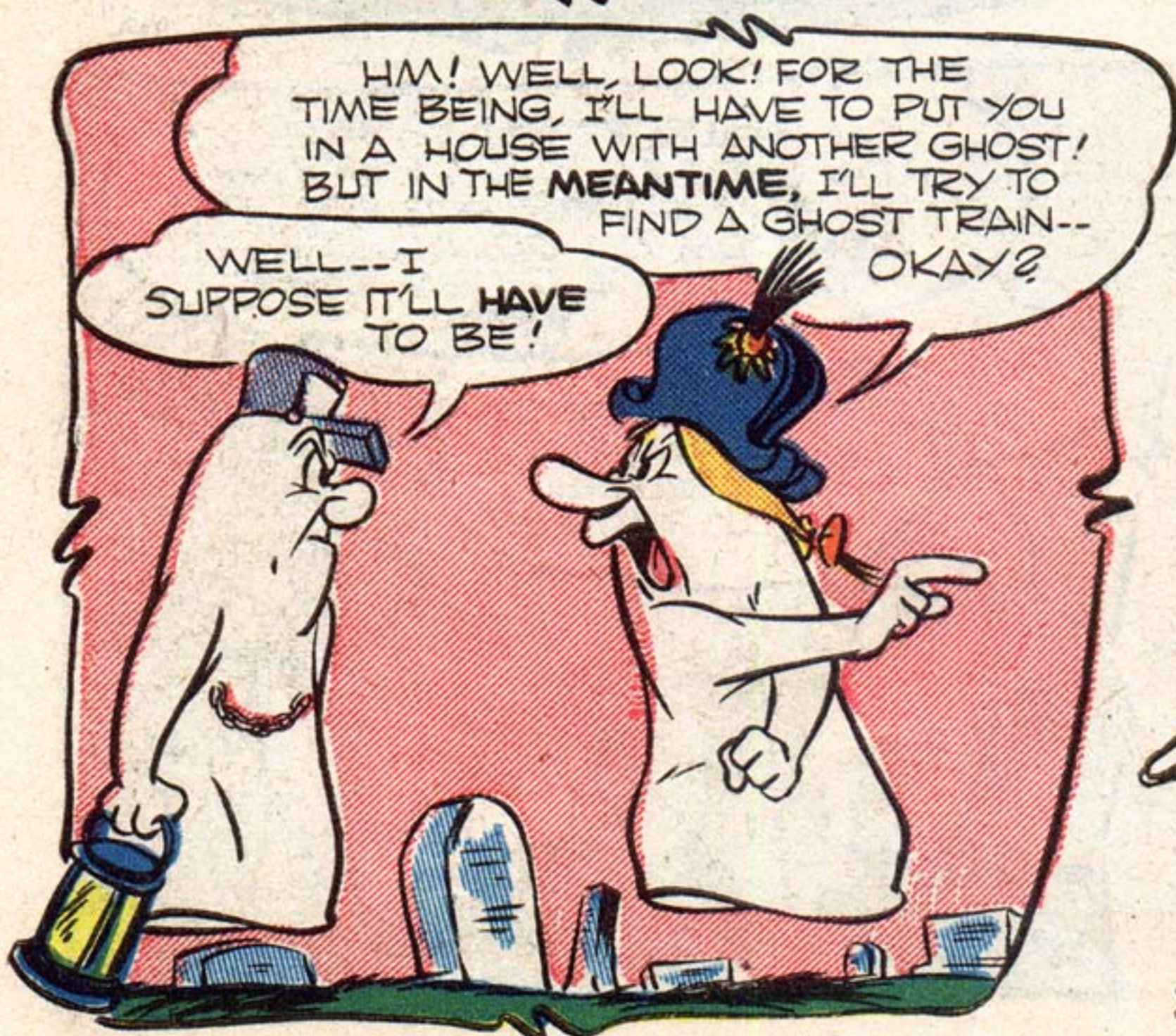
BUT PETE **SAID** YOU'D GIVE US A TRAIN! --WE **HAVE** TO RUN A --- I MEAN, HAUNT A TRAIN! --TRAINS ARE ALL WE KNOW ABOUT!



HM! WELL, LOOK! FOR THE TIME BEING, I'LL HAVE TO PUT YOU IN A HOUSE WITH ANOTHER GHOST! BUT IN THE **MEANTIME**, I'LL TRY TO FIND A GHOST TRAIN--

WELL--I SUPPOSE IT'LL **HAVE** TO BE!

OKAY?

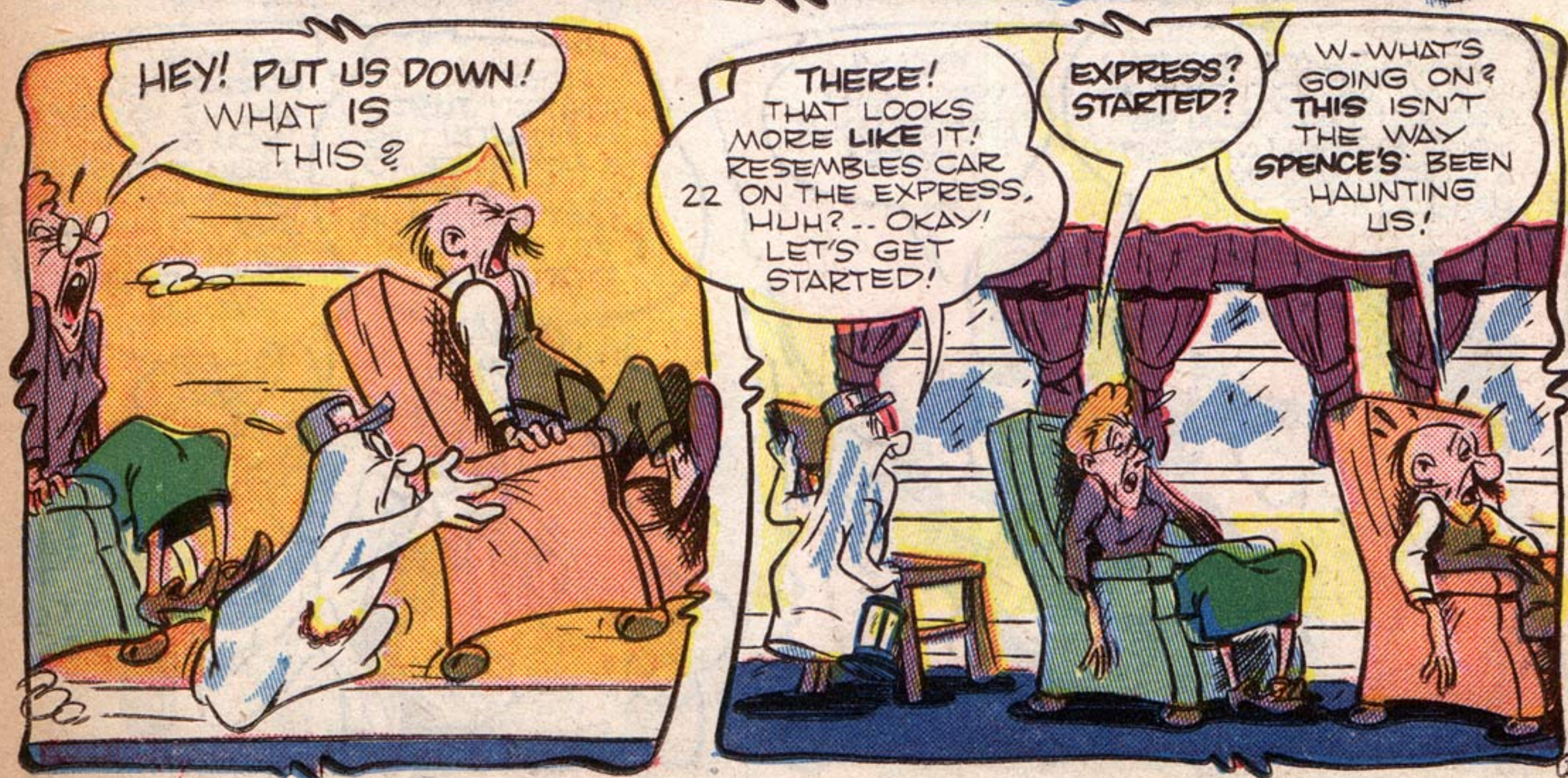
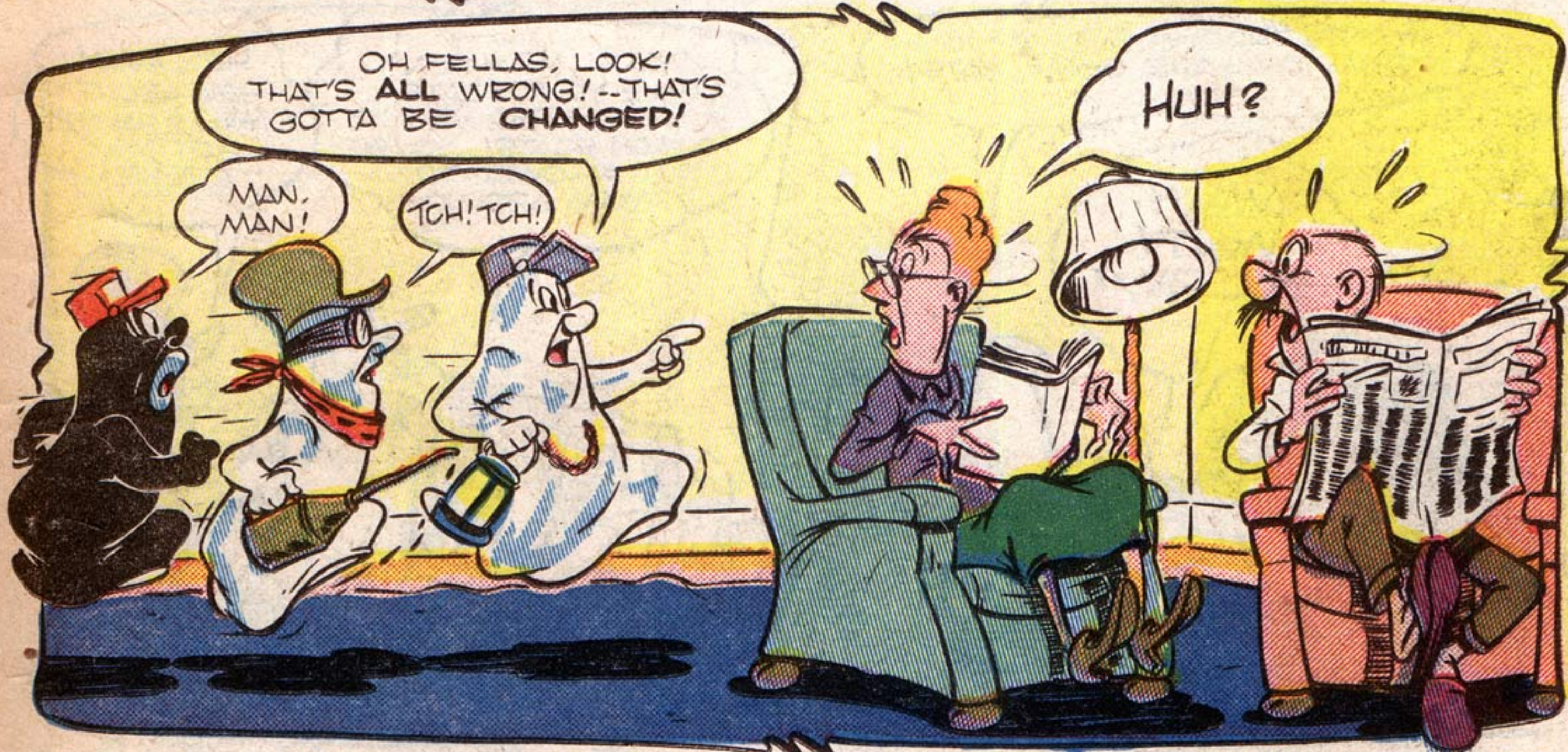
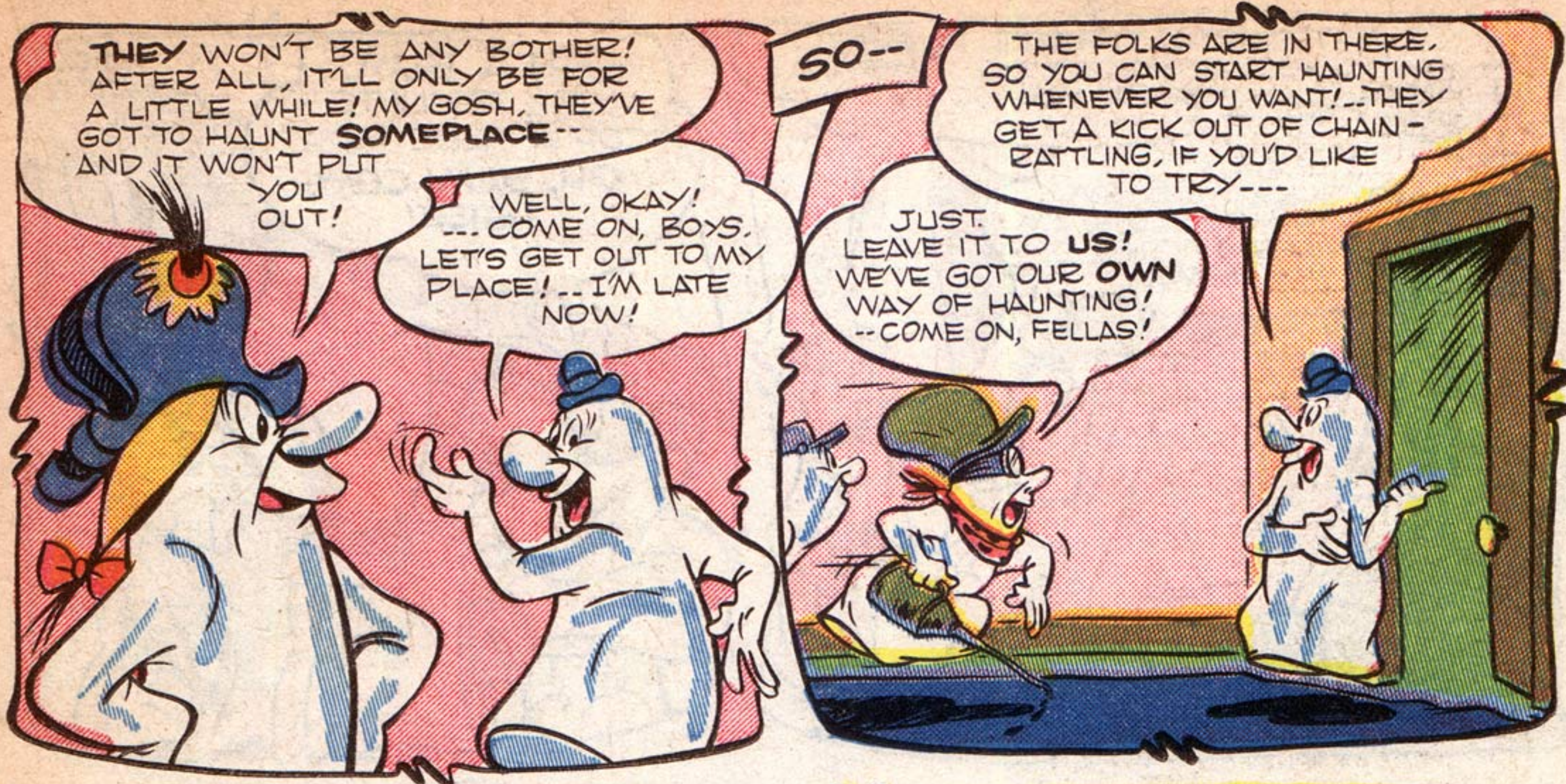


SPENCE, I'M CERTAINLY GLAD YOU STAYED -- I'M GOING TO PUT THEM IN WITH **YOU!**

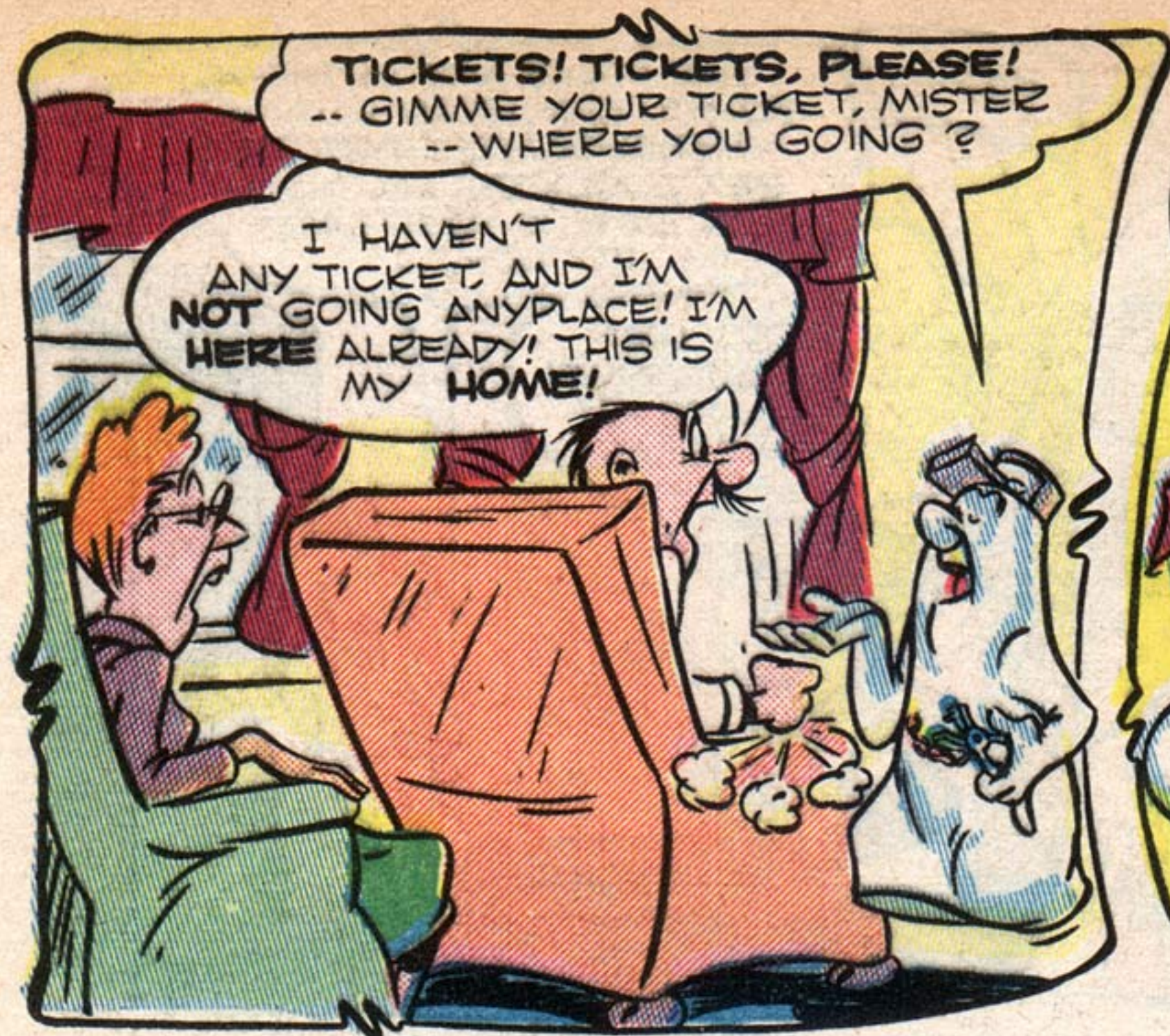
WITH **ME?** AW, NOW LOOK, BOSS! YOU **KNOW** HOW THE PEOPLE I HAUNT FEEL ABOUT COMPANY!





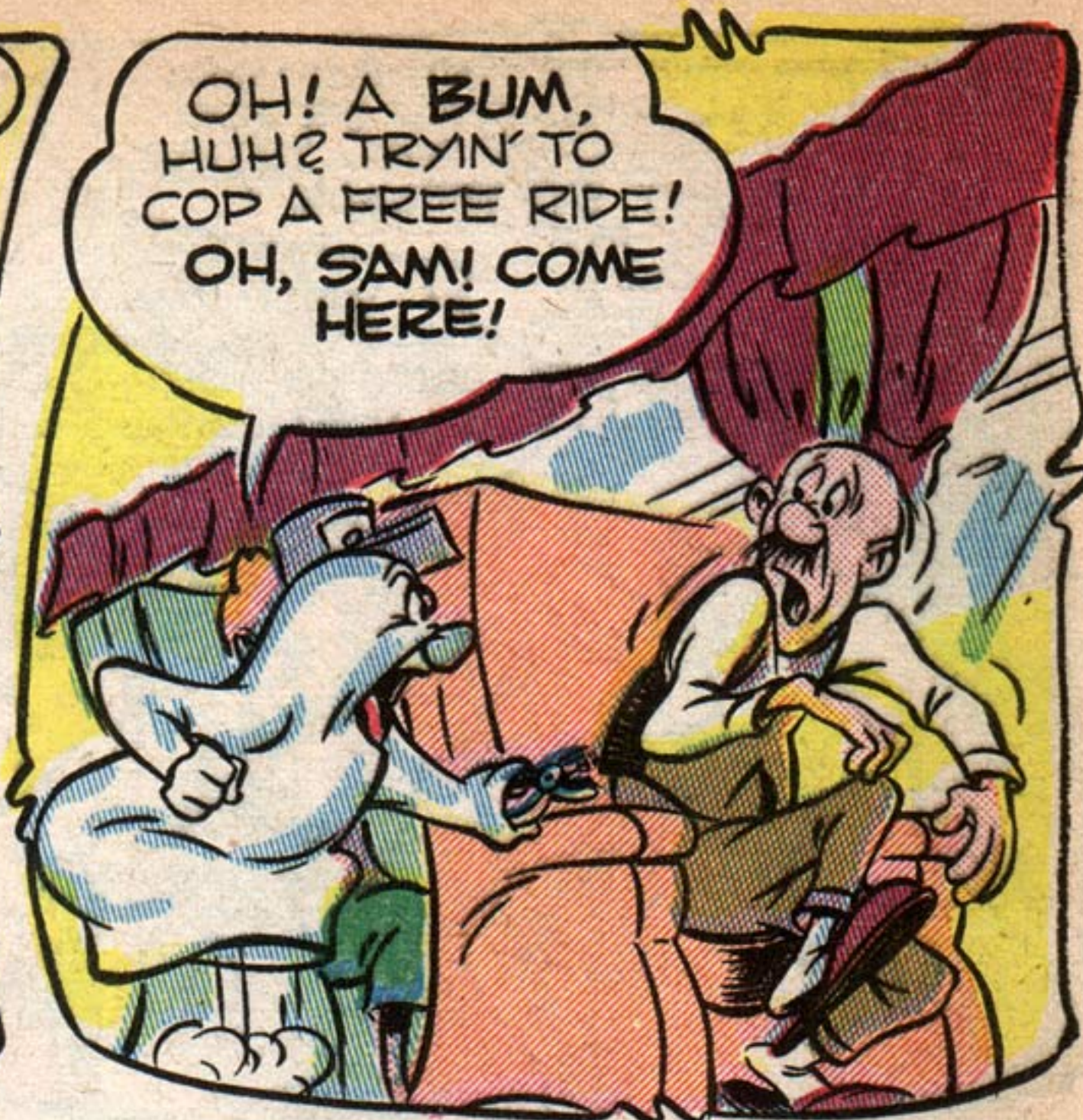






TICKETS! TICKETS, PLEASE!  
-- GIMME YOUR TICKET, MISTER  
-- WHERE YOU GOING ?

I HAVEN'T  
ANY TICKET, AND I'M  
NOT GOING ANYPLACE! I'M  
HERE ALREADY! THIS IS  
MY HOME!

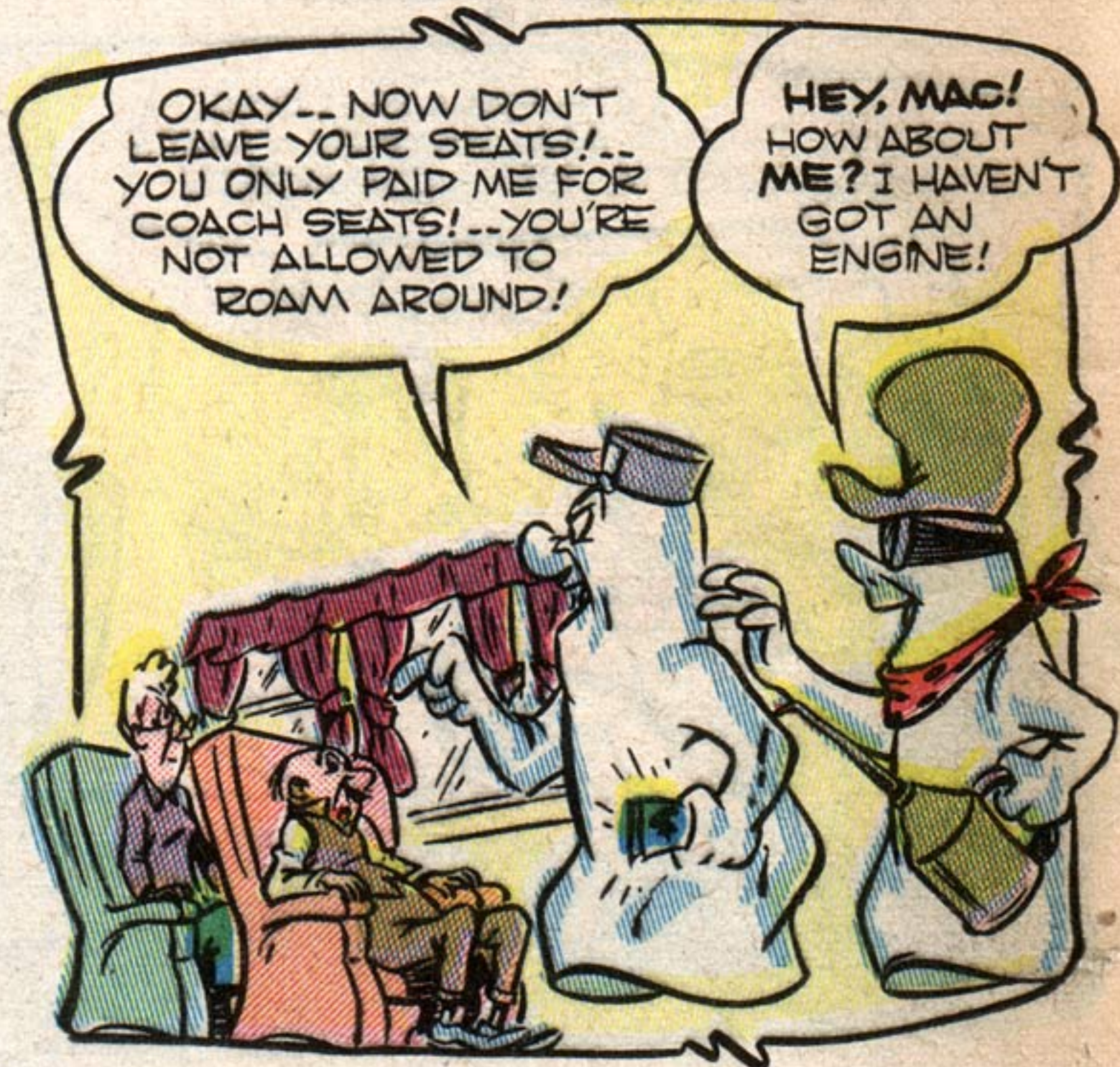


OH! A BUM,  
HUH? TRYIN' TO  
COP A FREE RIDE!  
OH, SAM! COME  
HERE!

WE'RE THROWING THIS  
BUM OFF! THE CHEAPSKATE!

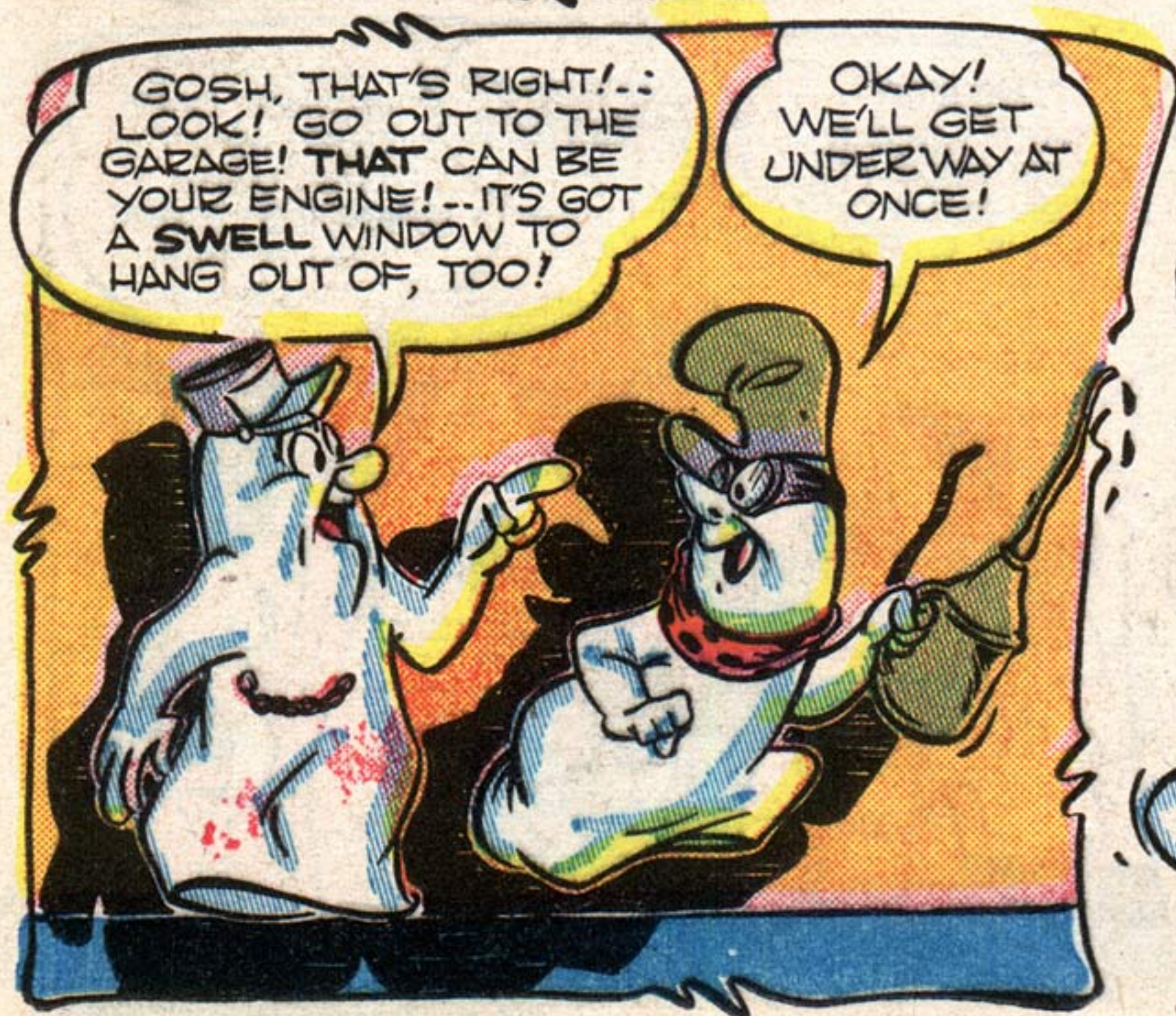


WAIT!  
WAIT!  
I'LL PAY!



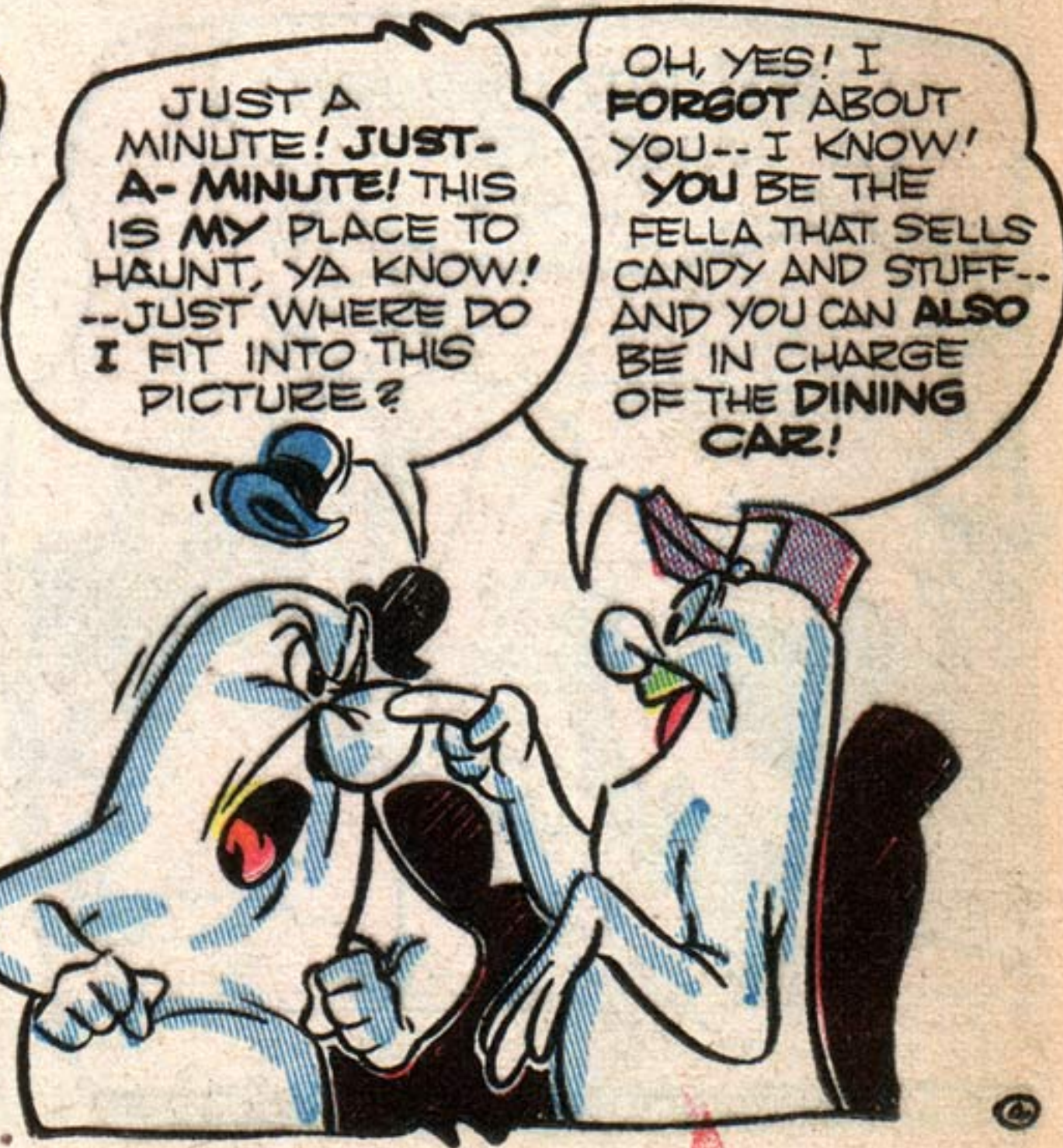
OKAY... NOW DON'T  
LEAVE YOUR SEATS!...  
YOU ONLY PAID ME FOR  
COACH SEATS!... YOU'RE  
NOT ALLOWED TO  
ROAM AROUND!

HEY, MAC!  
HOW ABOUT  
ME? I HAVEN'T  
GOT AN  
ENGINE!



GOSH, THAT'S RIGHT!...  
LOOK! GO OUT TO THE  
GARAGE! THAT CAN BE  
YOUR ENGINE!... IT'S GOT  
A SWELL WINDOW TO  
HANG OUT OF, TOO!

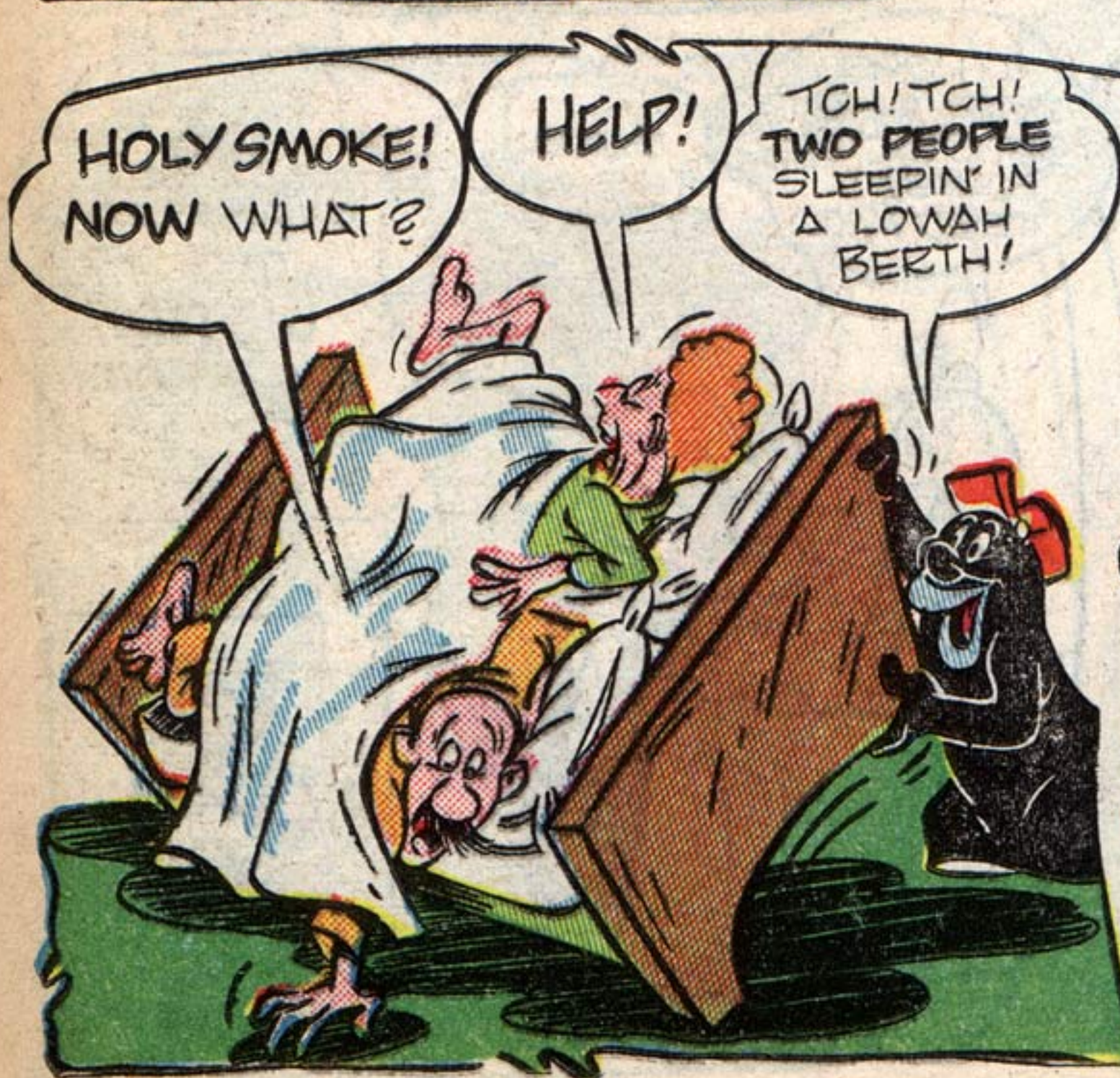
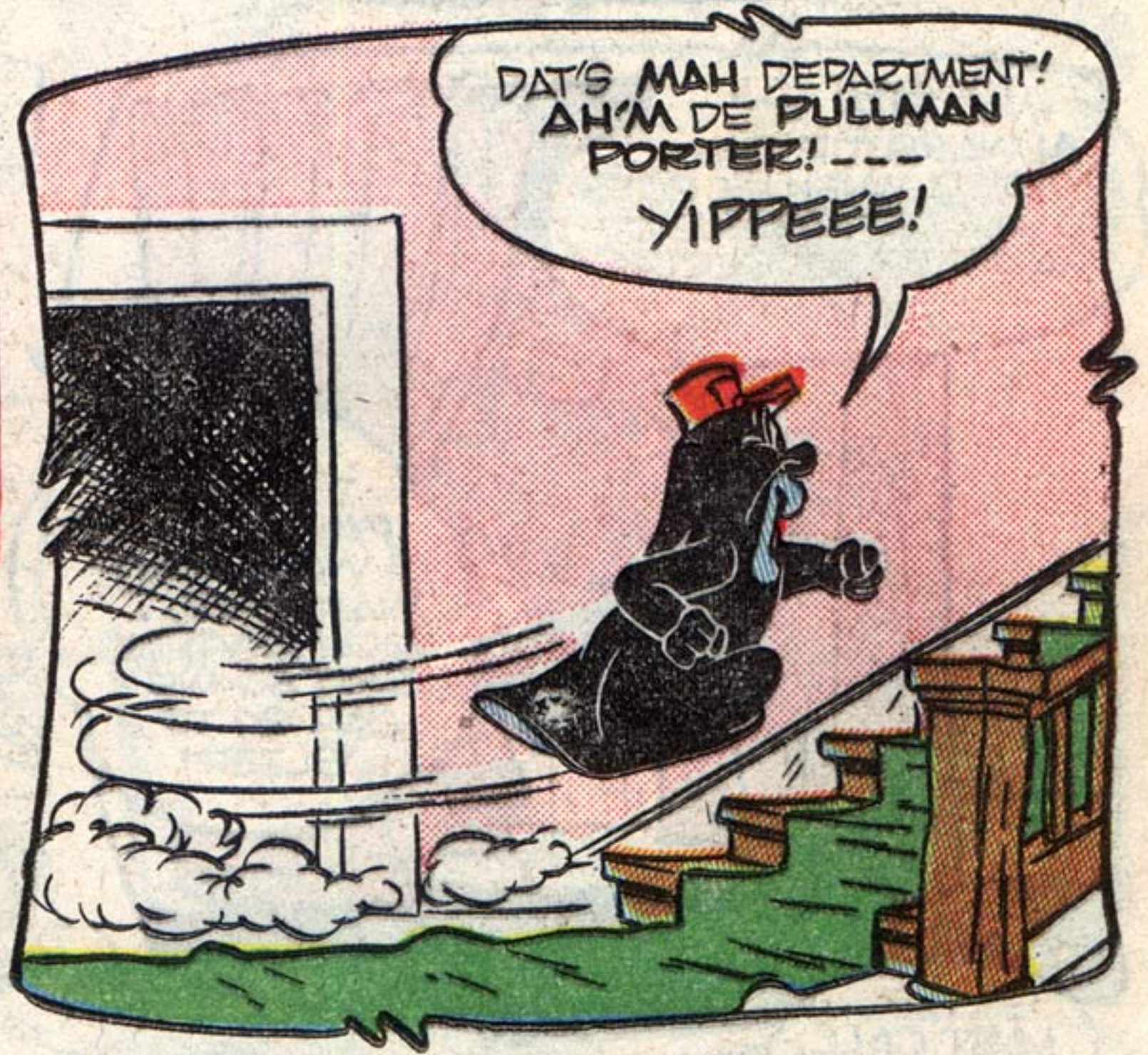
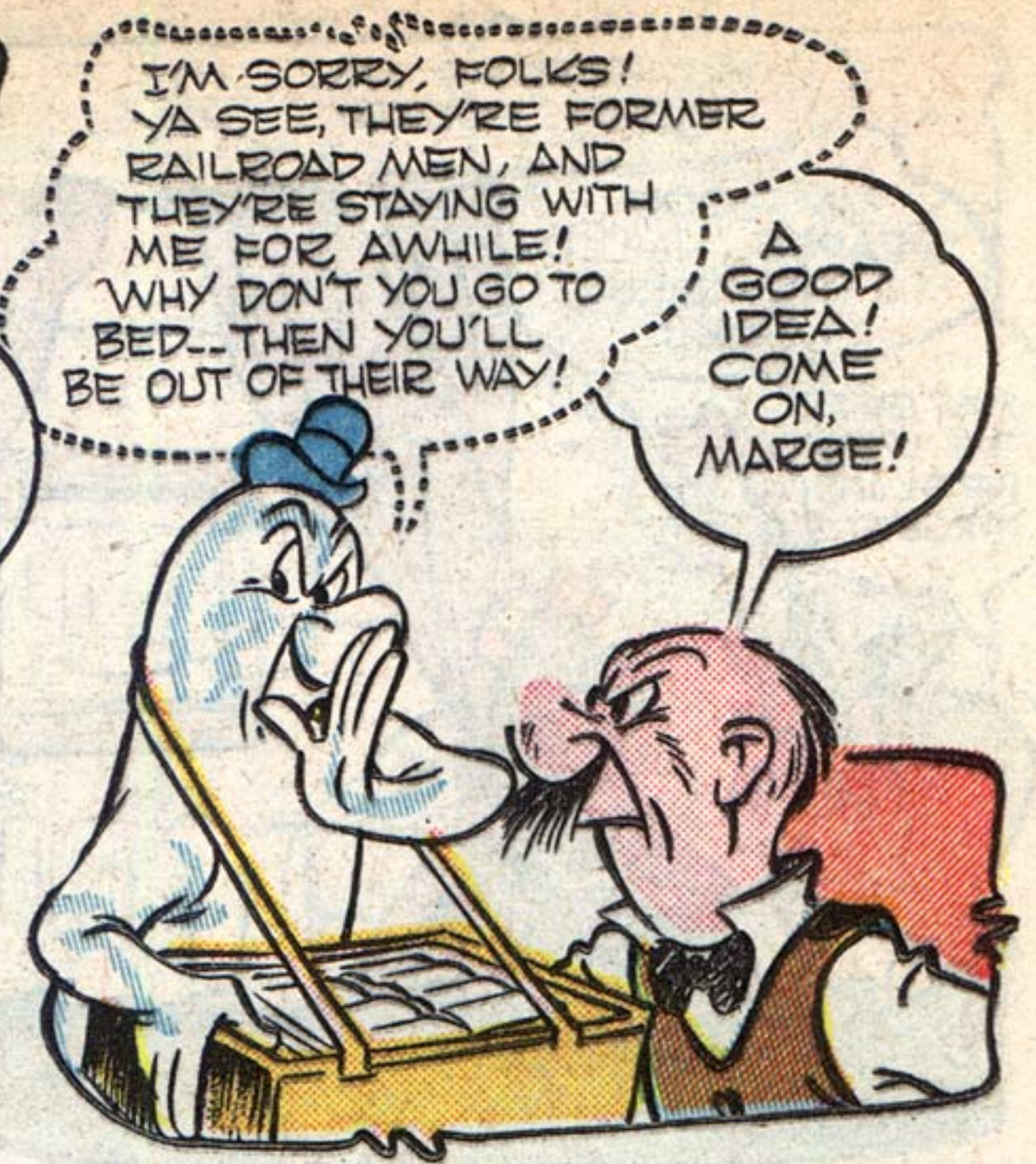
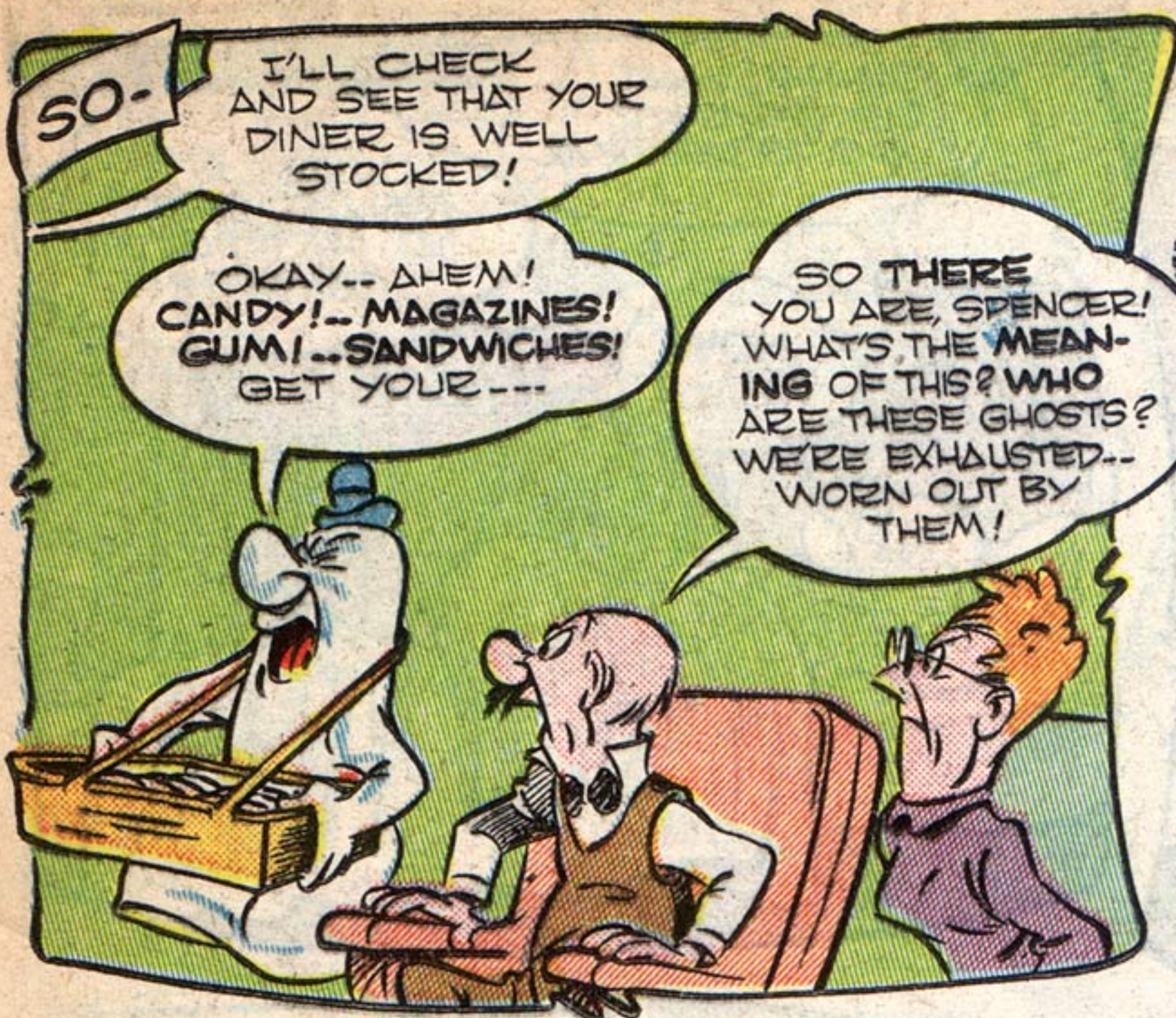
OKAY!  
WE'LL GET  
UNDERWAY AT  
ONCE!



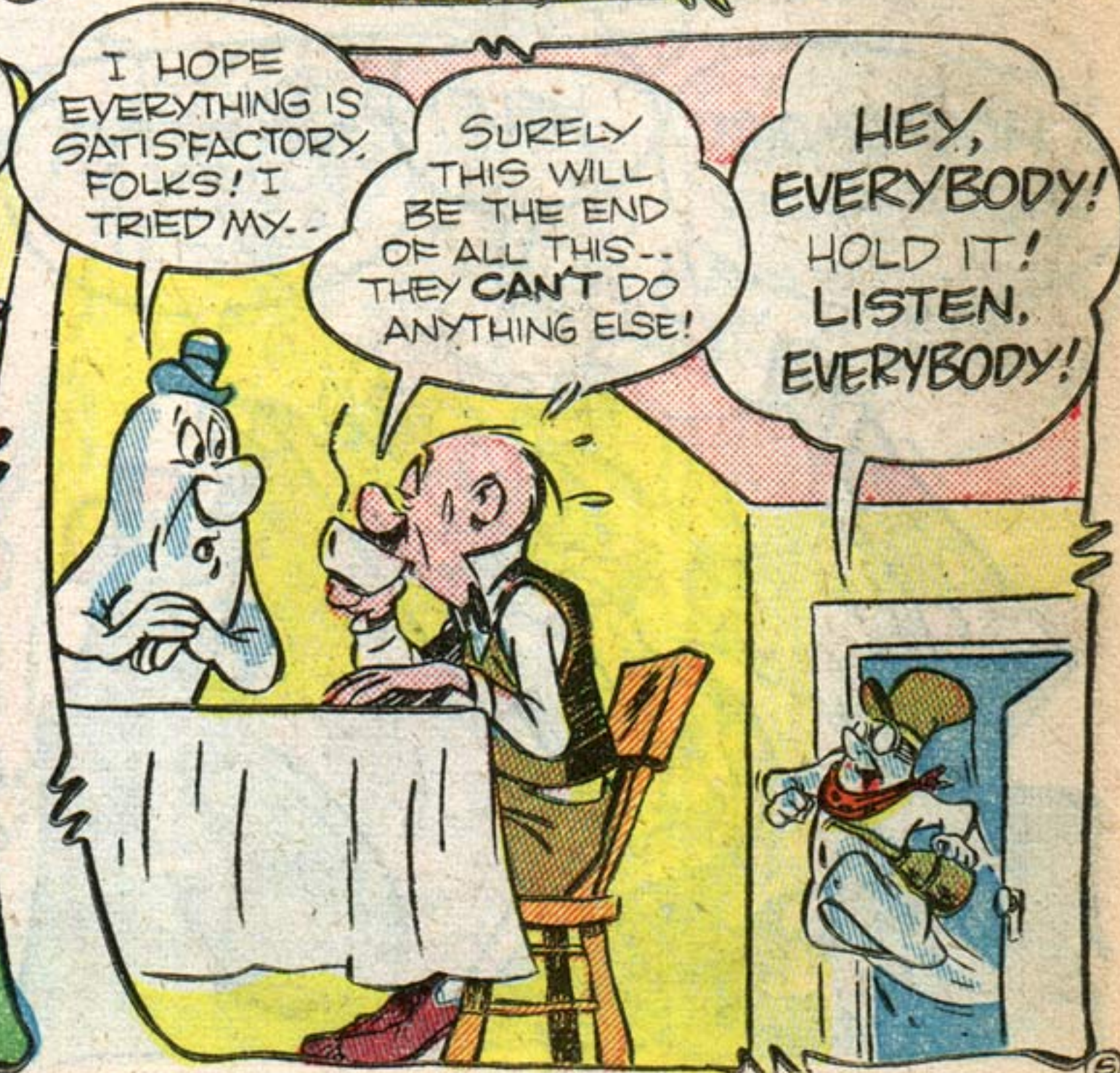
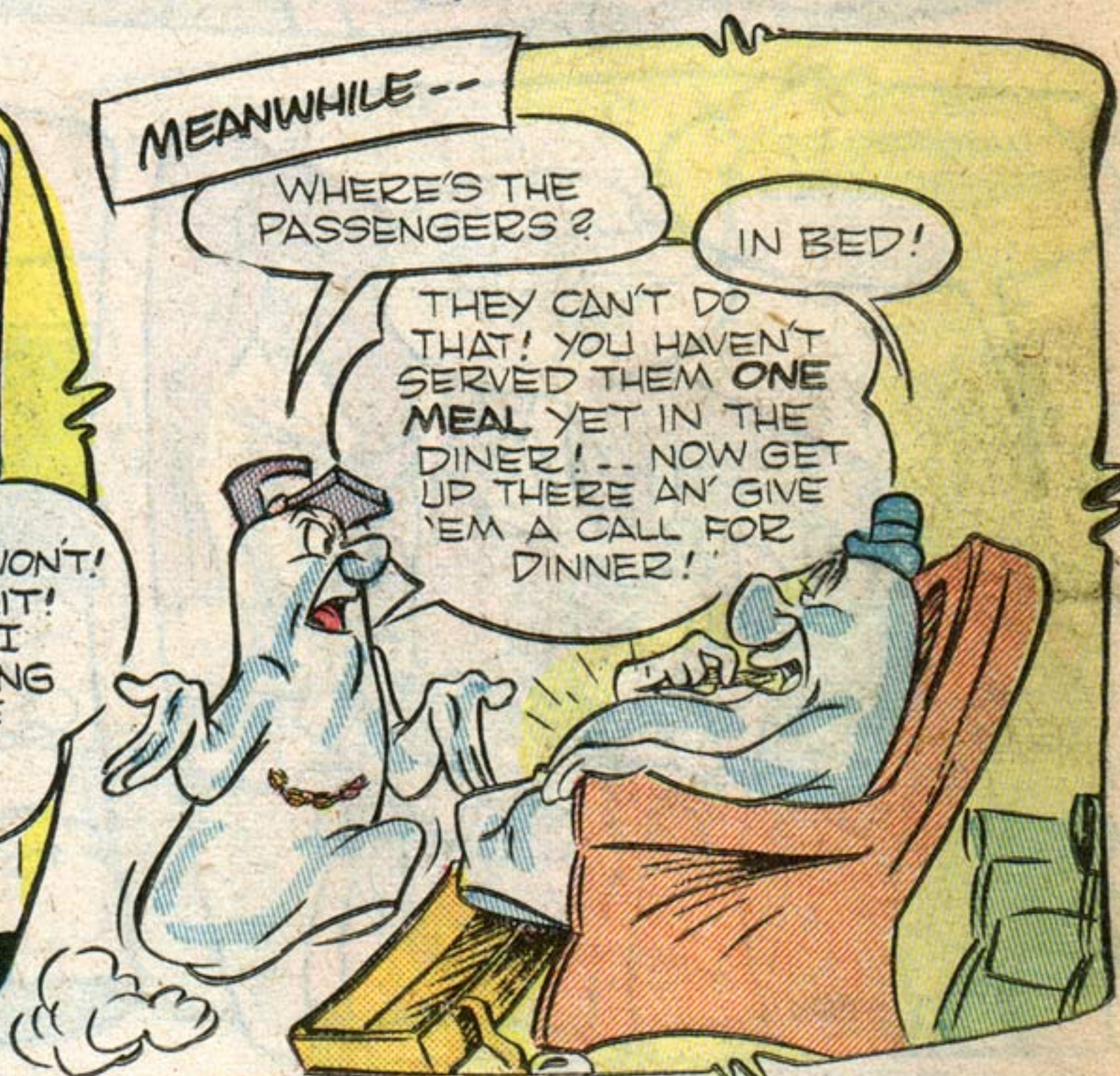
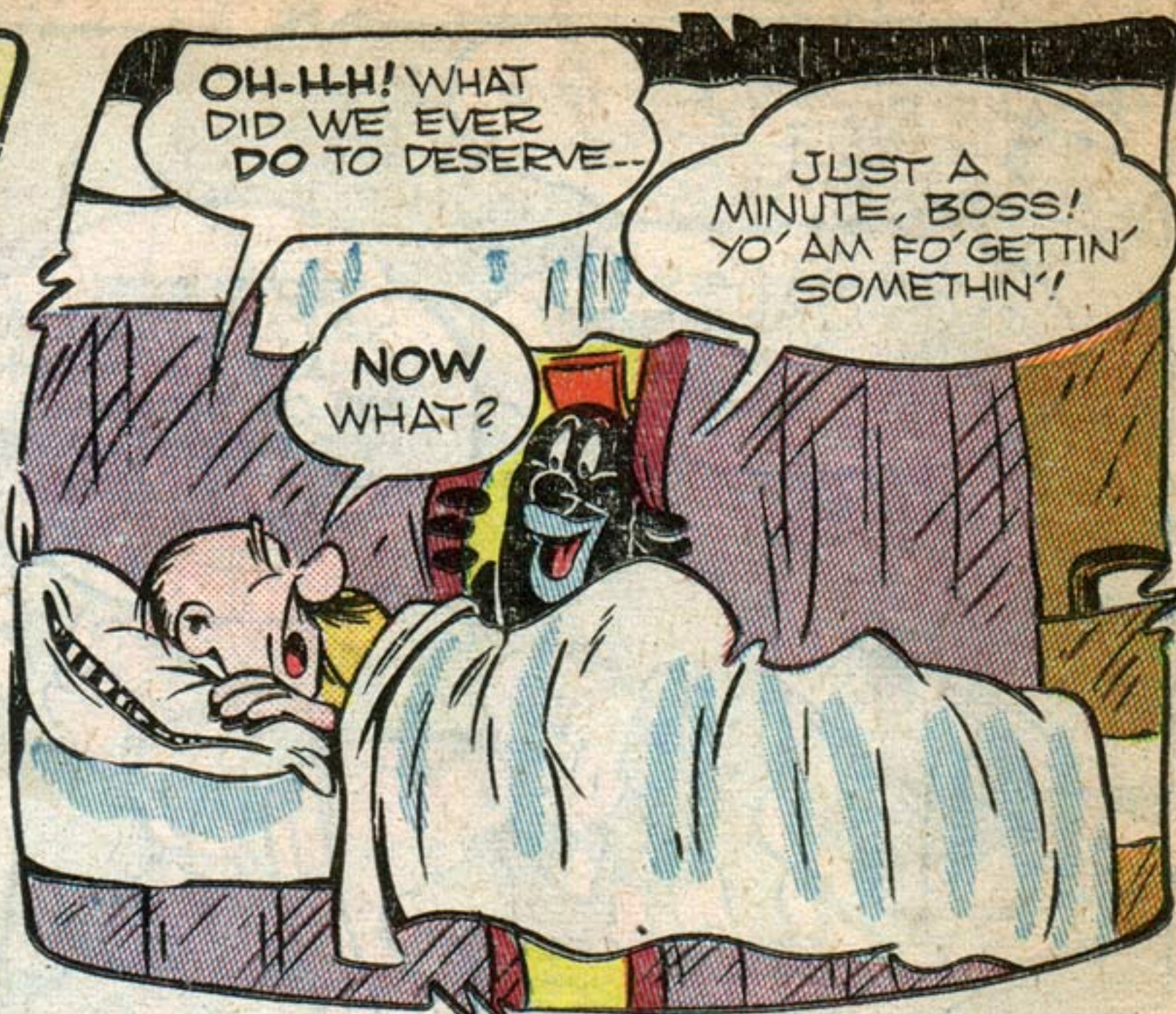
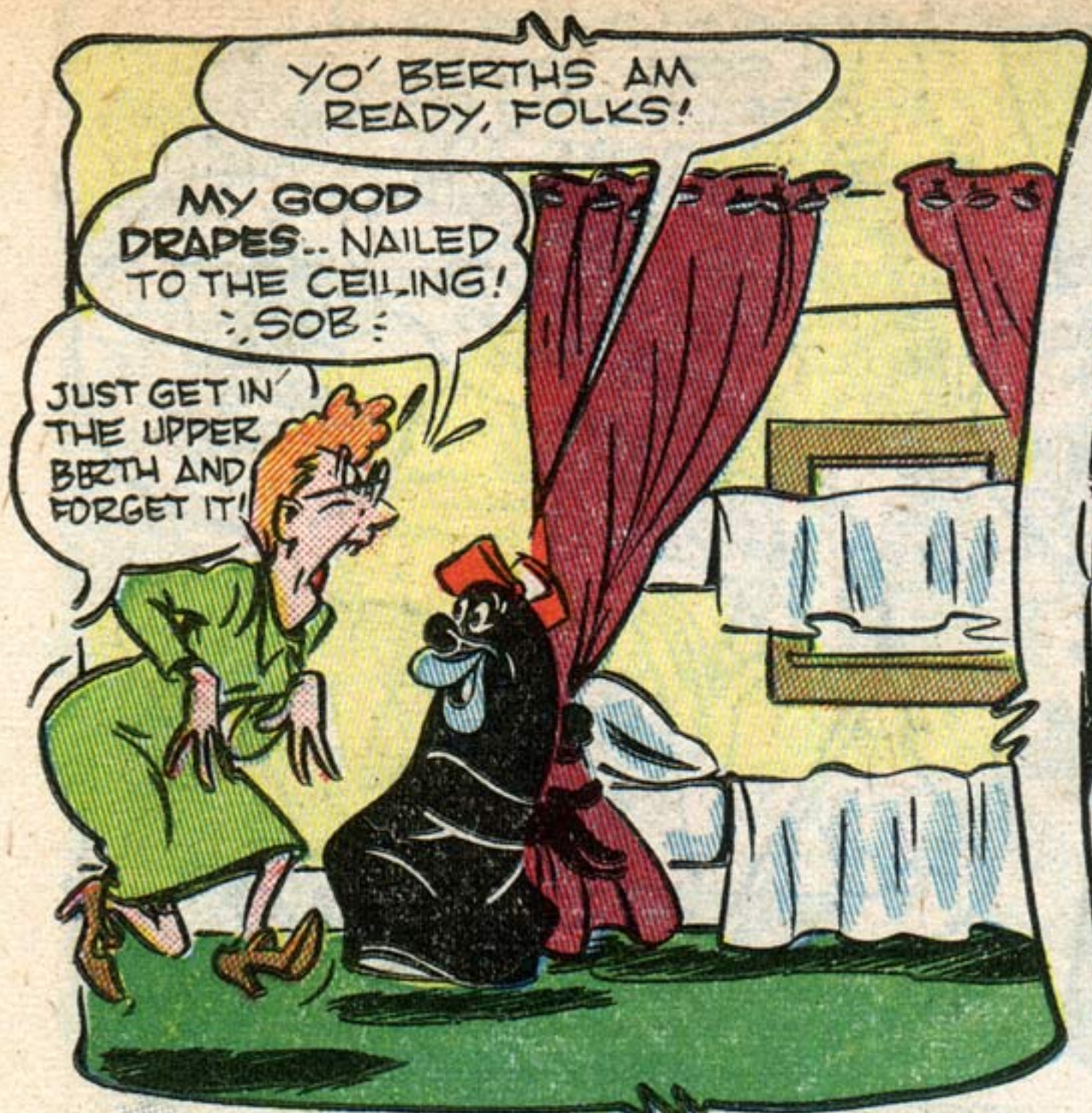
JUST A  
MINUTE! JUST-  
A-MINUTE! THIS  
IS MY PLACE TO  
HAUNT, YA KNOW!  
--JUST WHERE DO  
I FIT INTO THIS  
PICTURE?

OH, YES! I  
FORGOT ABOUT  
YOU-- I KNOW!  
YOU BE THE  
FELLA THAT SELLS  
CANDY AND STUFF--  
AND YOU CAN ALSO  
BE IN CHARGE  
OF THE DINING  
CAR!











JOE! HAVE YOU LOST YOUR MIND? LEAVING YOUR ENGINE AND COMING BACK HERE IN THE TRAIN --- WE'LL JUMP THE TRACK!

NO WE WON'T! THAT'S WHAT I CAME IN HERE TO TELL YA!... I'VE BEEN OUT IN THAT GARAGE TWO HOURS... AND WE HAVEN'T MOVED ONE INCH!

WE HAVEN'T? WHAT TIME IS IT? --- 3:25!... YE GODS! WE'RE TWO HOURS LATE!

THAT'S RIGHT-- AND I'LL BE DARNED IF I KNOW HOW TO GET THAT GARAGE TO PULL THIS PLACE!

ON OUR WAY HERE FROM THE CEMETERY, I SAW JUST THE THING WE NEED! COME ON, EVERY BODY!... I'LL NEED YOUR HELP

THEY'VE LEFT, MARGE! HOORAY! WE CAN GO TO BED IN PEACE NOW!

THERE'S THE OUTFIT WE NEED! COME ON, BOYS, LET'S GET TO WORK!

I DON'T THINK OUR PASSENGERS -- I MEAN THE PEOPLE THAT OWN THE HOUSE -- ARE GONNA LIKE THIS!

LATER.

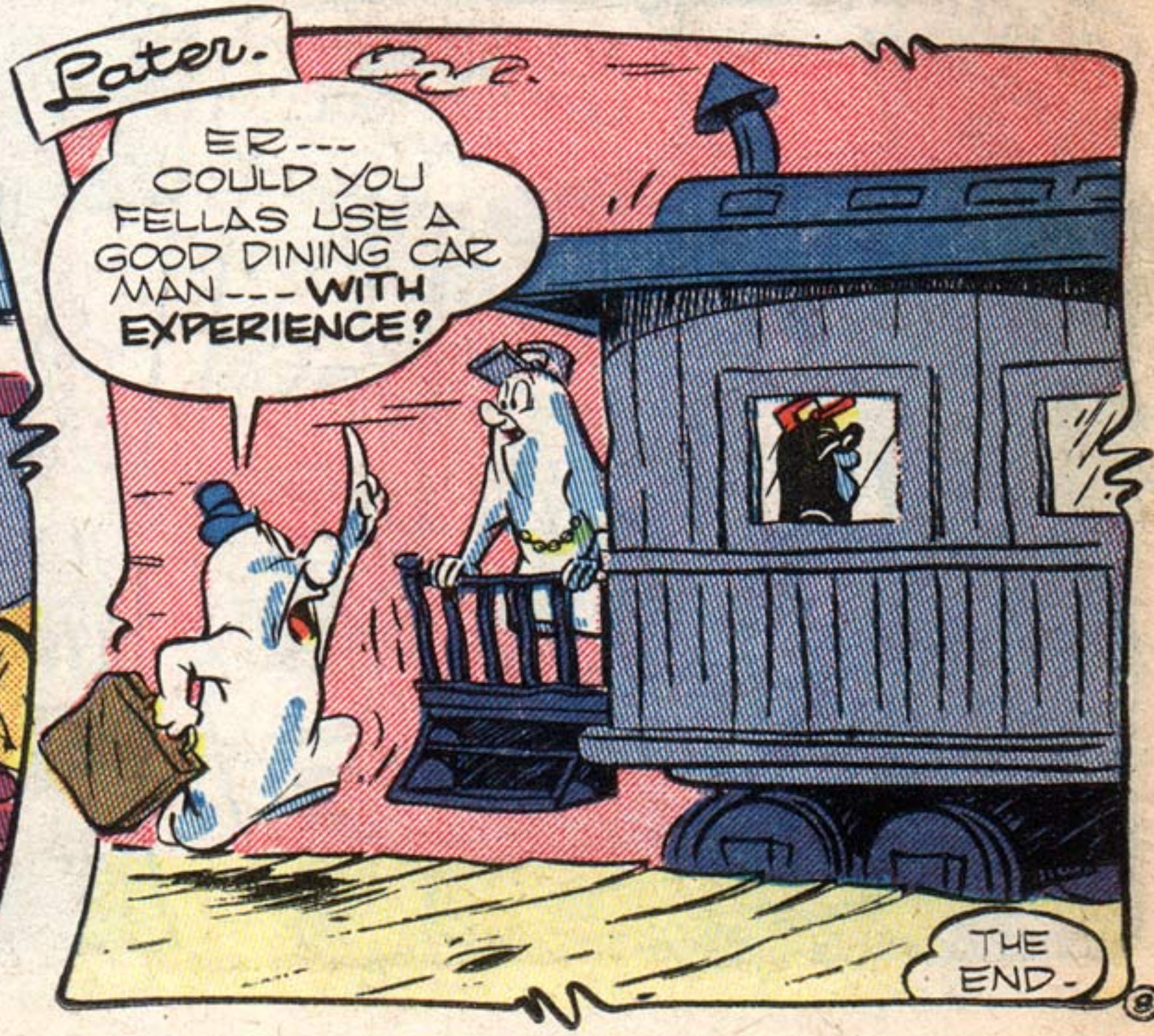
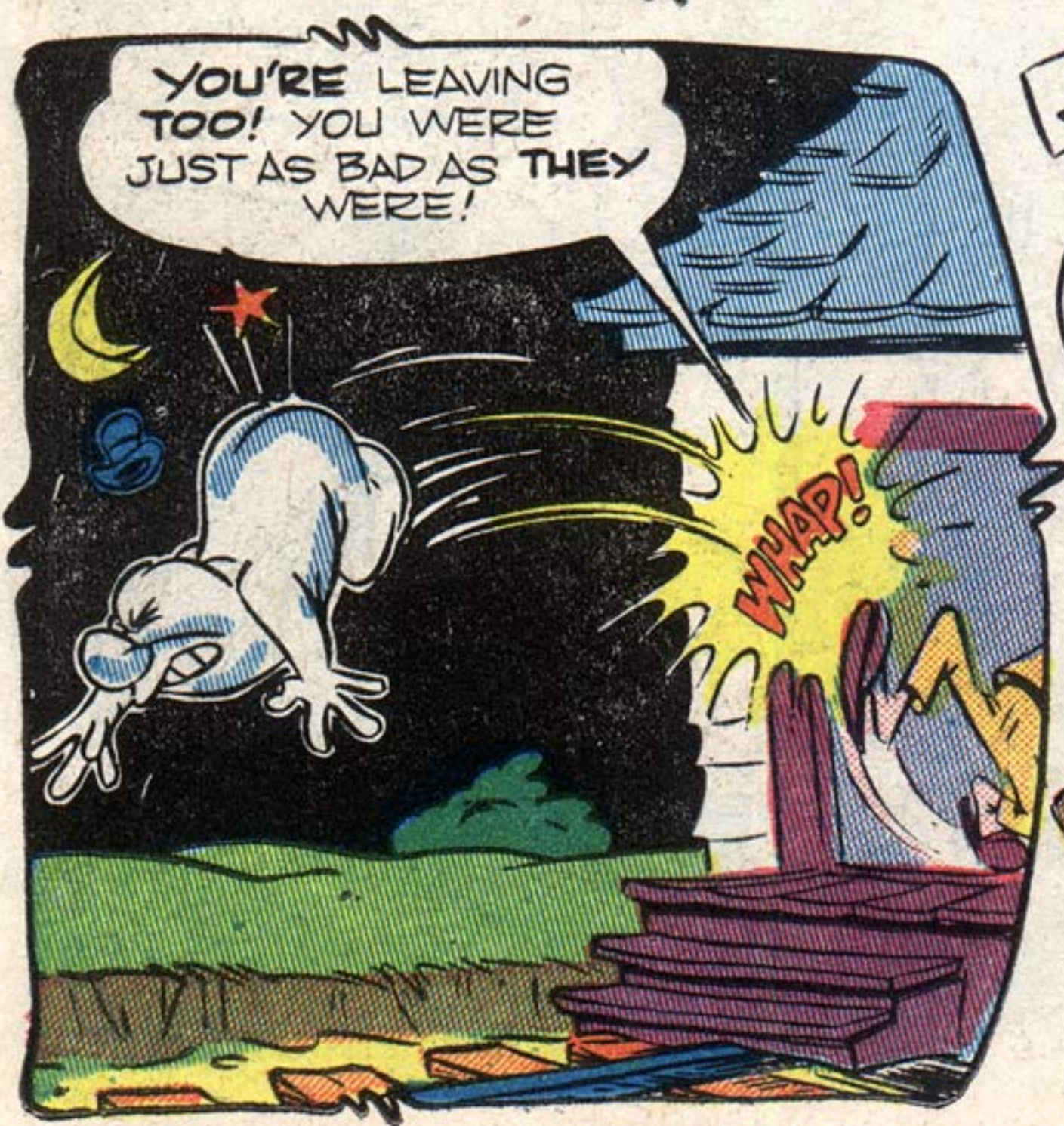
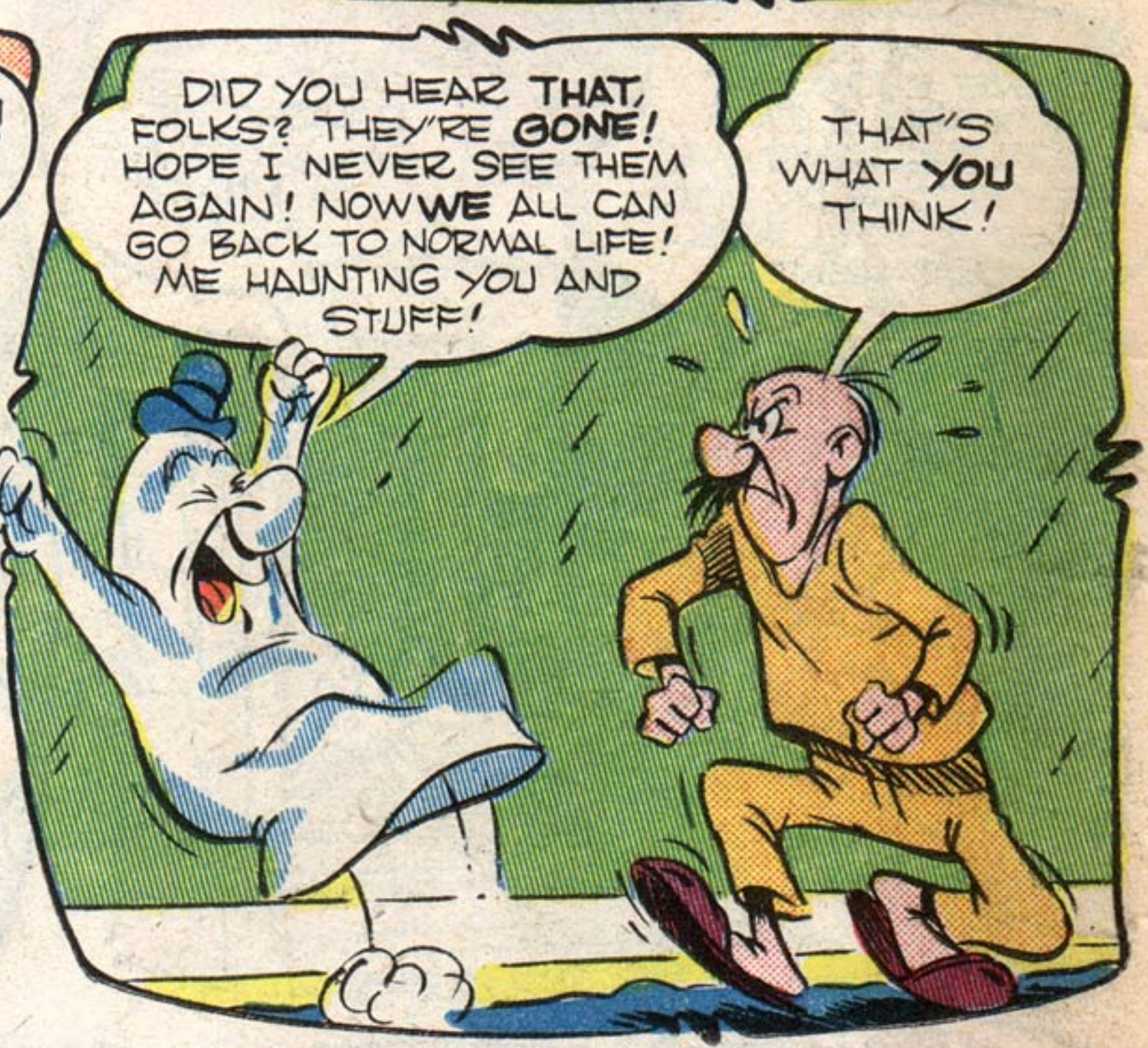
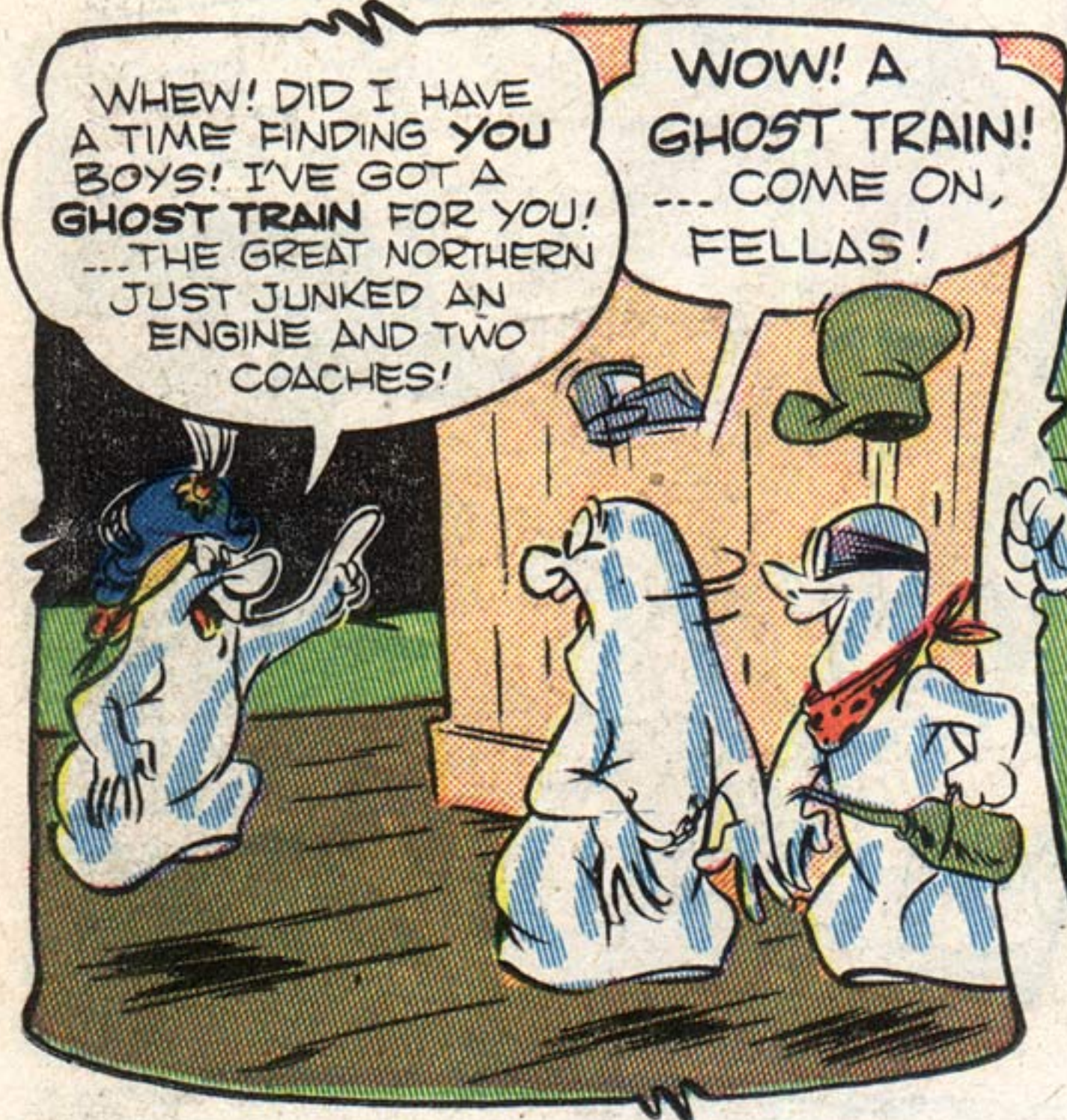
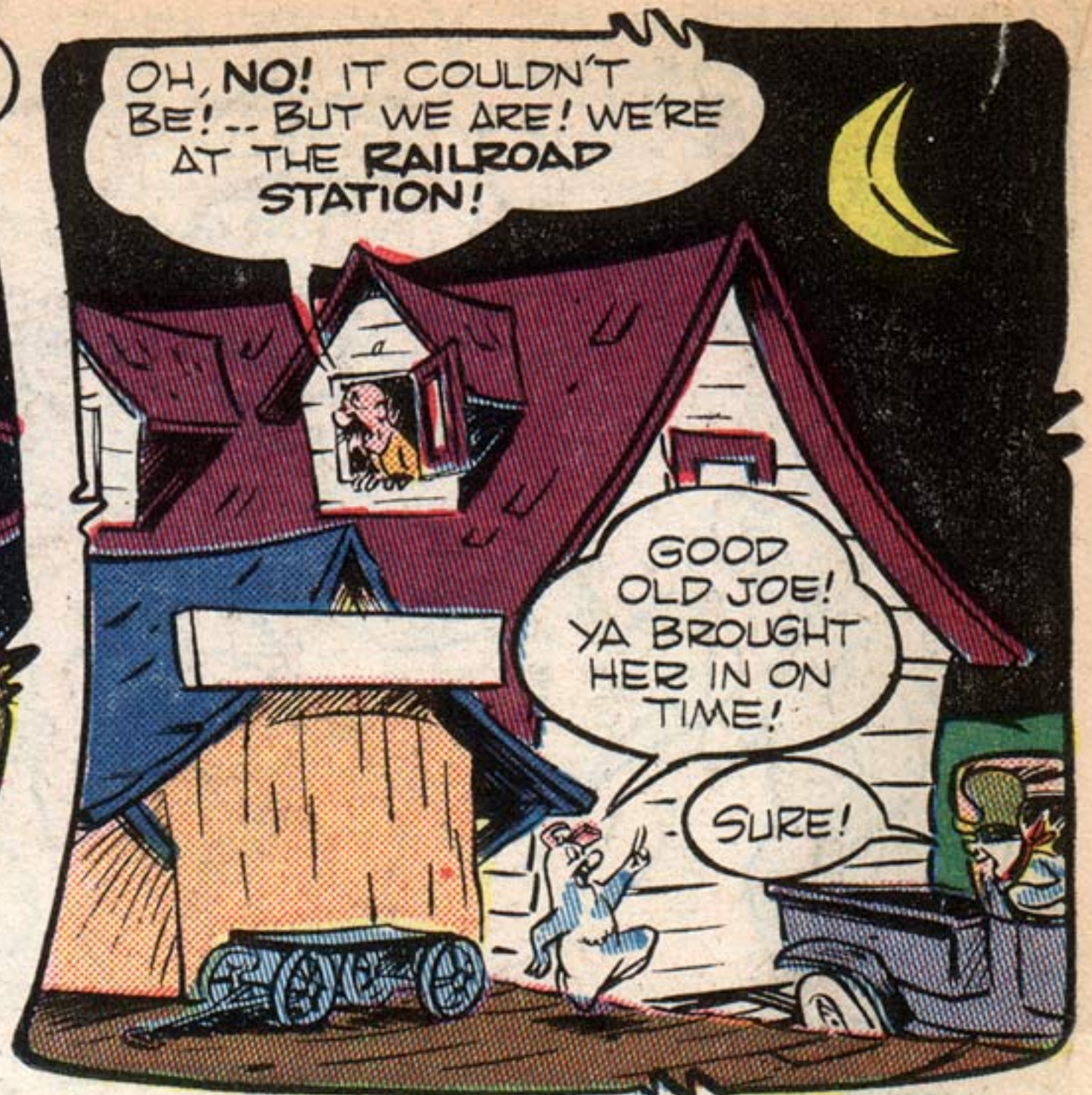
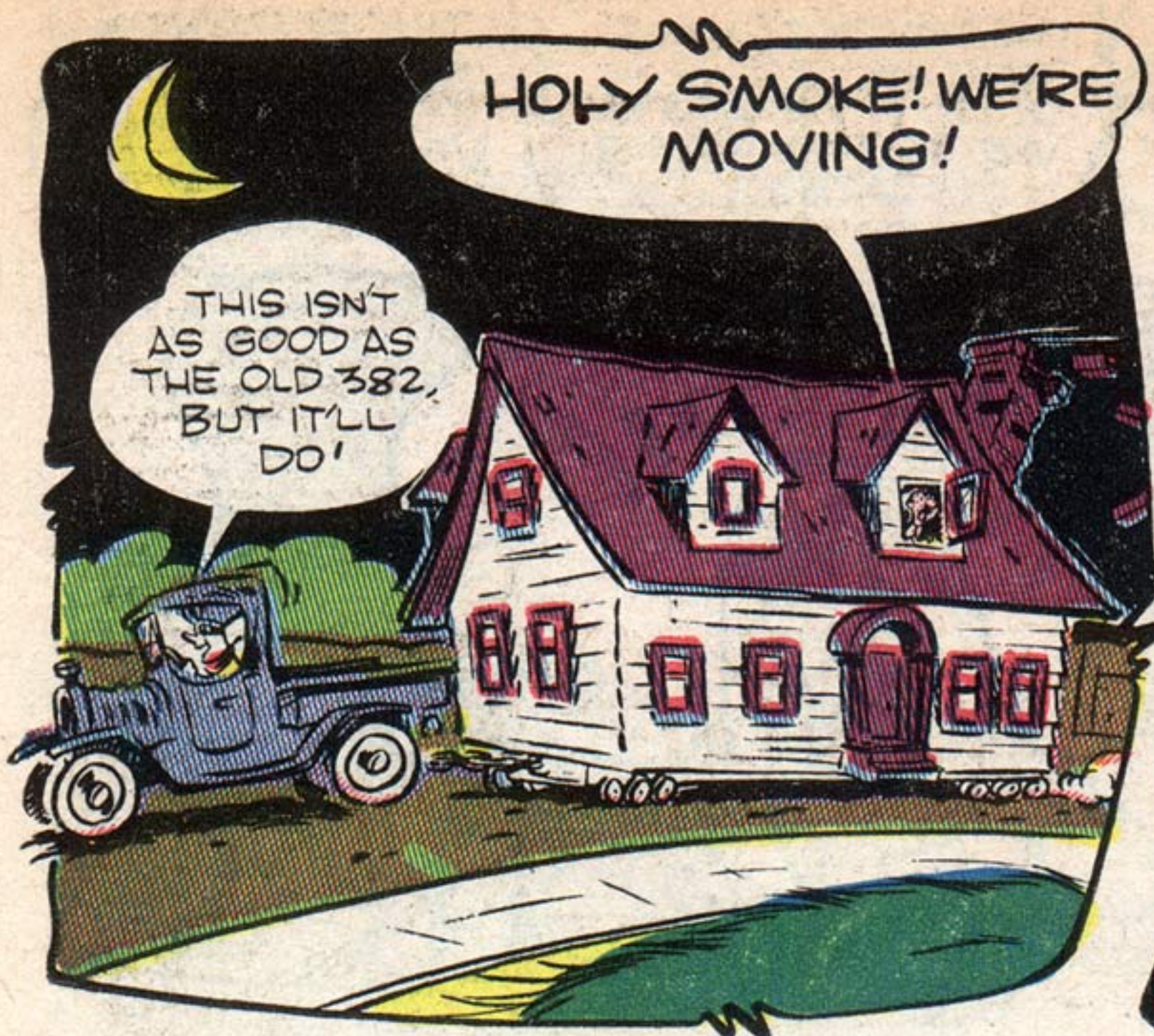
ALL ABOARD! LET 'ER ROLL, JOE!

MY GOSH, WHAT'S HAPPENING NOW? AN EARTHQUAKE?

RUMBLE!  
RUMBLE!

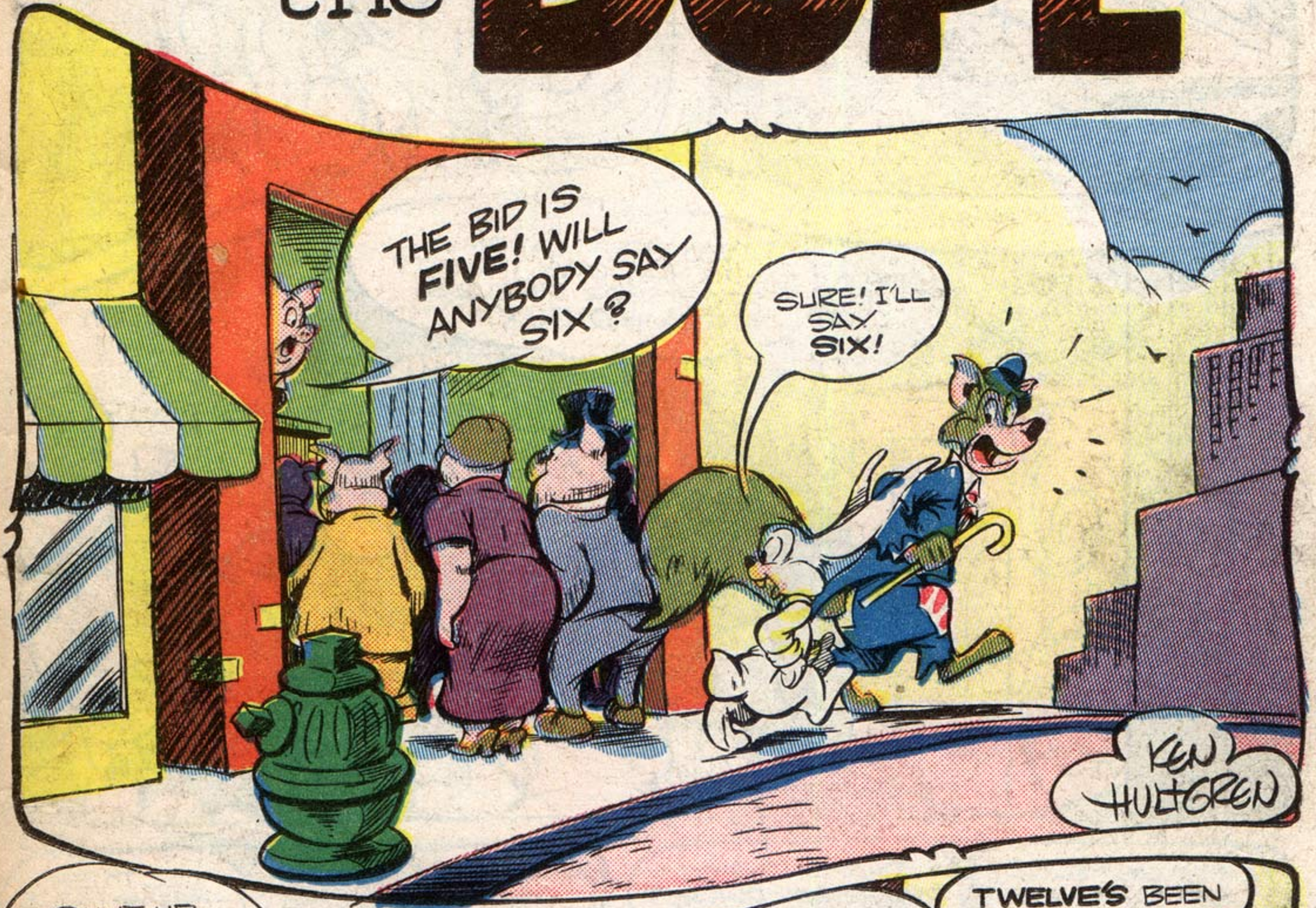
RUMBLE!



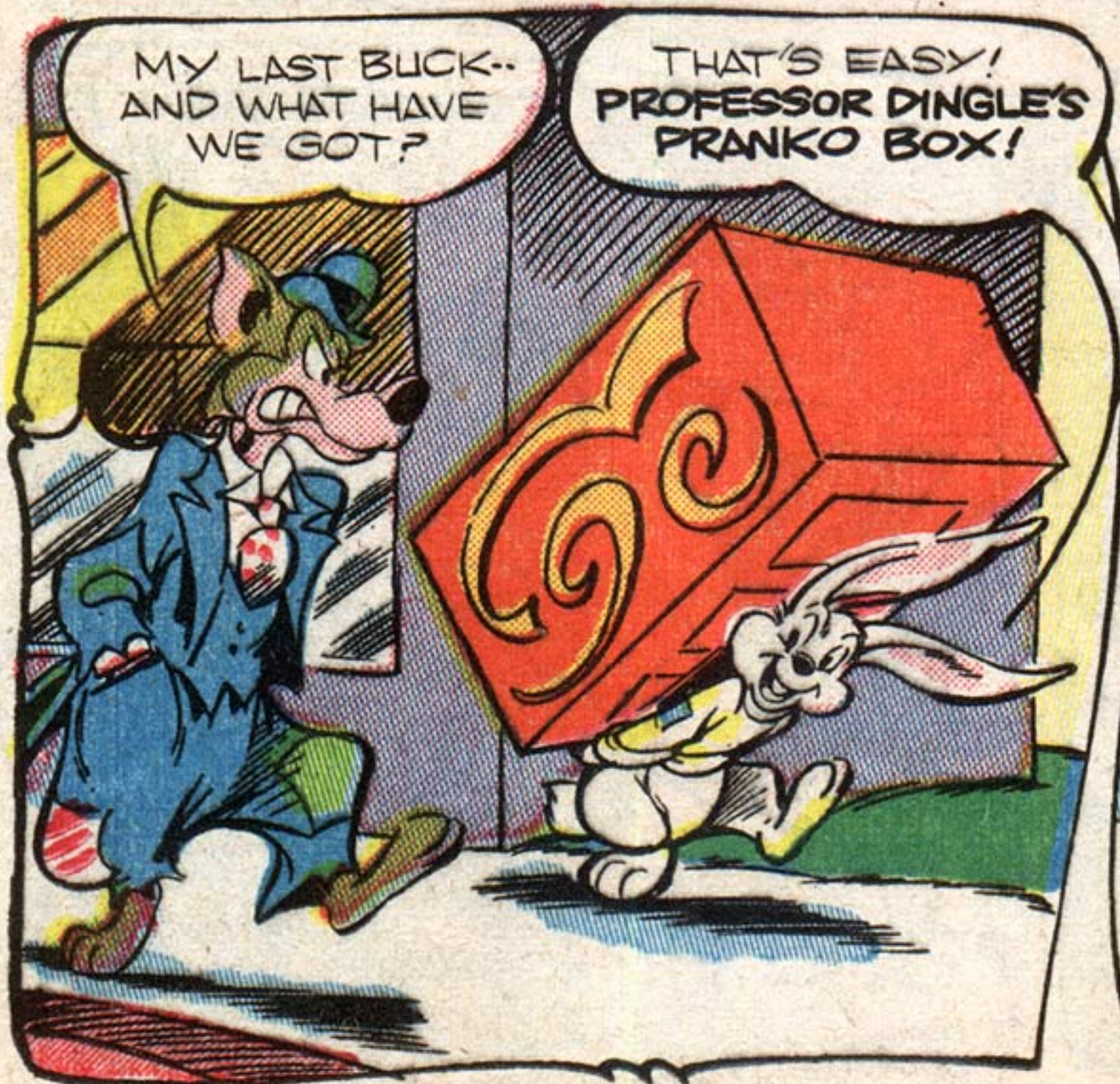
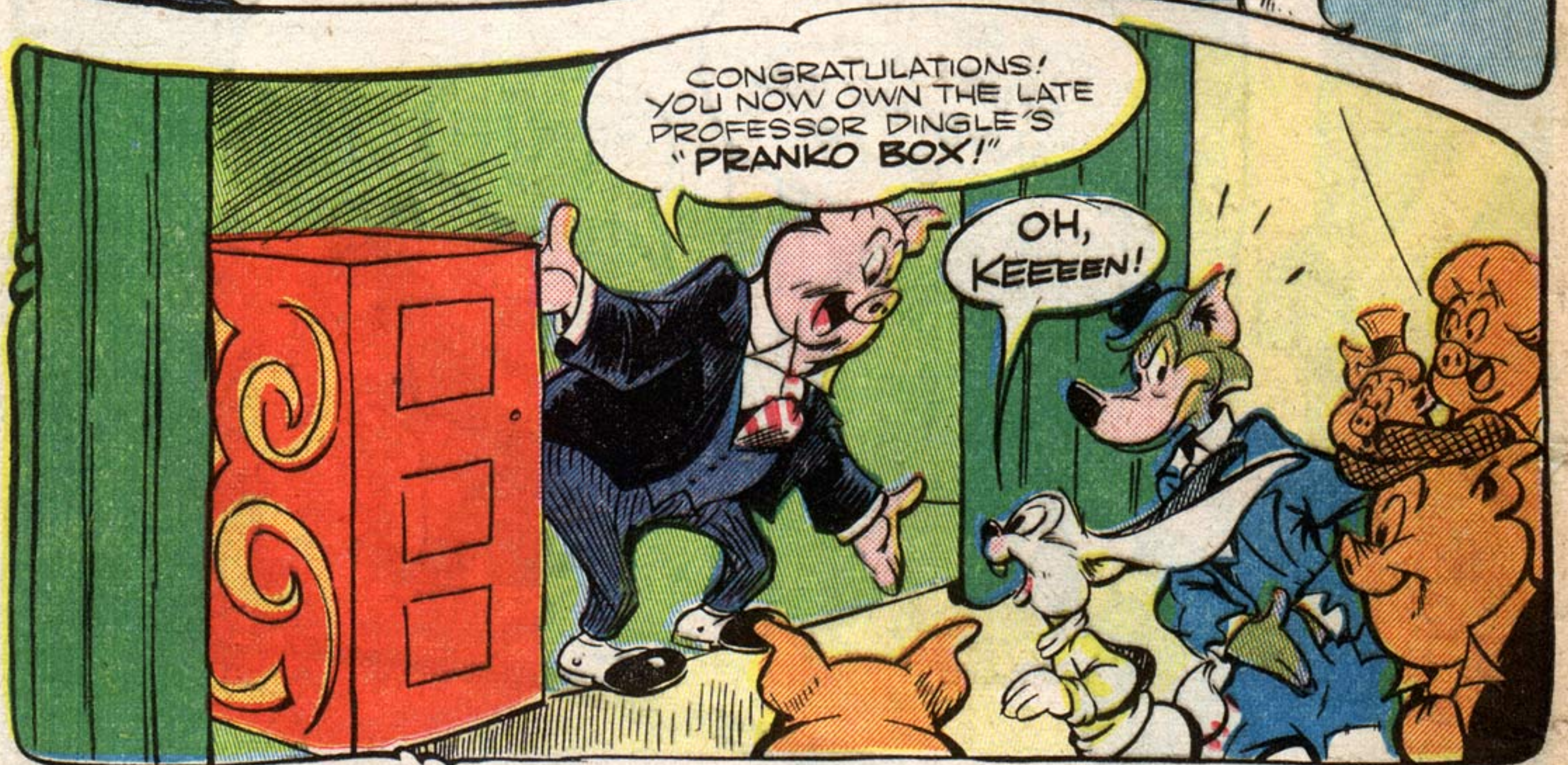




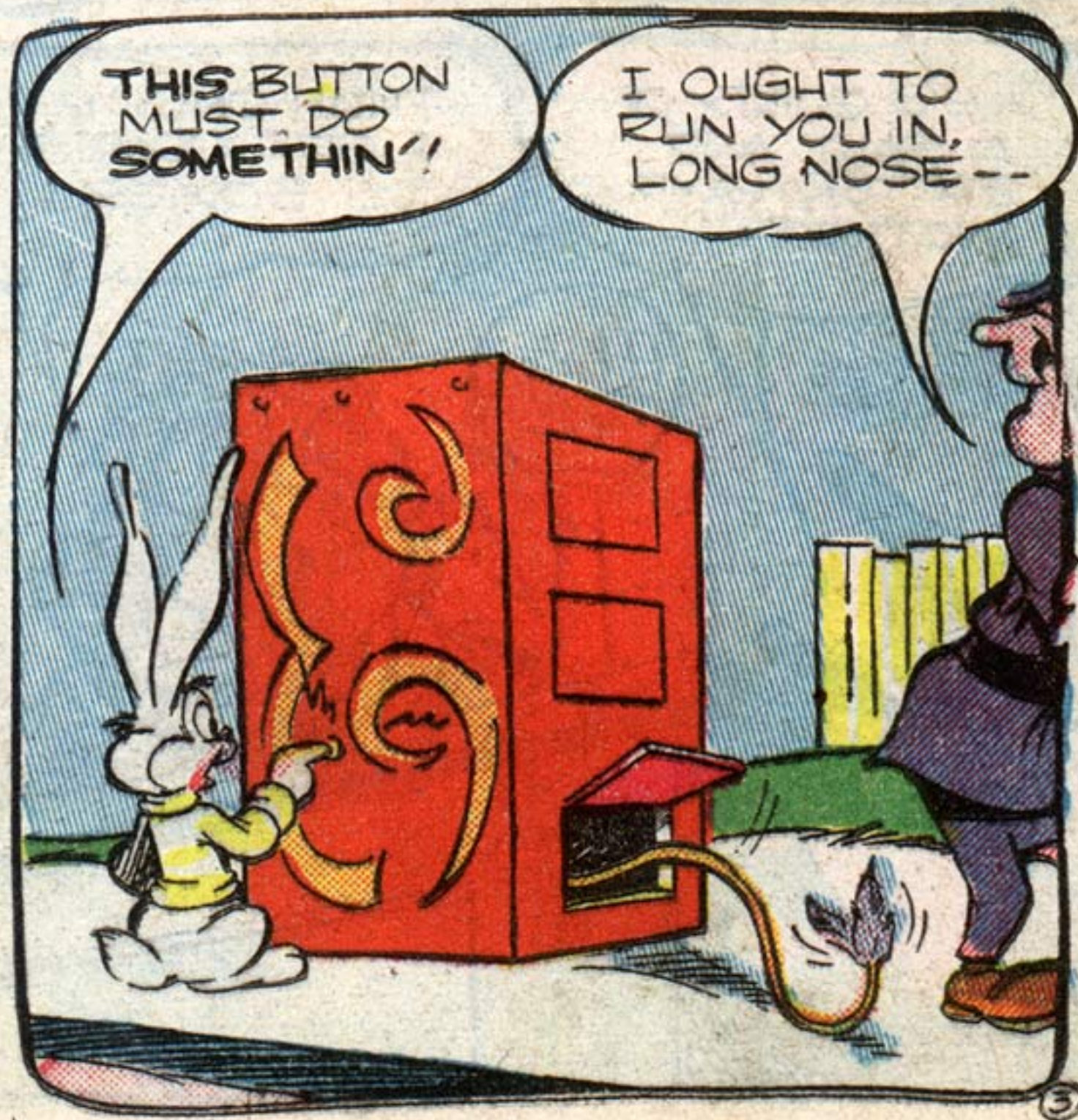
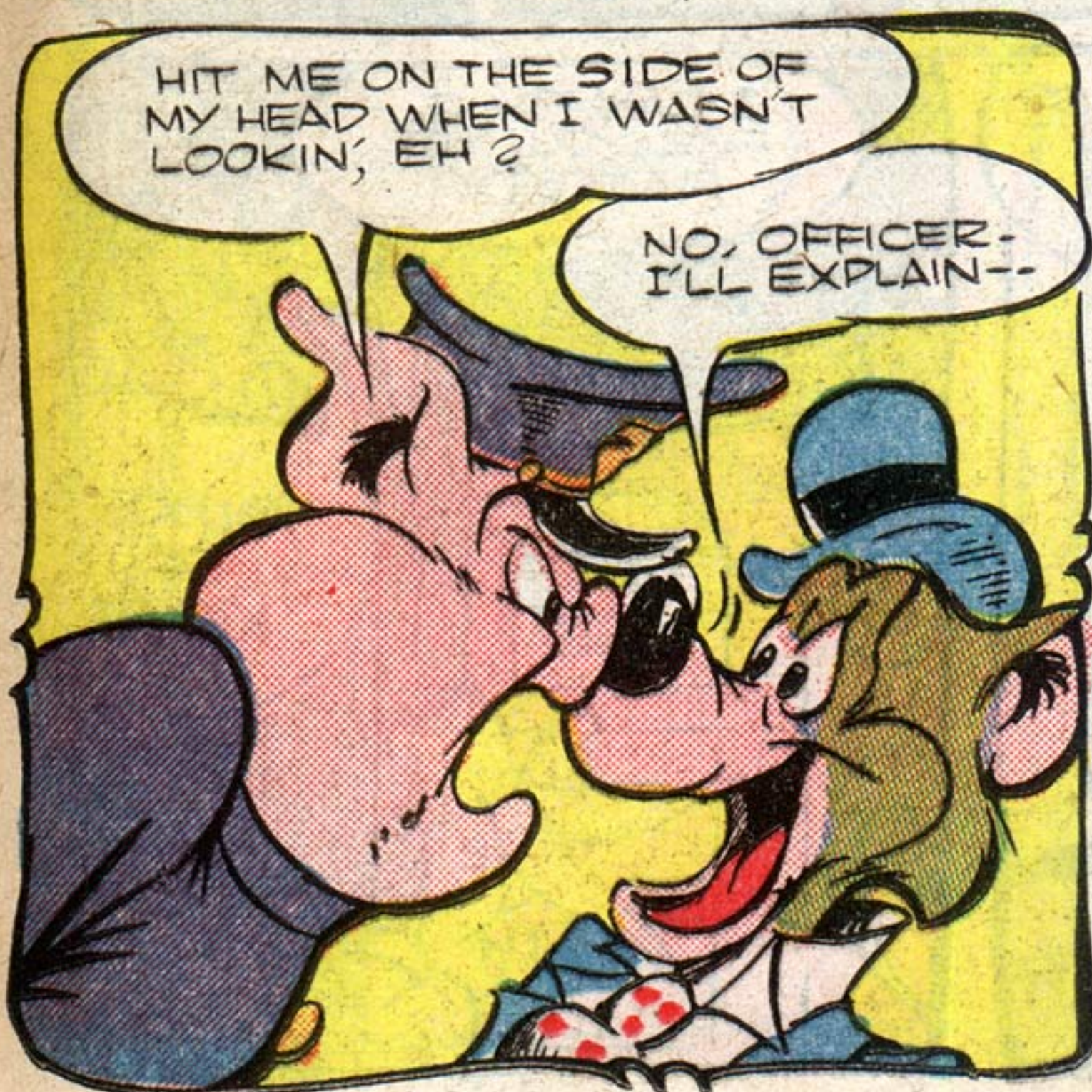
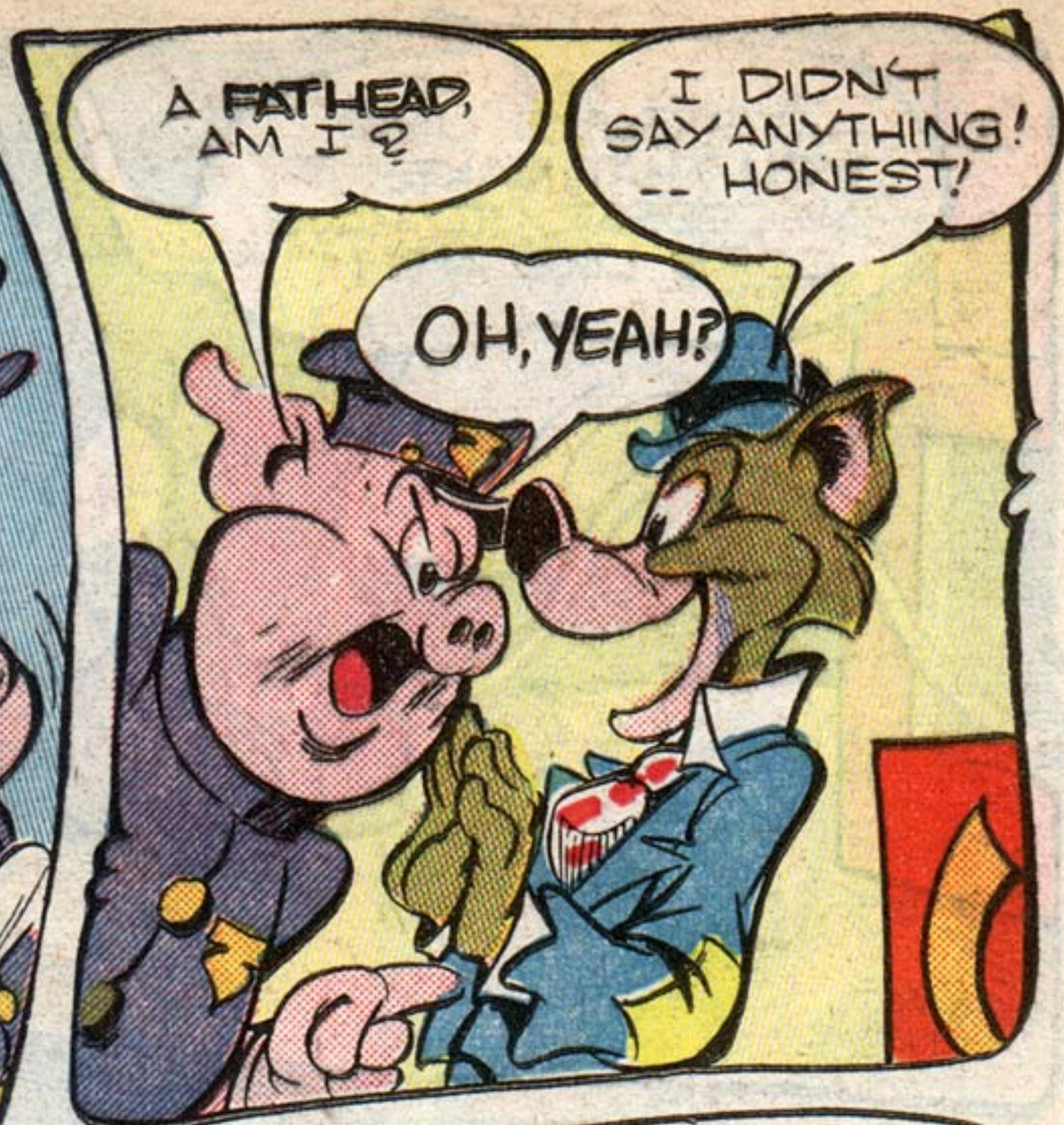
# the **DUKE** and the **DOPE**



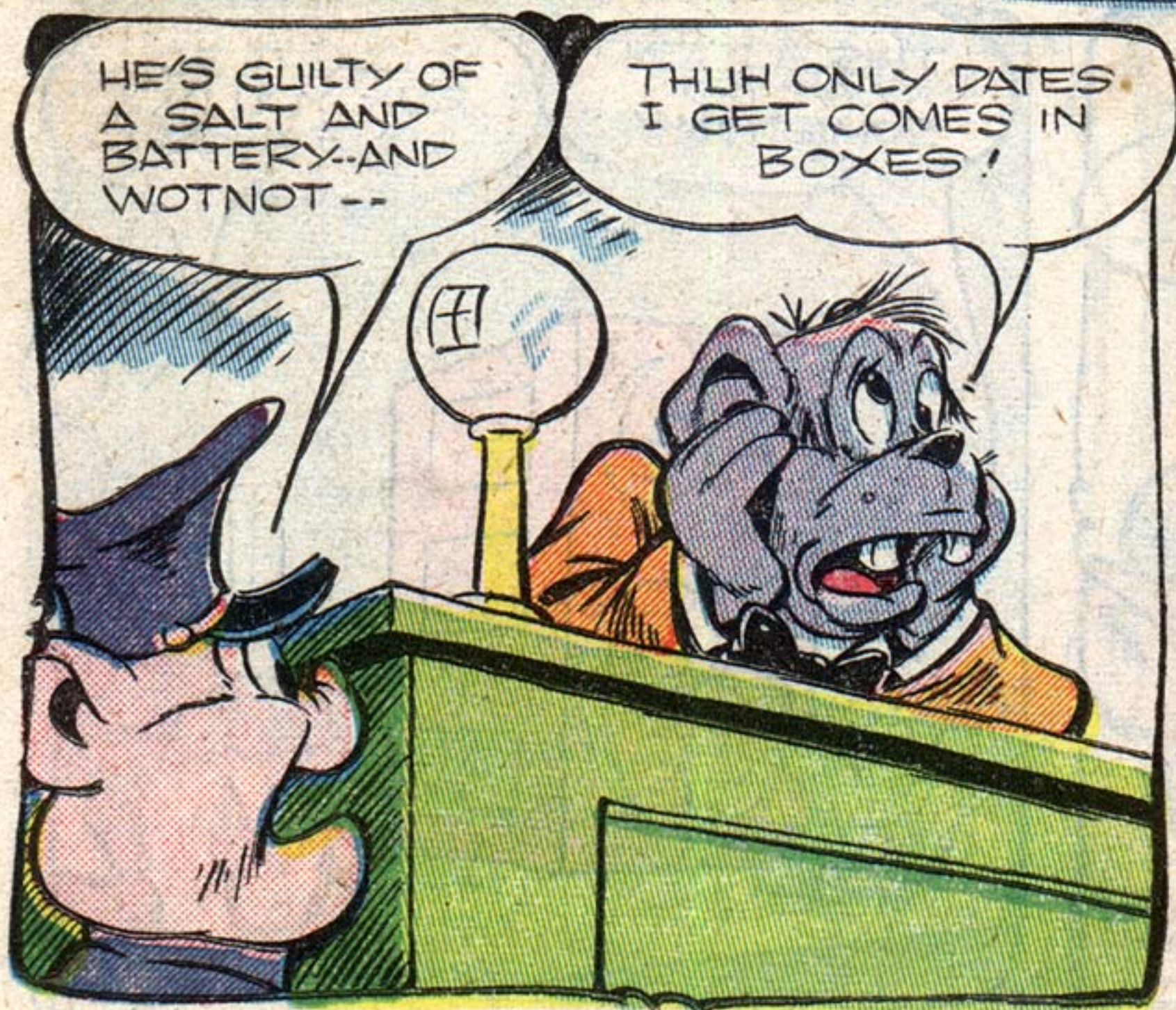
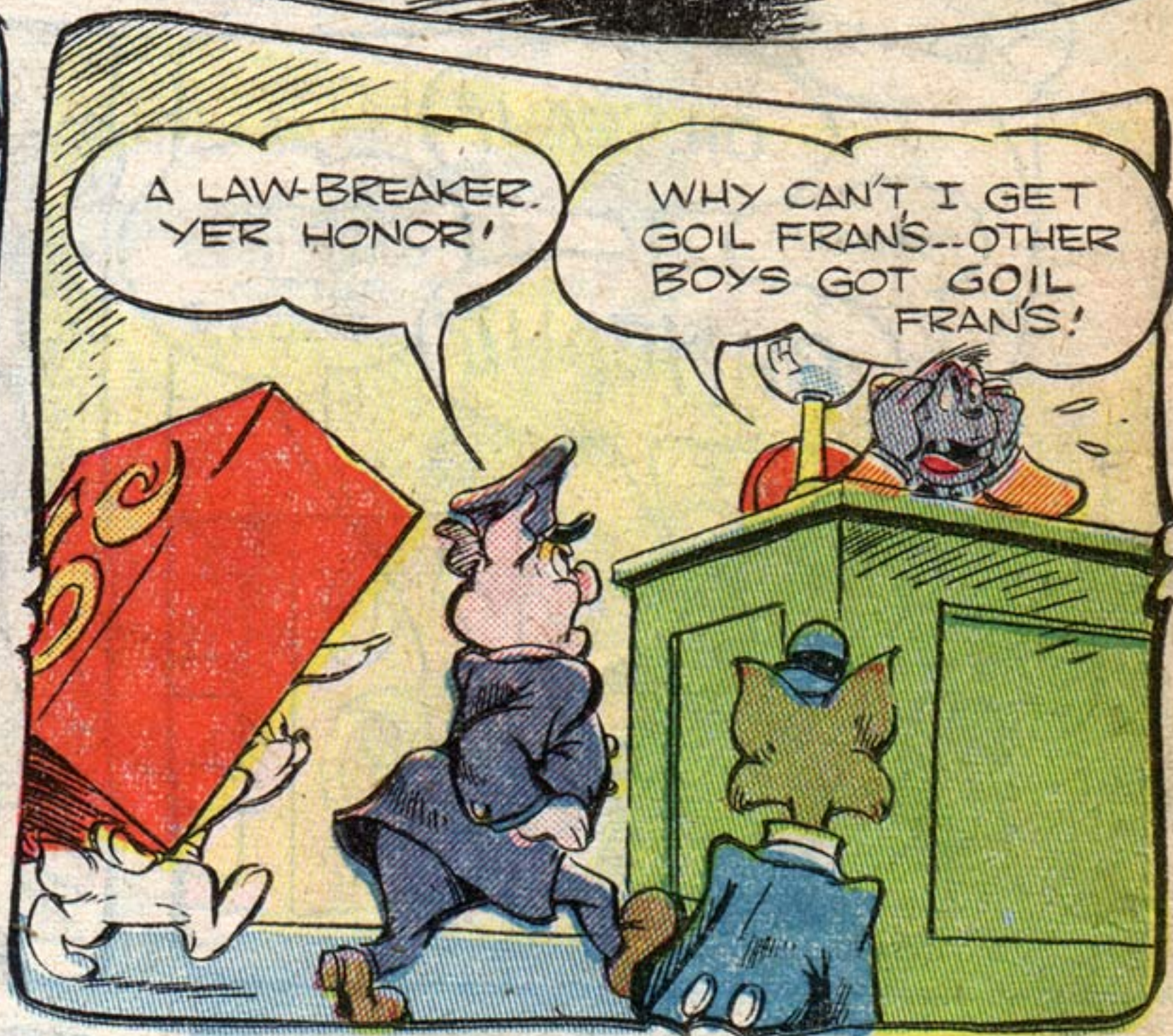
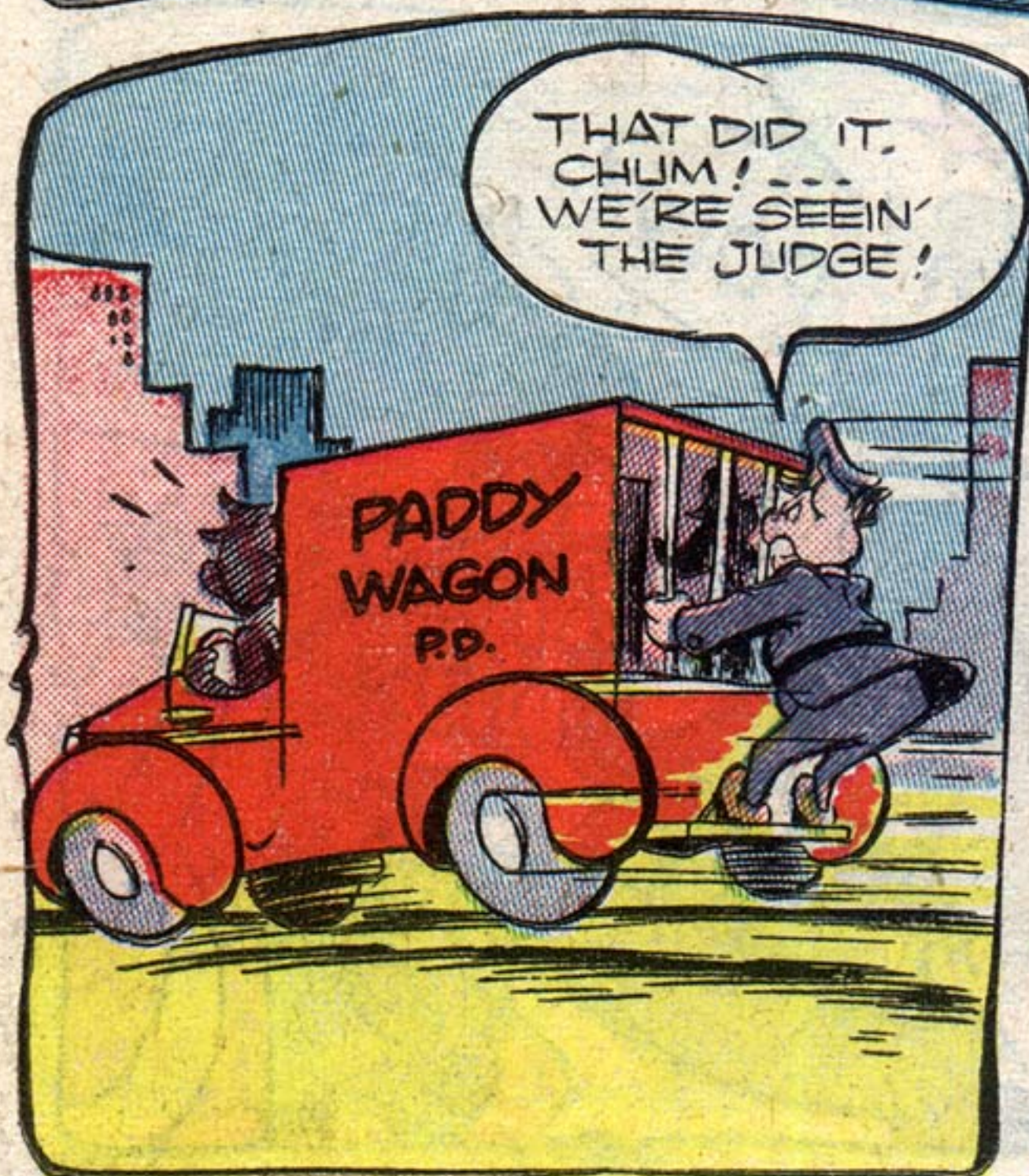
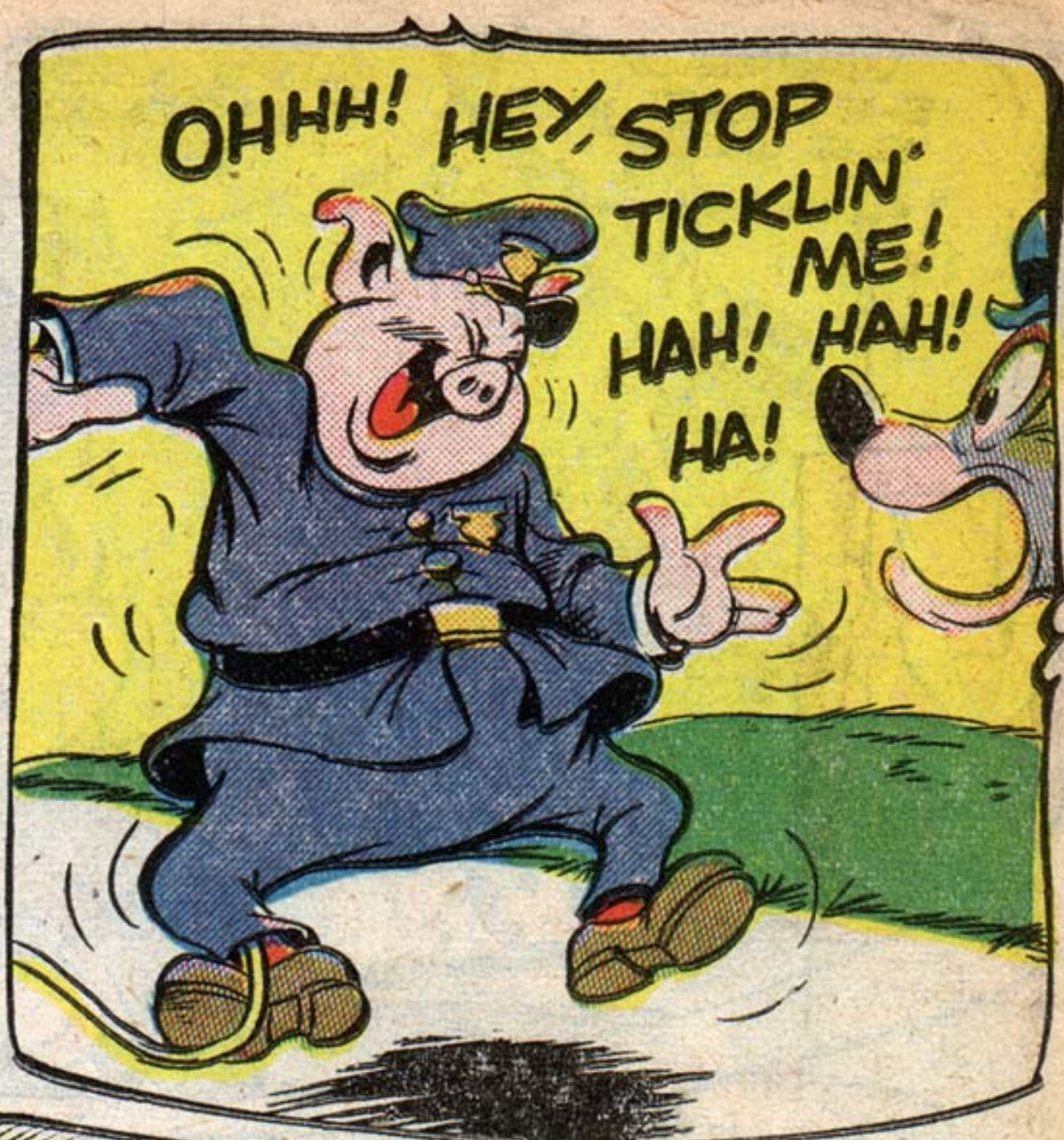
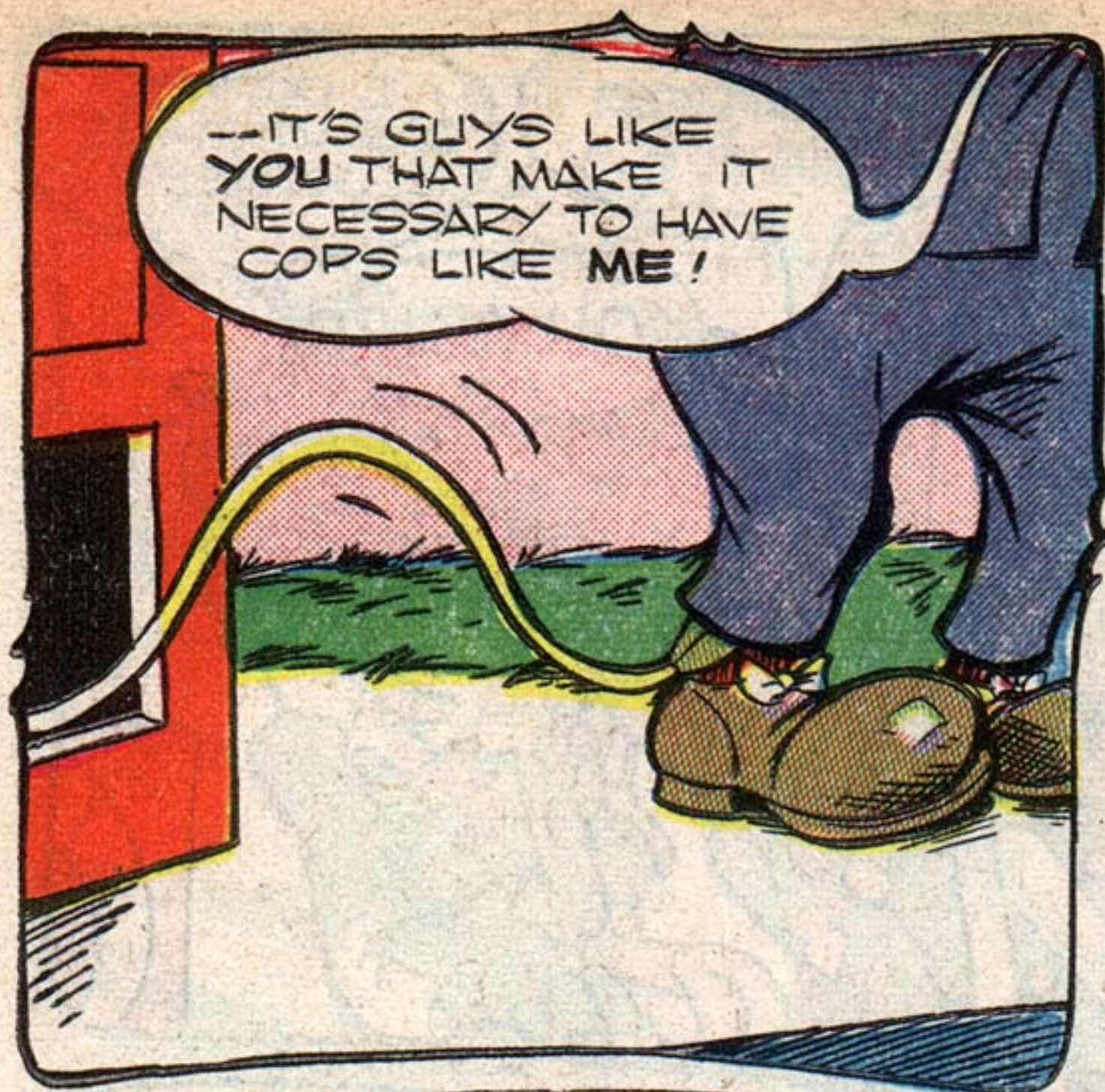




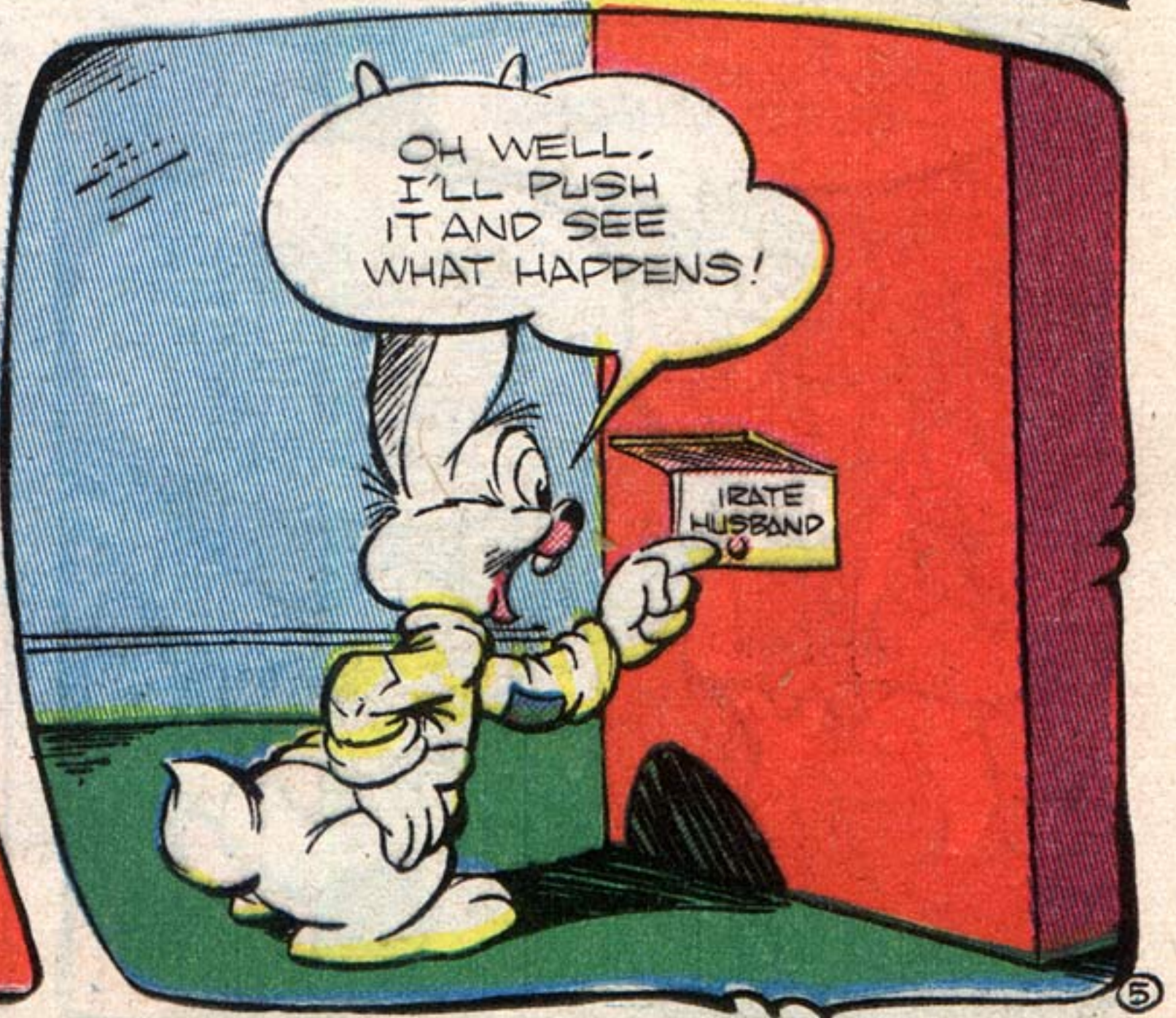
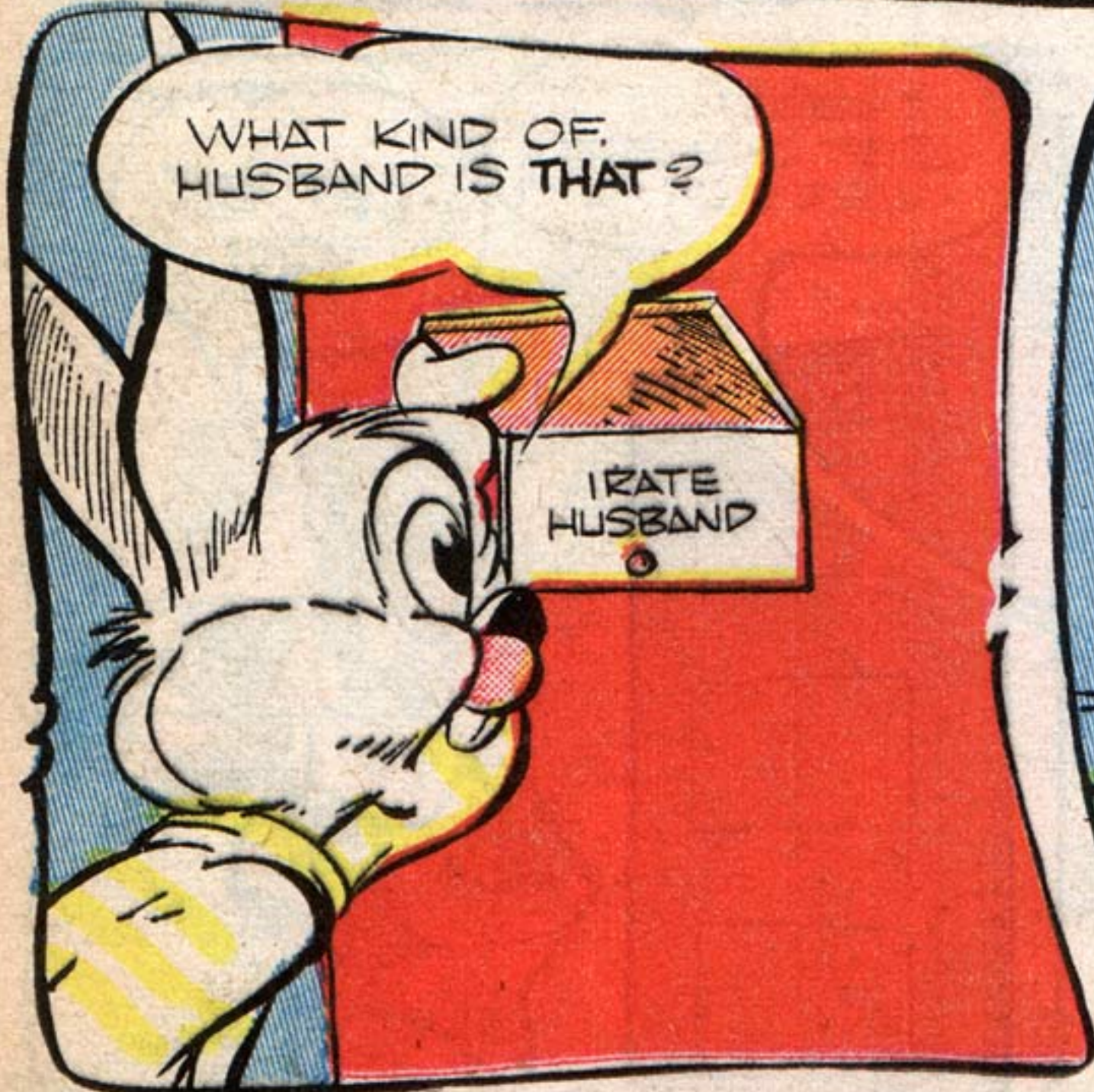
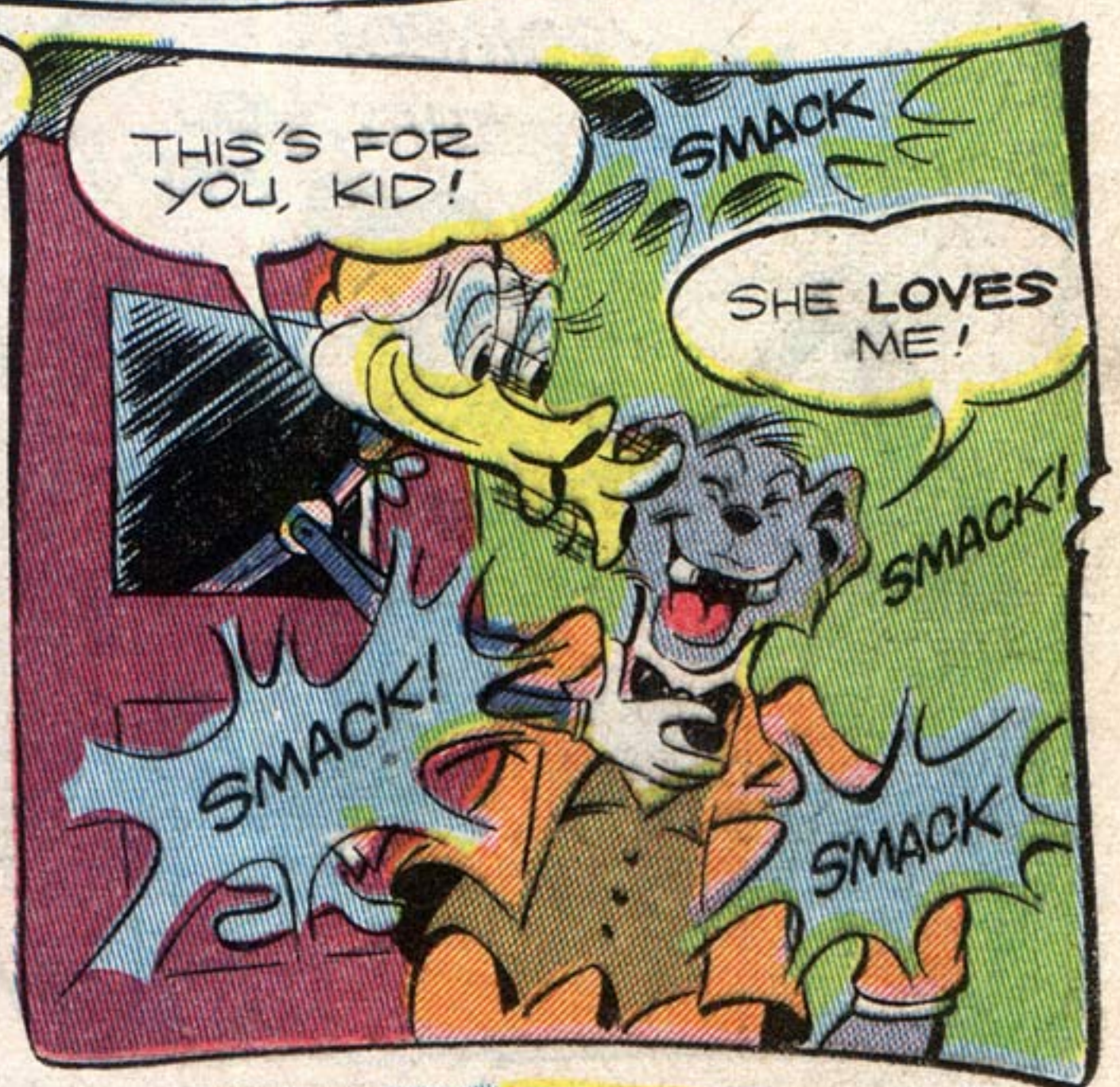
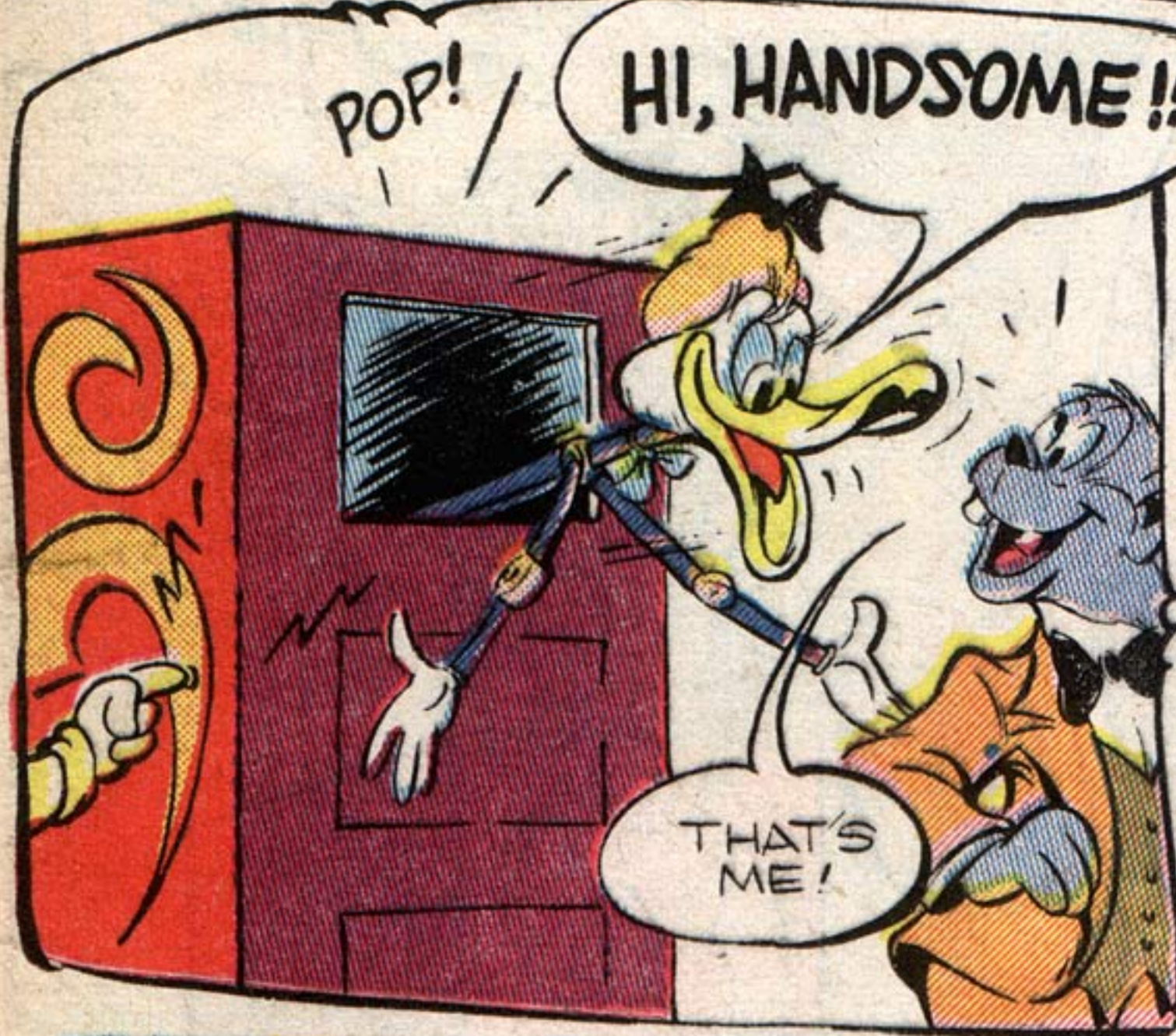
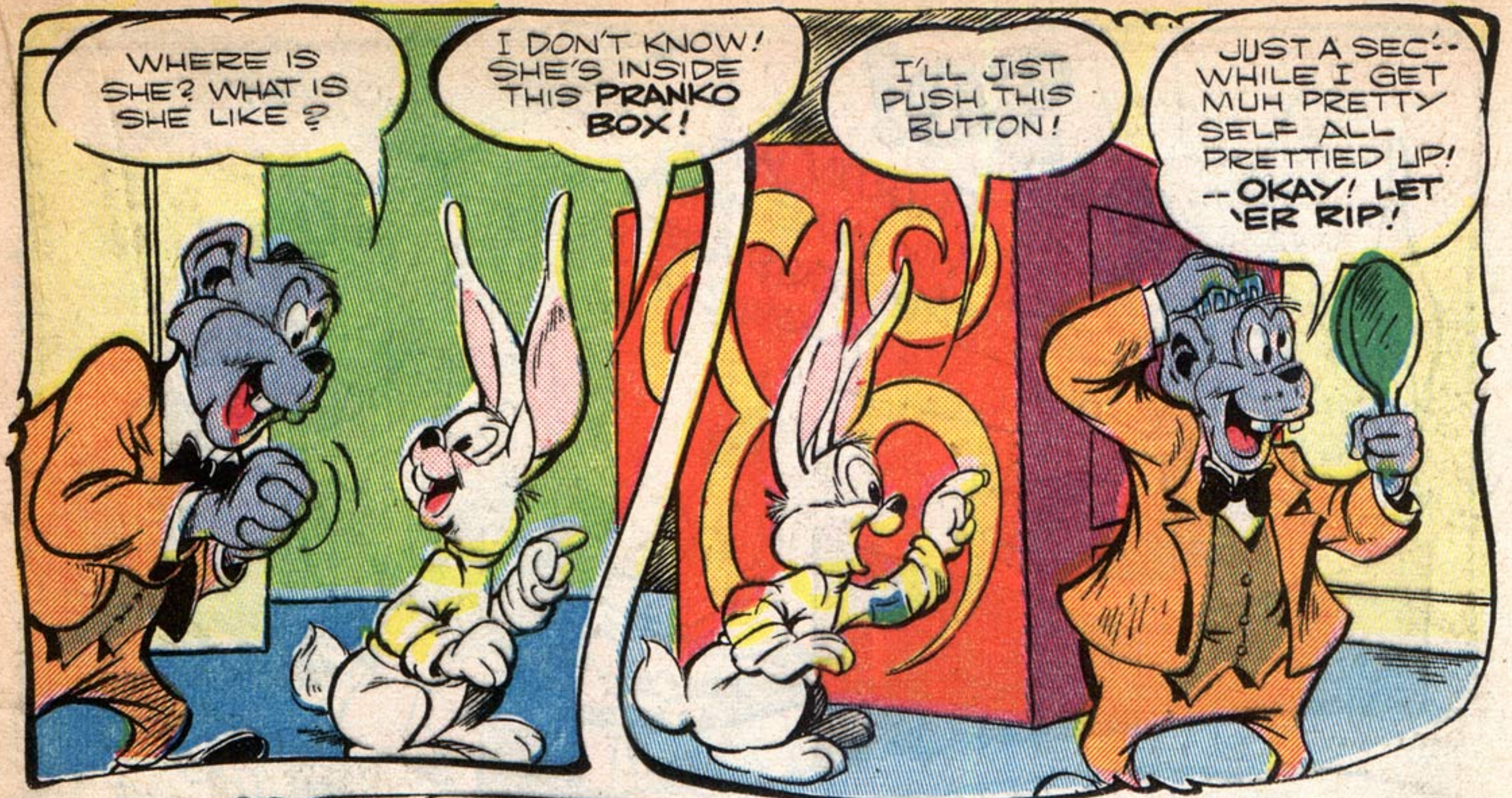




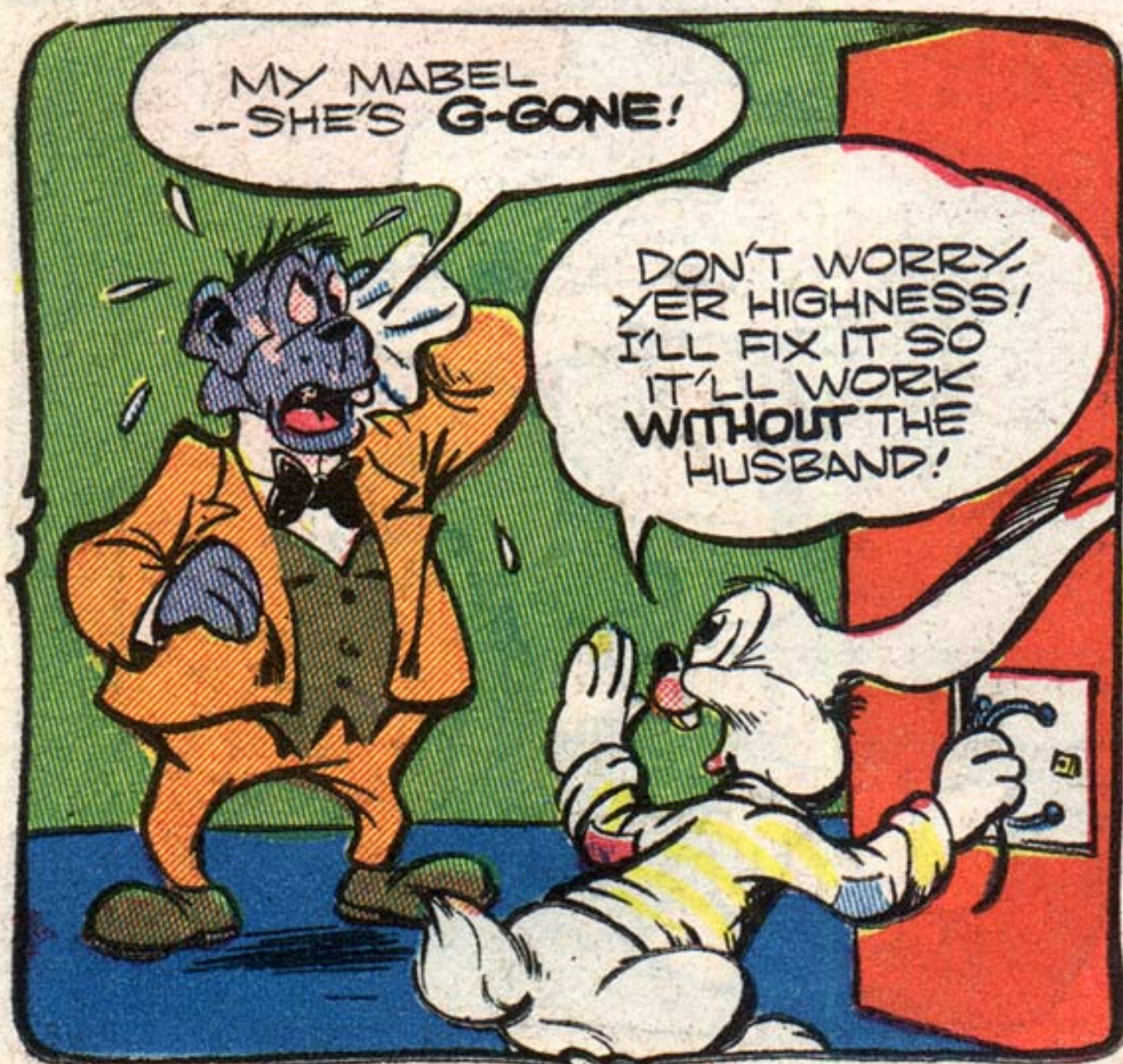
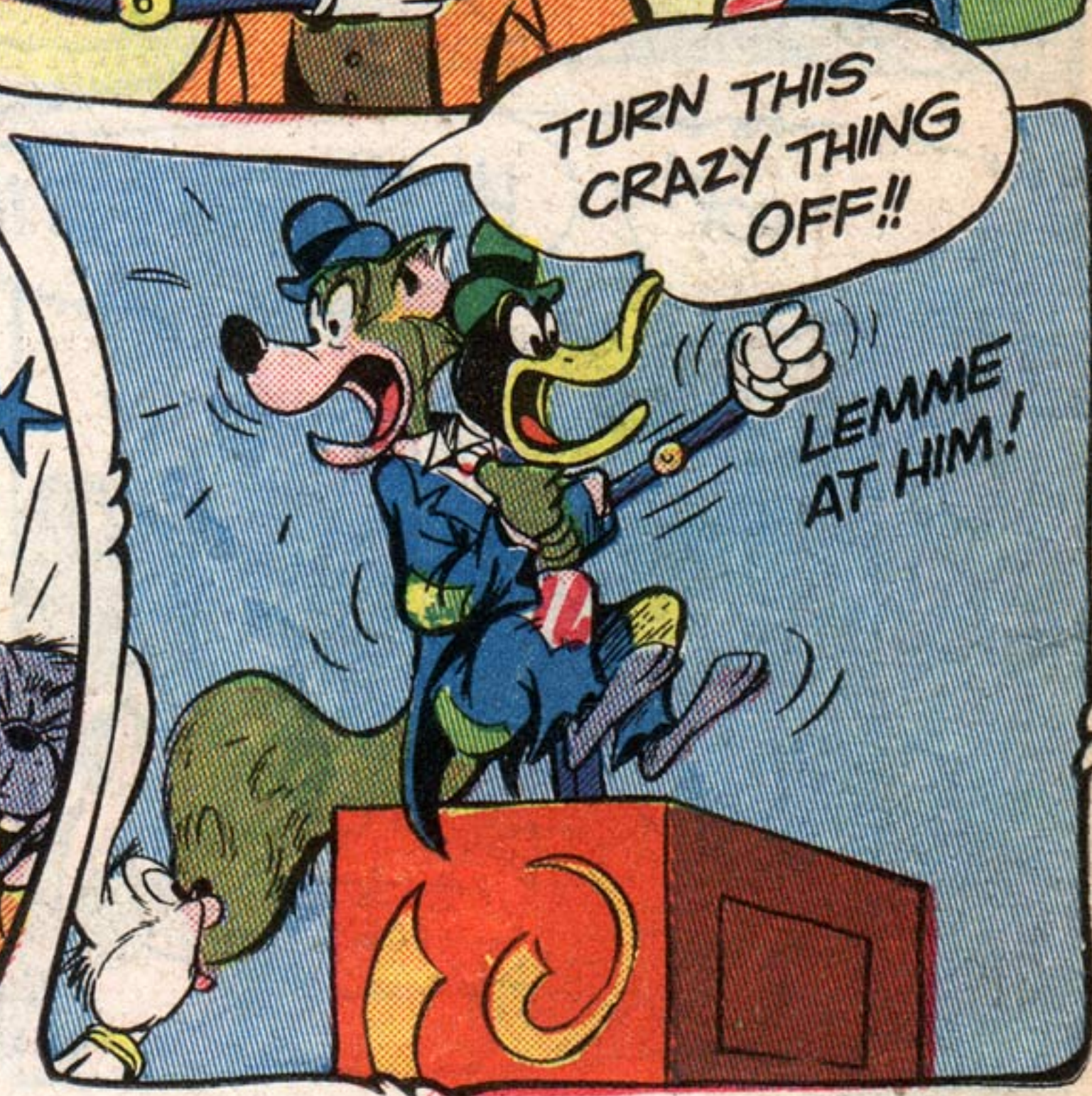
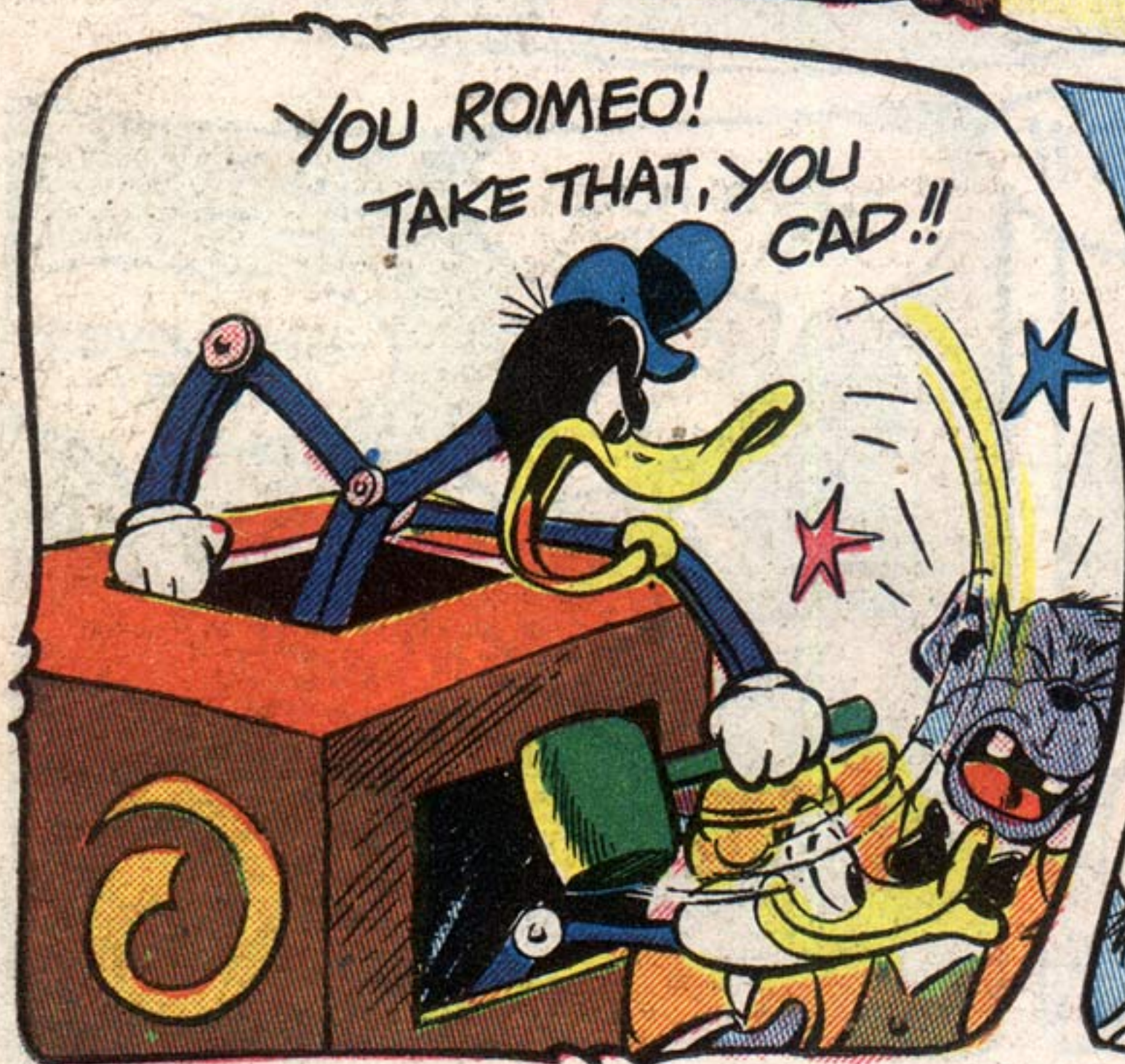
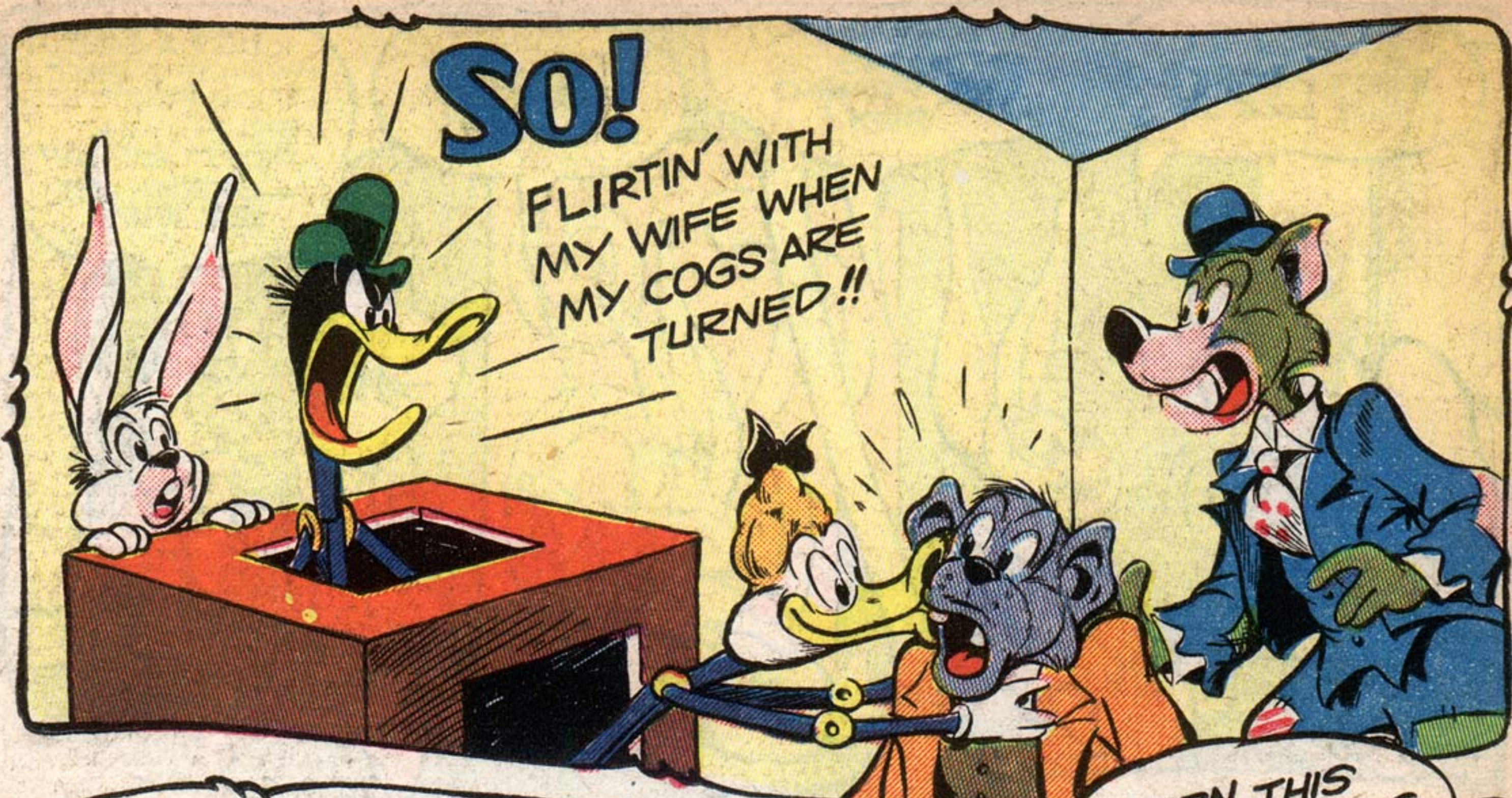




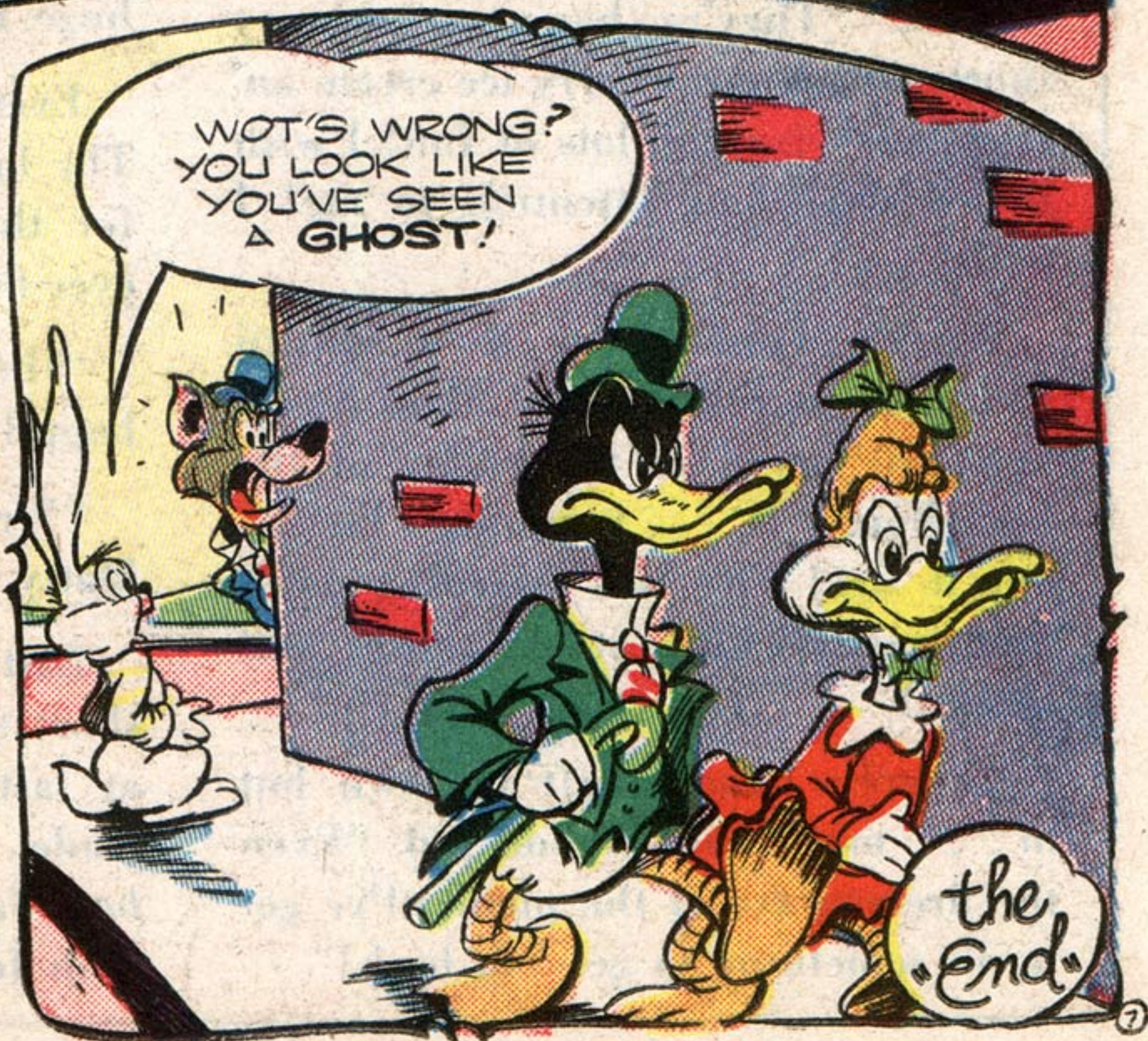
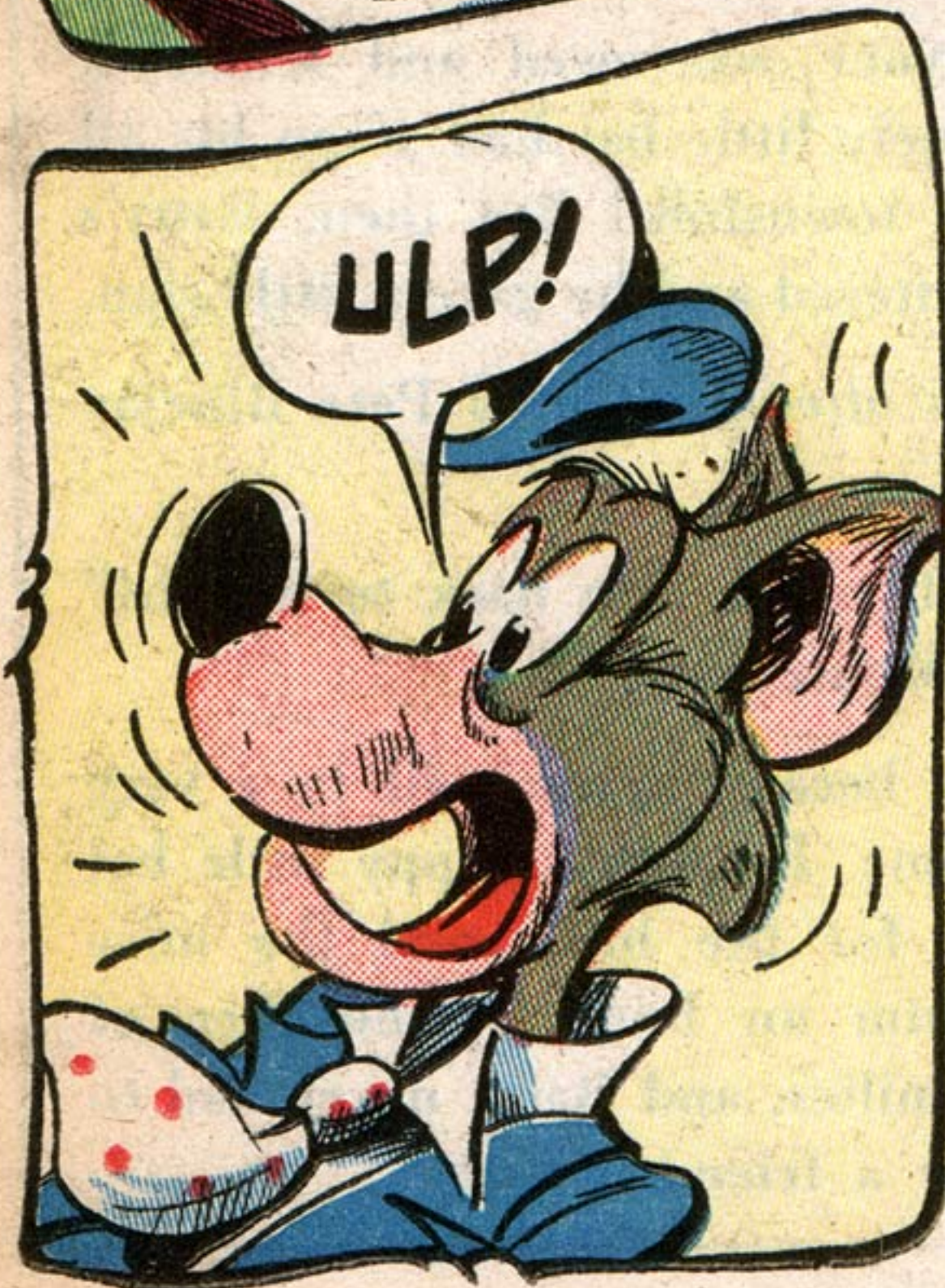
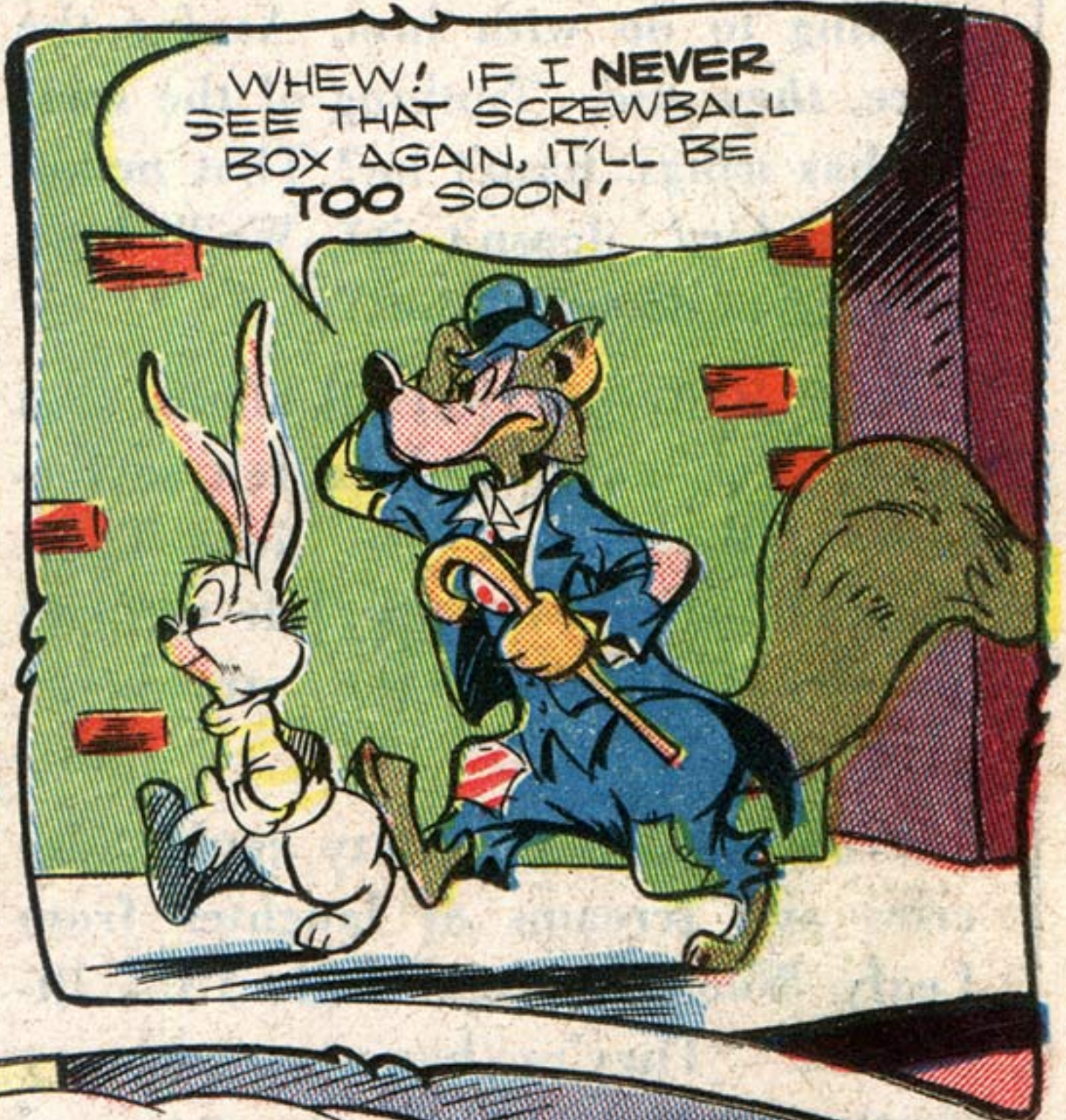
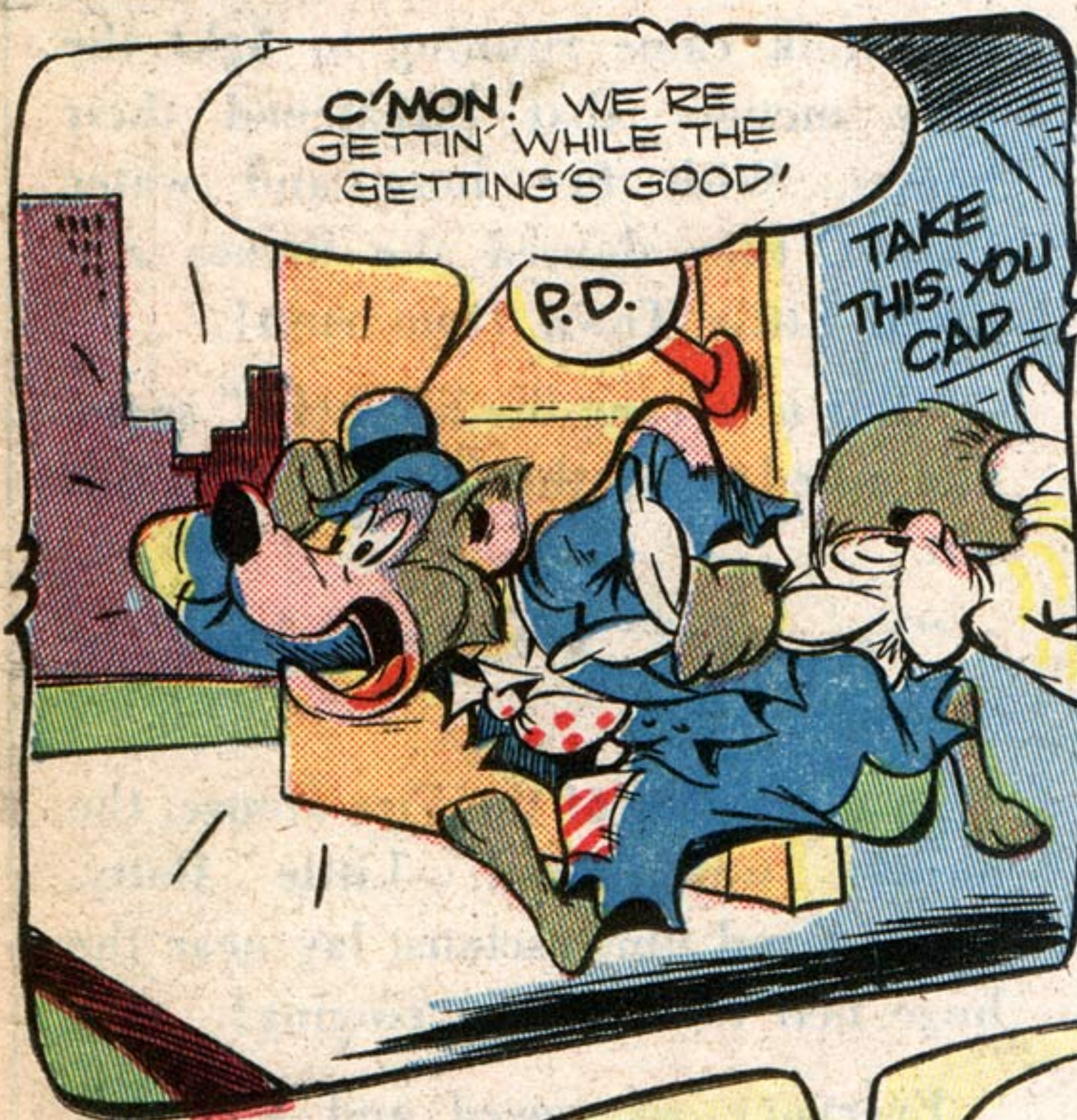
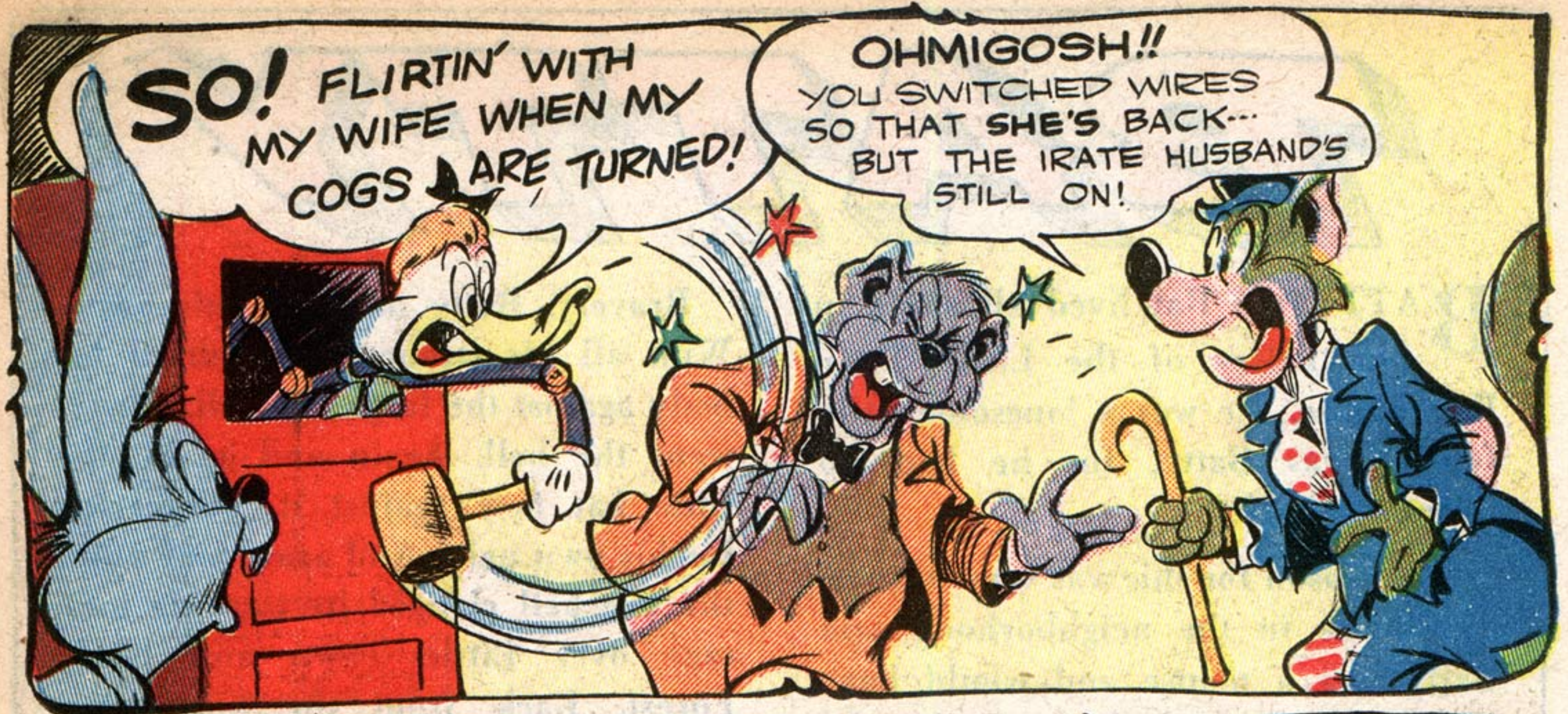














# BATTY

**B**ATTY the Bat lived all alone in the belfry of the Little Town Fire House. He was a lonesome little fellow, was Batty, for he had no friends at all!

The reason for this was very strange. The birds in the neighborhood said Batty was a mouse and would have nothing to do with him. As for the mice, *they* said. "Nothing of the sort! He has *wings*. hasn't he? That makes him a *bird*. doesn't it? We'll have nothing to do with him!"

Poor Batty was left all alone, as a result. And never had he felt so forlorn as the day of the Little Town Festival, when everyone left the city and went to the woods for a strawberry picnic.

From the belfry, Batty could hear cries and screams of laughter from Leafy Woods. "Gosh," sighed the little bat. "They're havin' strawberry shortcake an' strawberry ice cream an' strawberry jam an' lots of fun! I wish they'd pay some attention to me! I wish . . ."

Batty's wishes came to a sudden end as he stared down at Main Street from his perch in the belfry of the Fire House. It . . . it couldn't be . . . but it was! Fire was sweeping down the street, licking at the stores and houses!

"There's nobody left in town but m . . . me!" Batty shuddered. "Even the firemen are at the picnic. I've got to do something to get 'em back!"

Bravely, Batty made up his mind. With all his strength, he hurled his body against the large fire bell. *Clang!* went the bell. Again and again, the little bat flew against it, not caring for his own pain. And again and again the fire bell clanged its warning message over Little Town and Leafy Forest. Back from the picnic the townsfolk came running to fight the fiery menace that threatened their homes. With fire hose and water bucket, they doused the flames and saved Little Town from ruin!

"But *who* rang the fire bell?" someone asked, after the fire had been put out.

"Yes, *who?*" everyone echoed the question.

In the belfry of the Fire House, the answer was found. Little Batty, bruised and unconscious, lay near the huge bell he had sent ringing!

Everyone was awed and ashamed. The lonely little bat had given his all for the townsfolk! But then, Batty's eyes fluttered and he gave a little sigh.

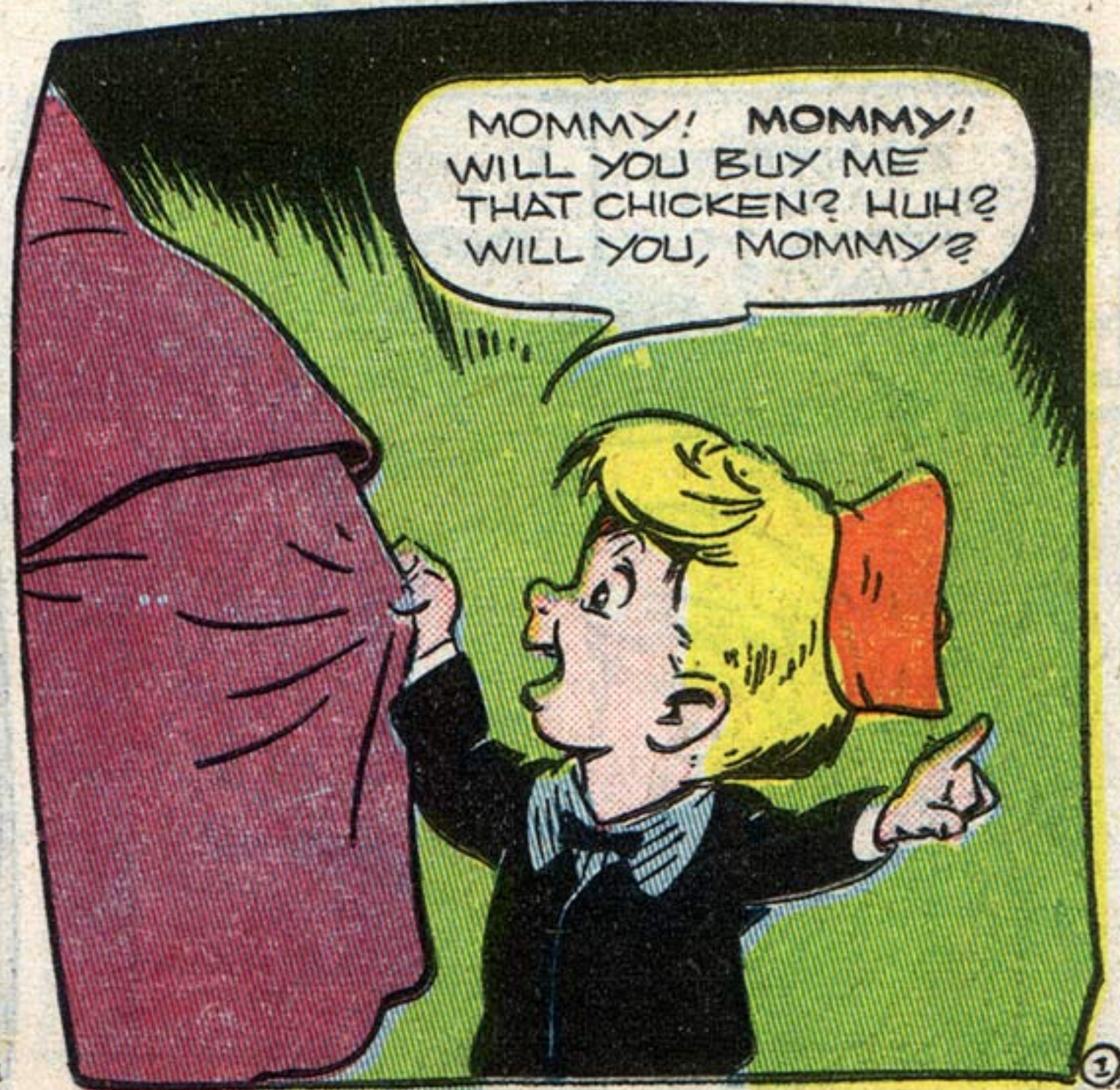
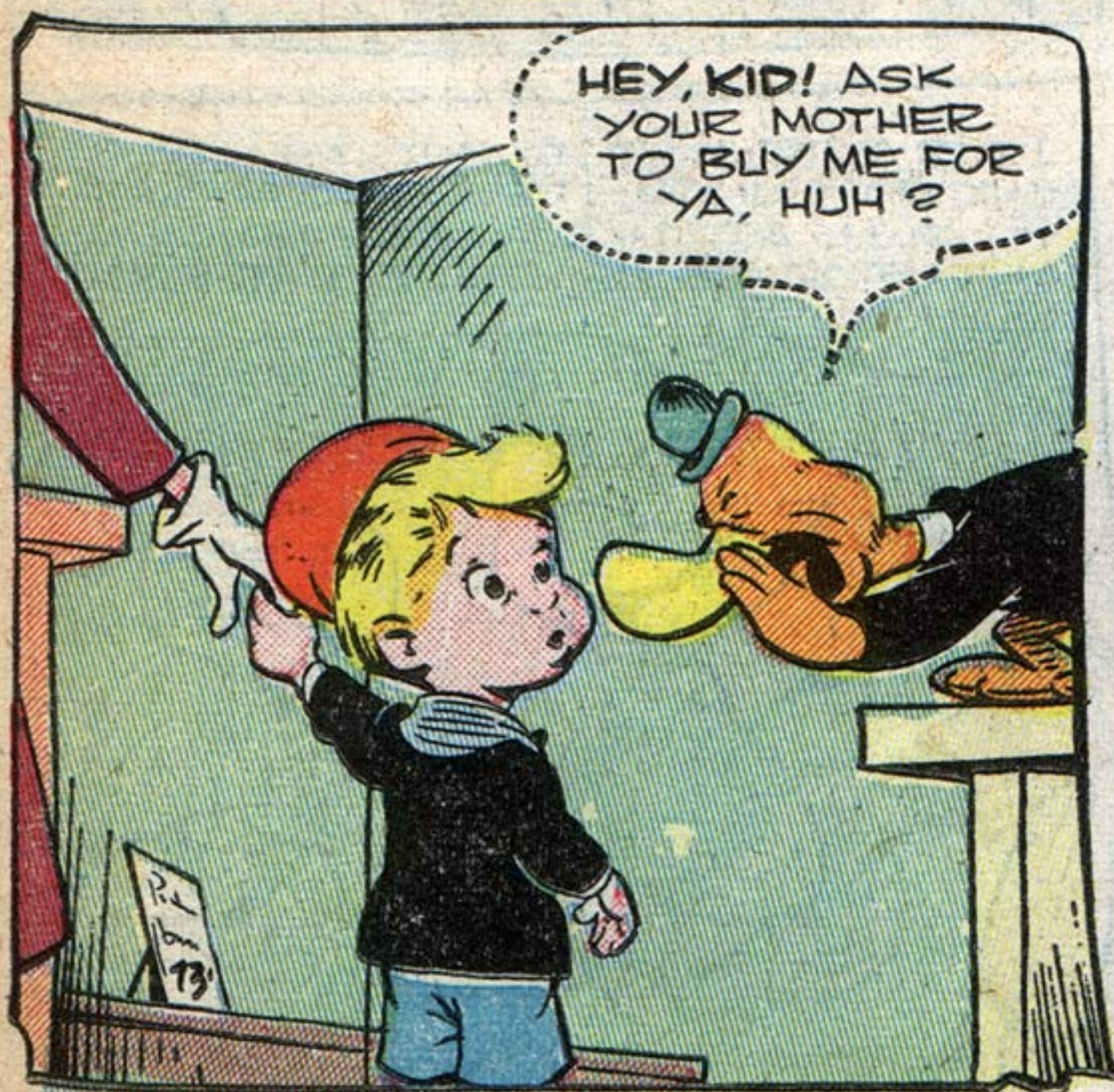
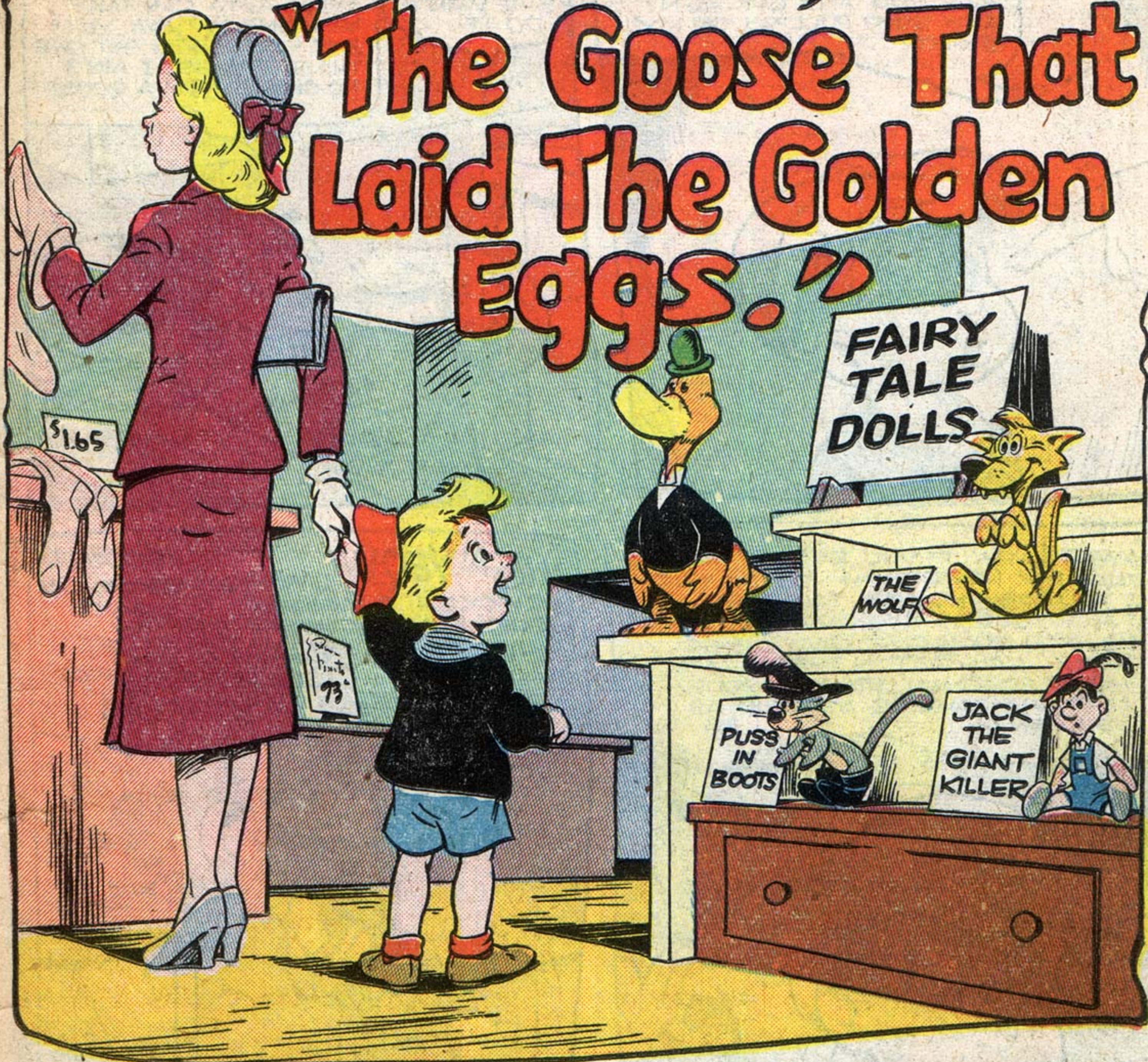
"He's *alive!*" shouted Pete Bluejay happily.

"We'll nurse him back to health!" Matty Mouse sang.

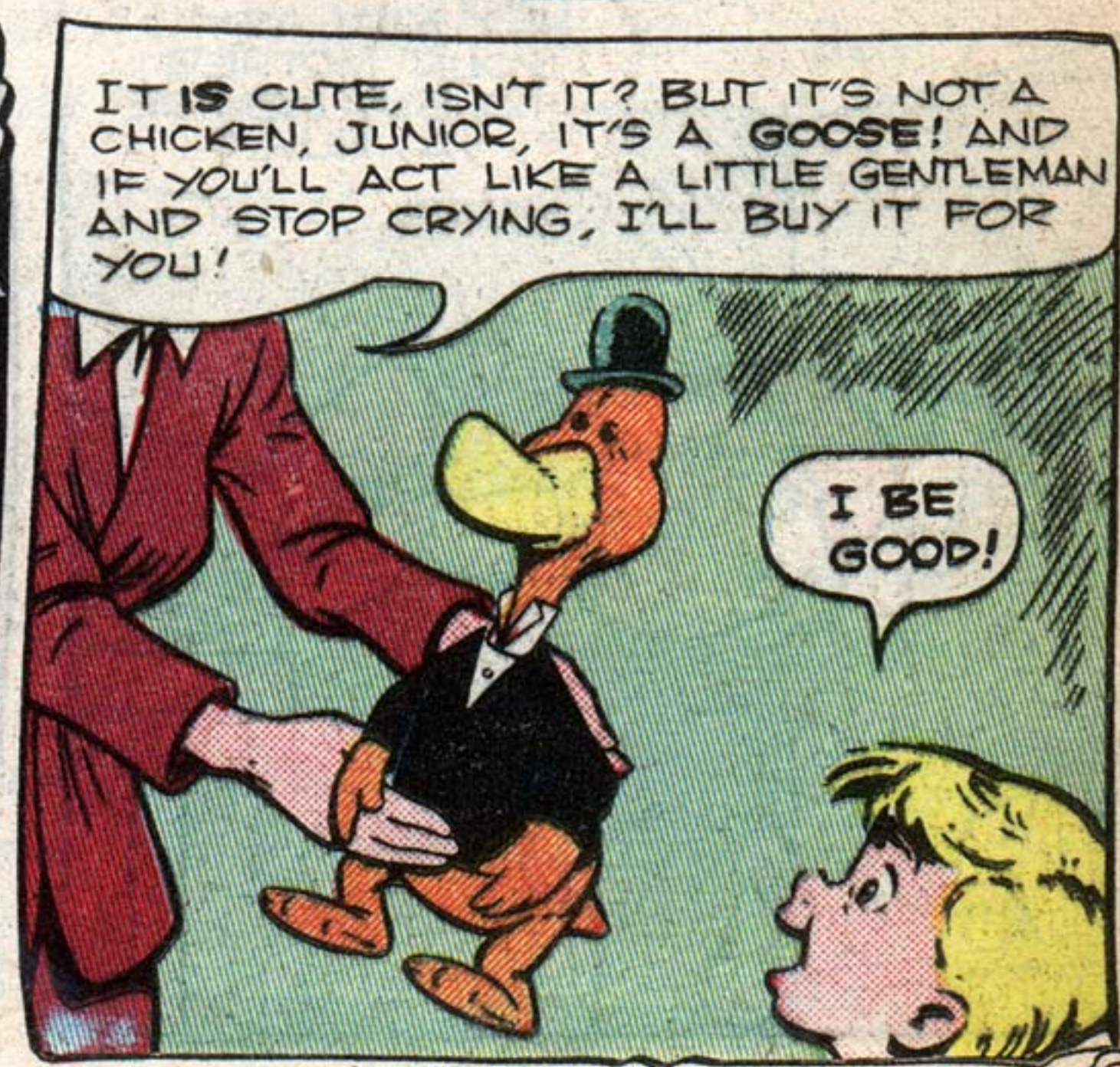
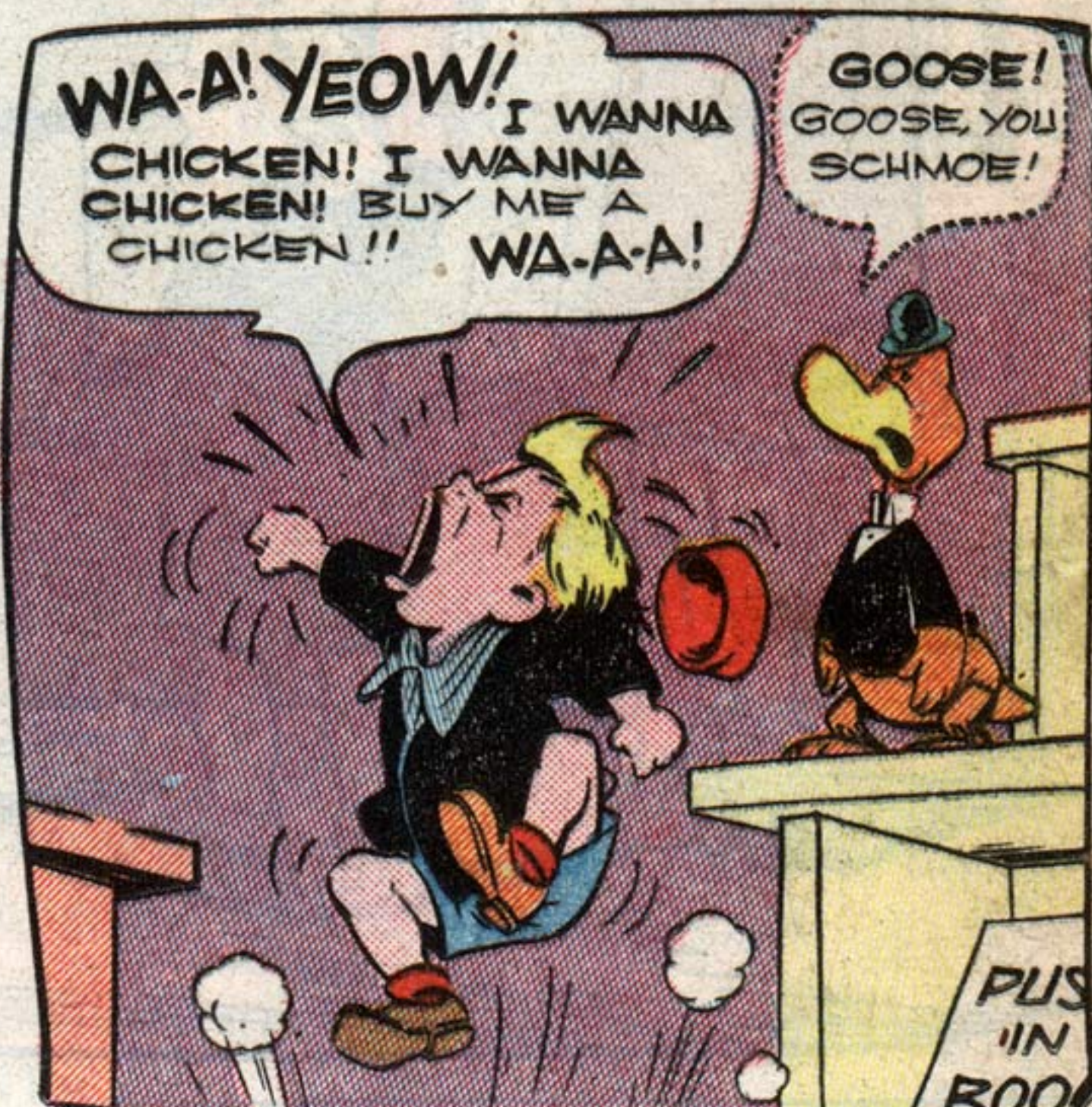
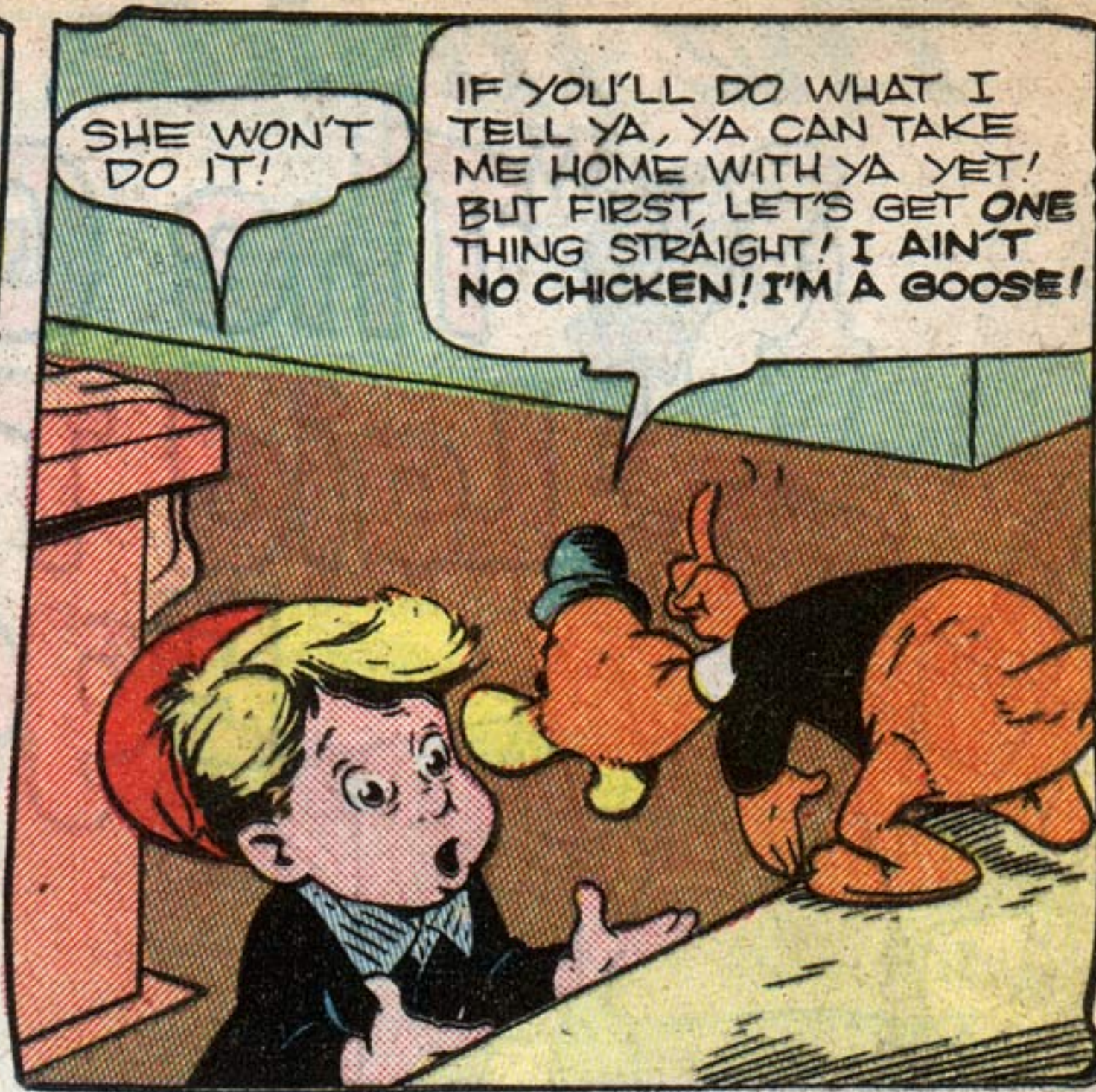
Batty became quite well in a very short time. He was a happy little bat at last, for the birds and the mice made him an honorary member of *both* families, and Batty never had to wish for a friend again!



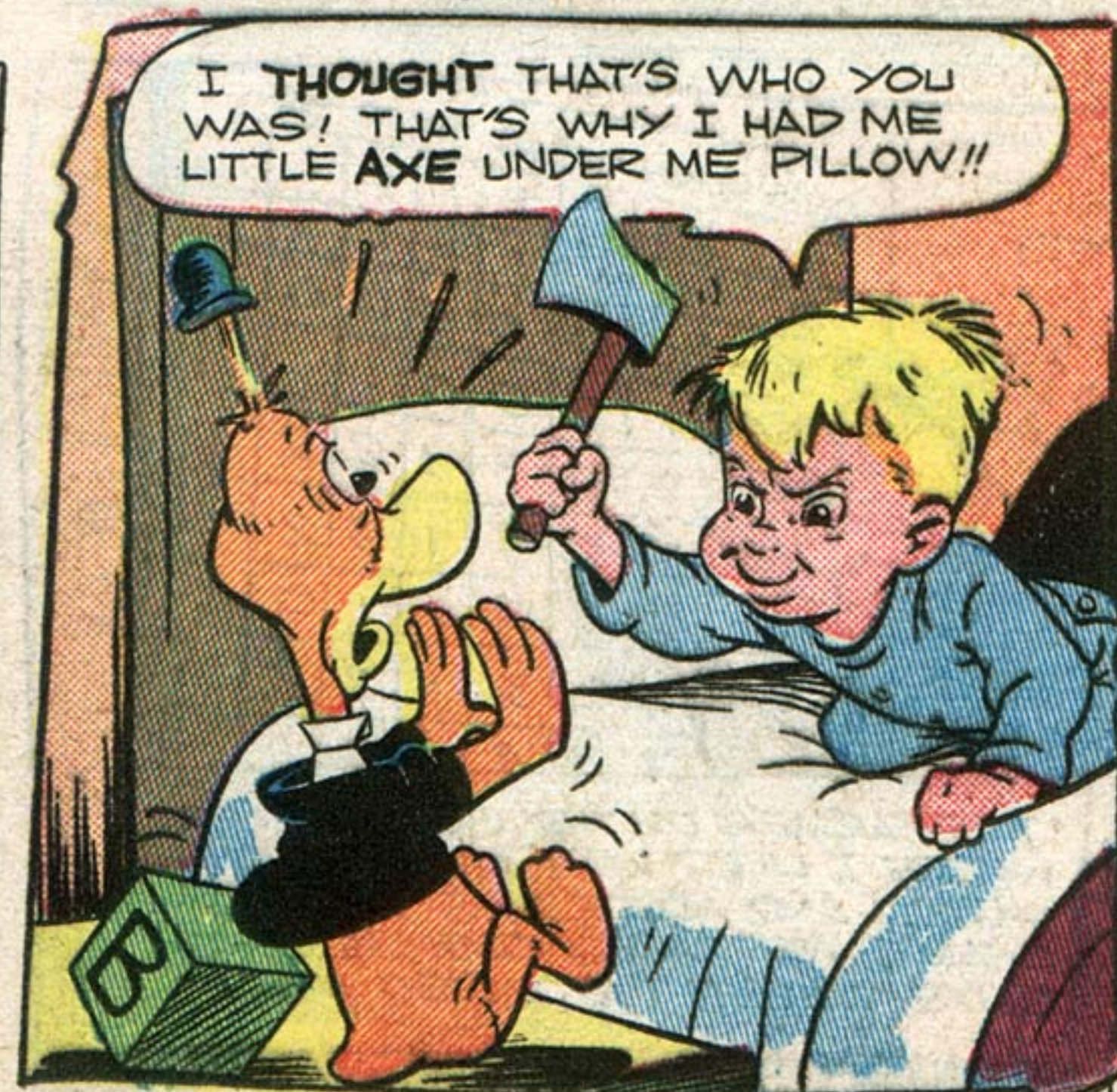
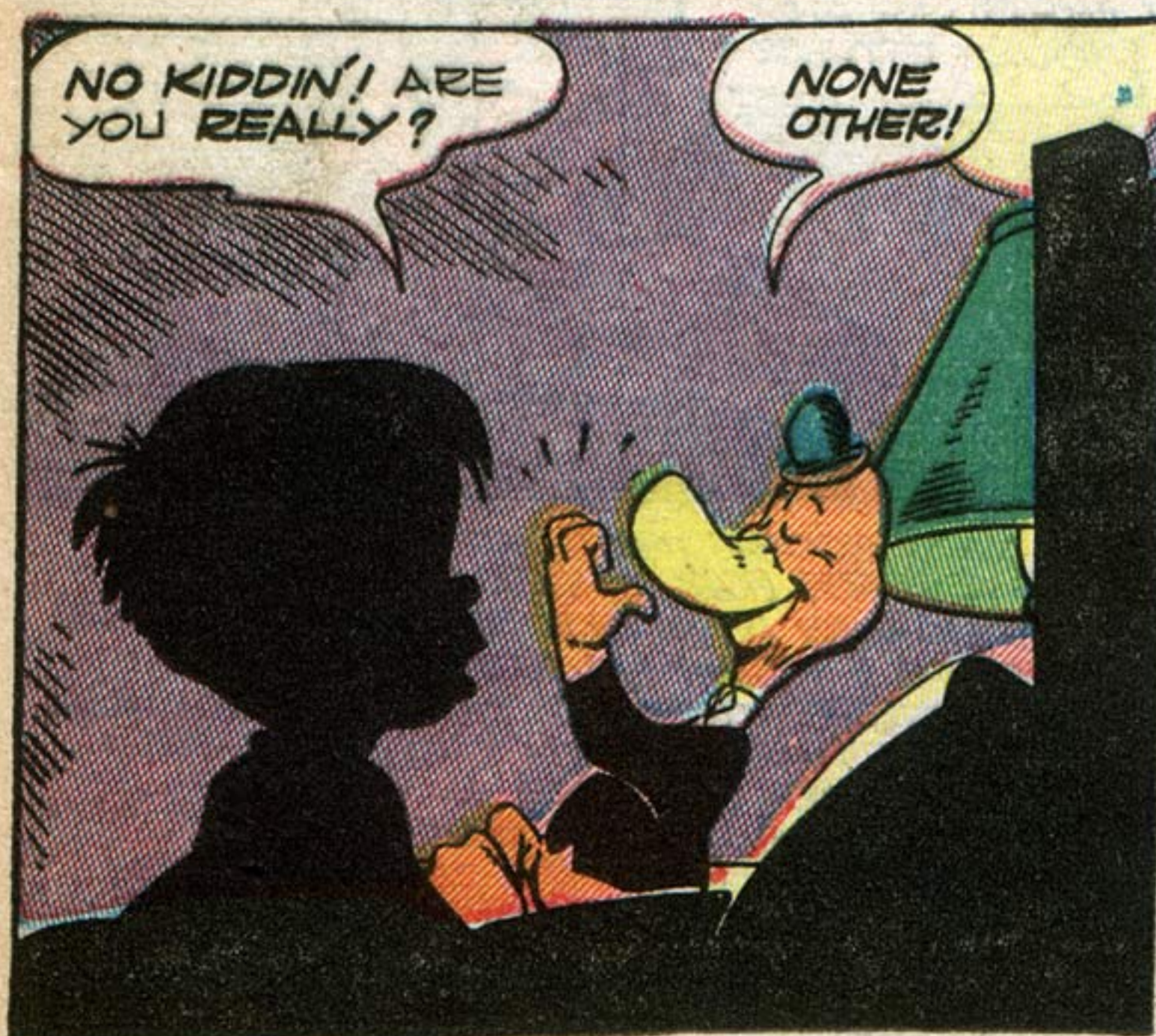
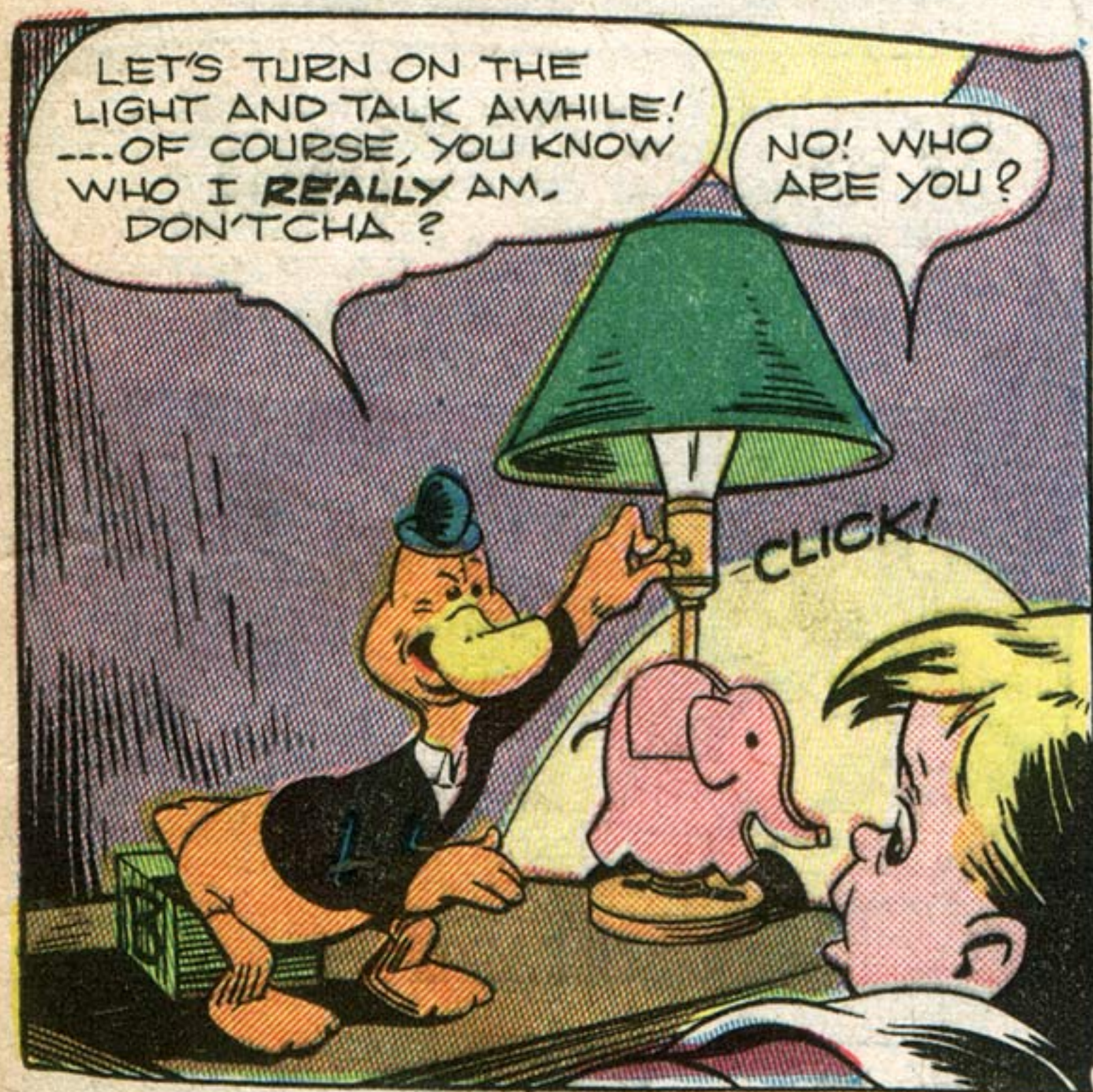
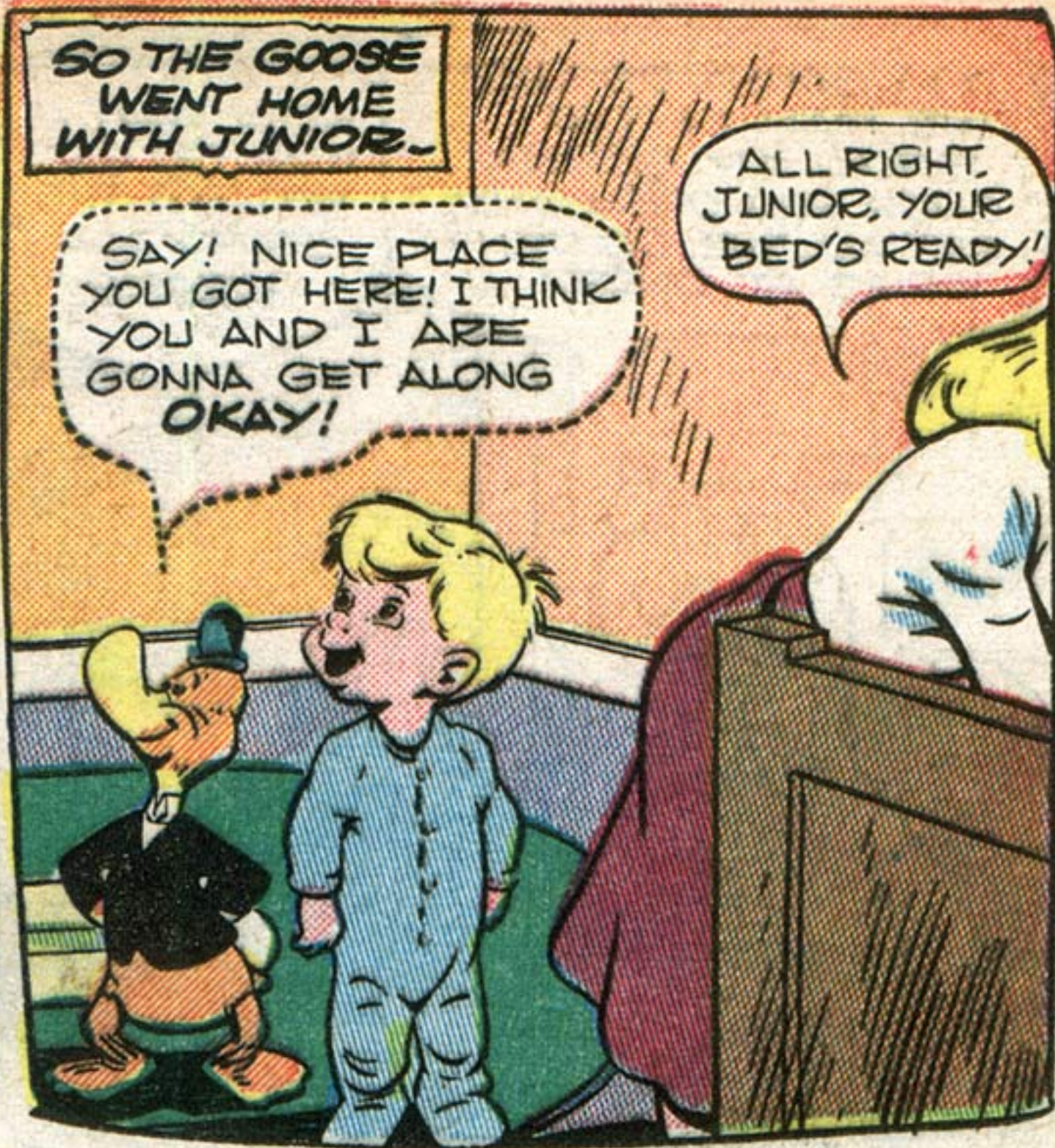
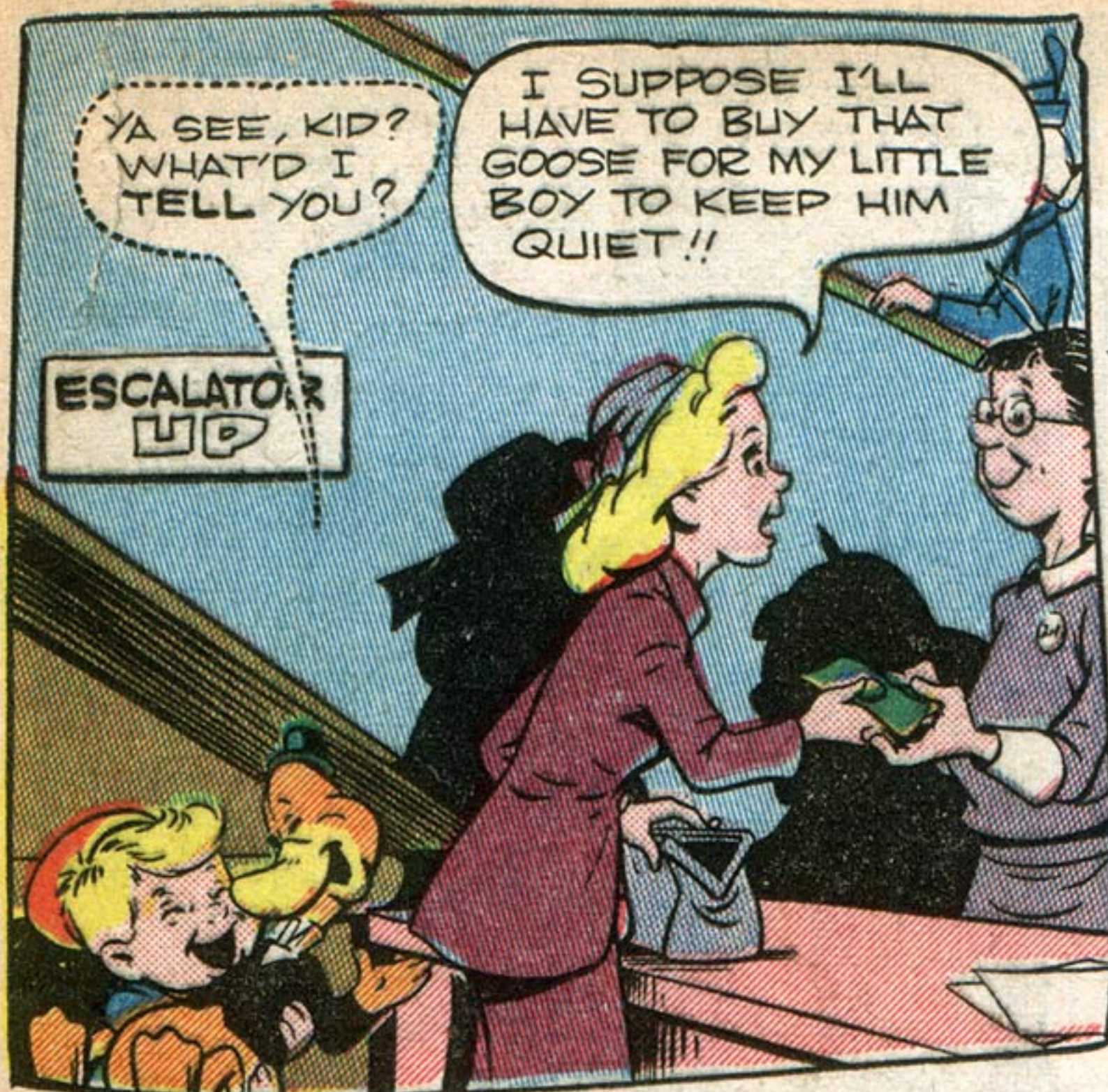
# *The Inside Story On* **"The Goose That Laid The Golden Eggs."**



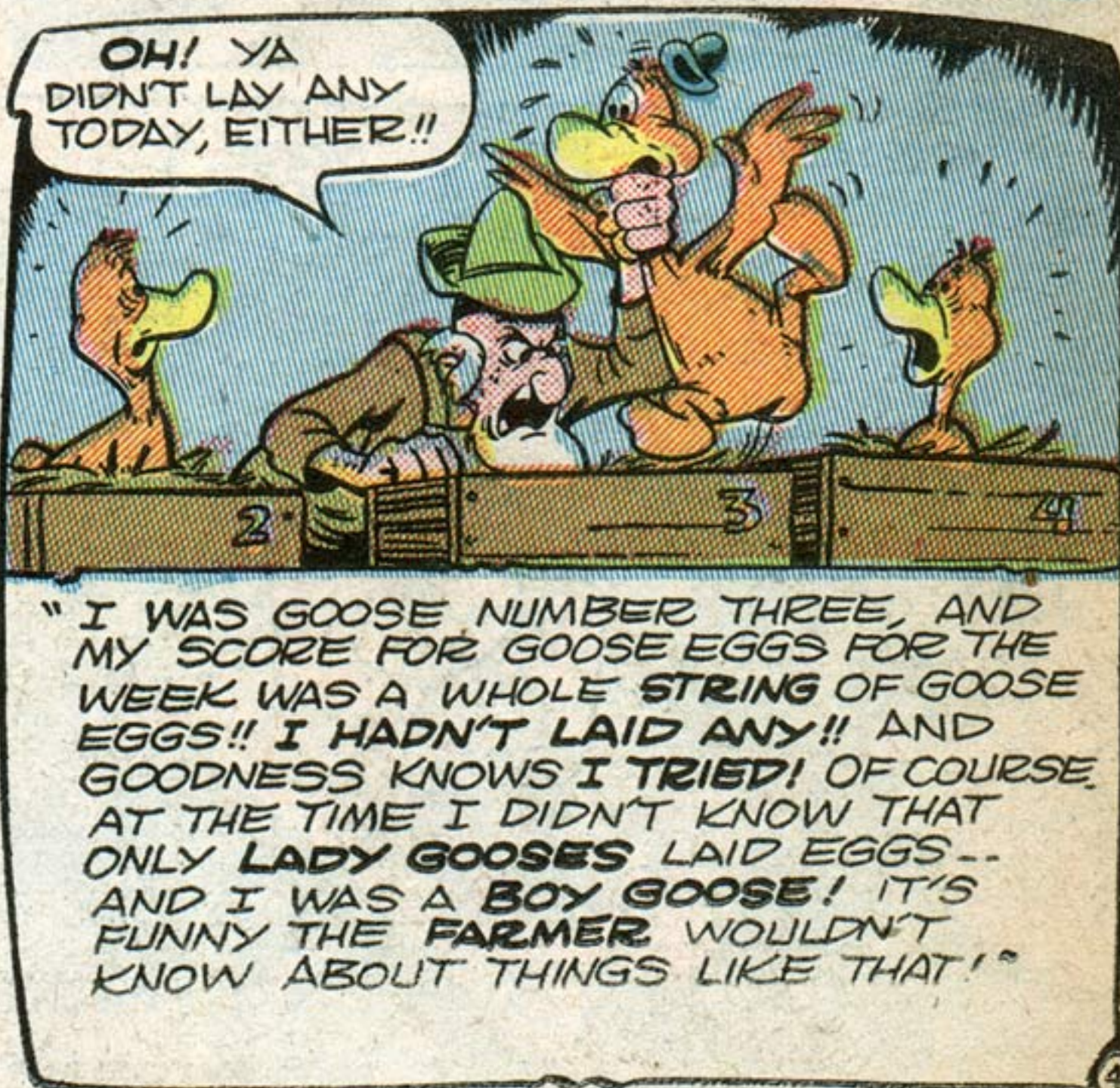
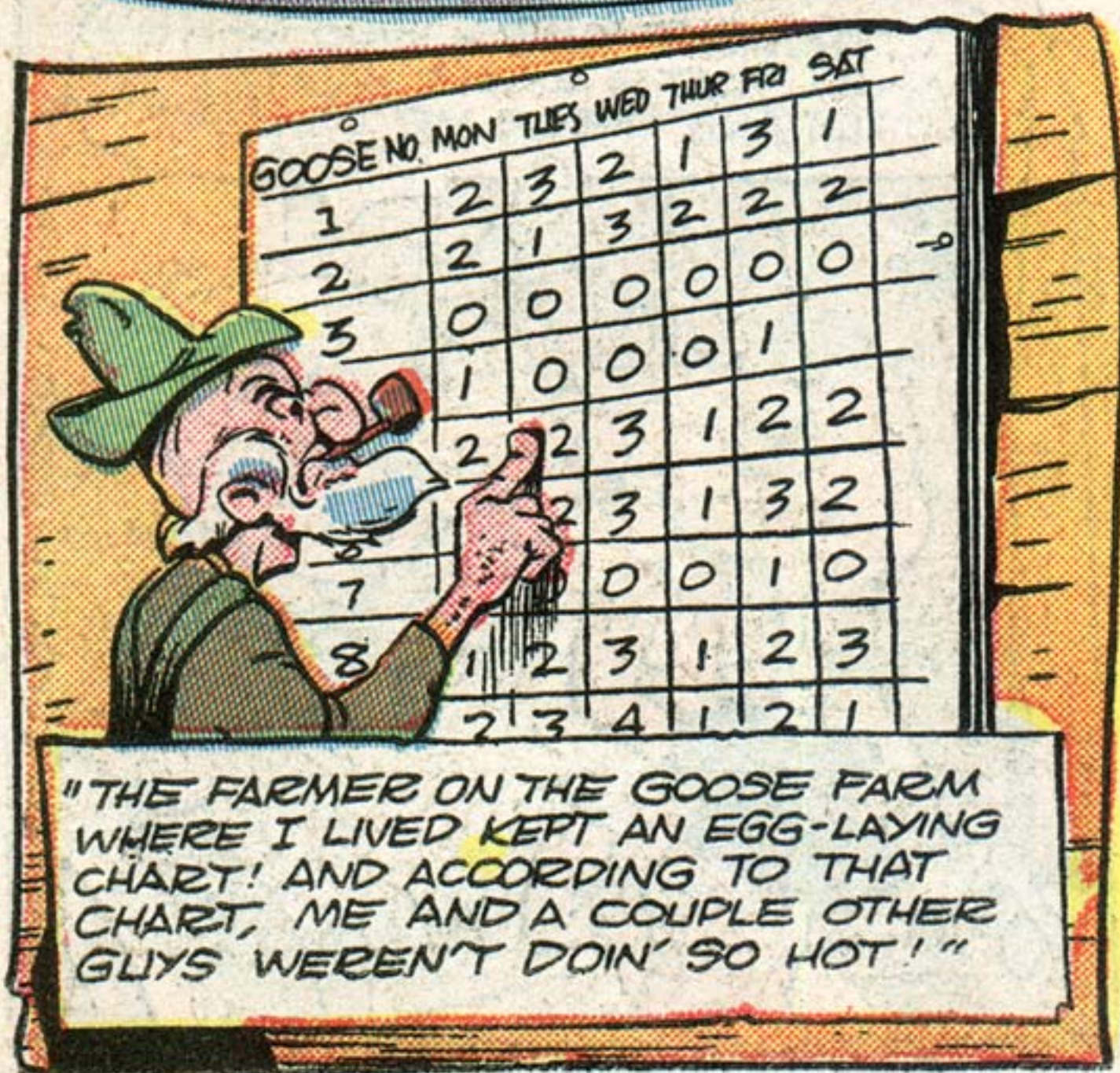
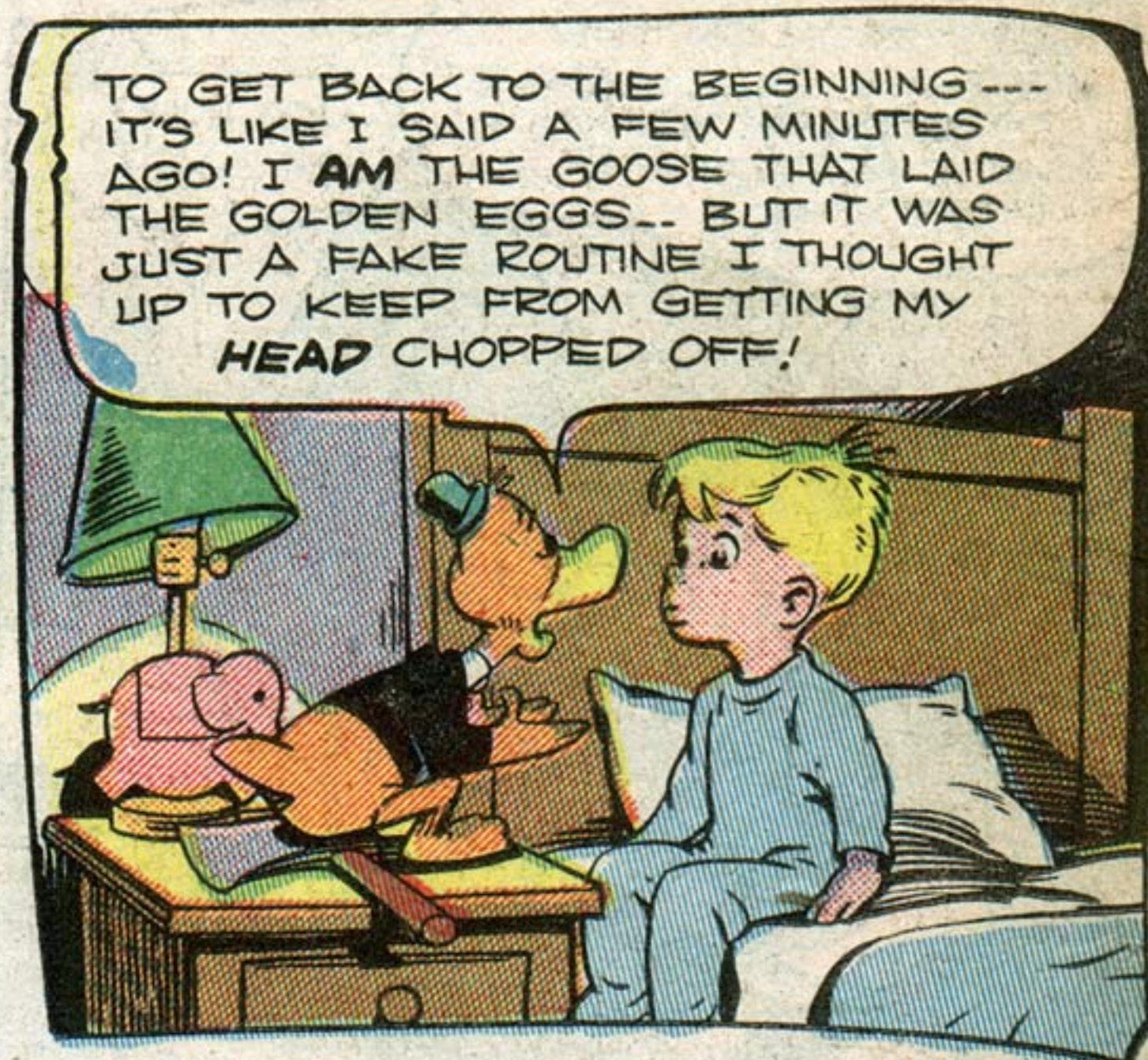
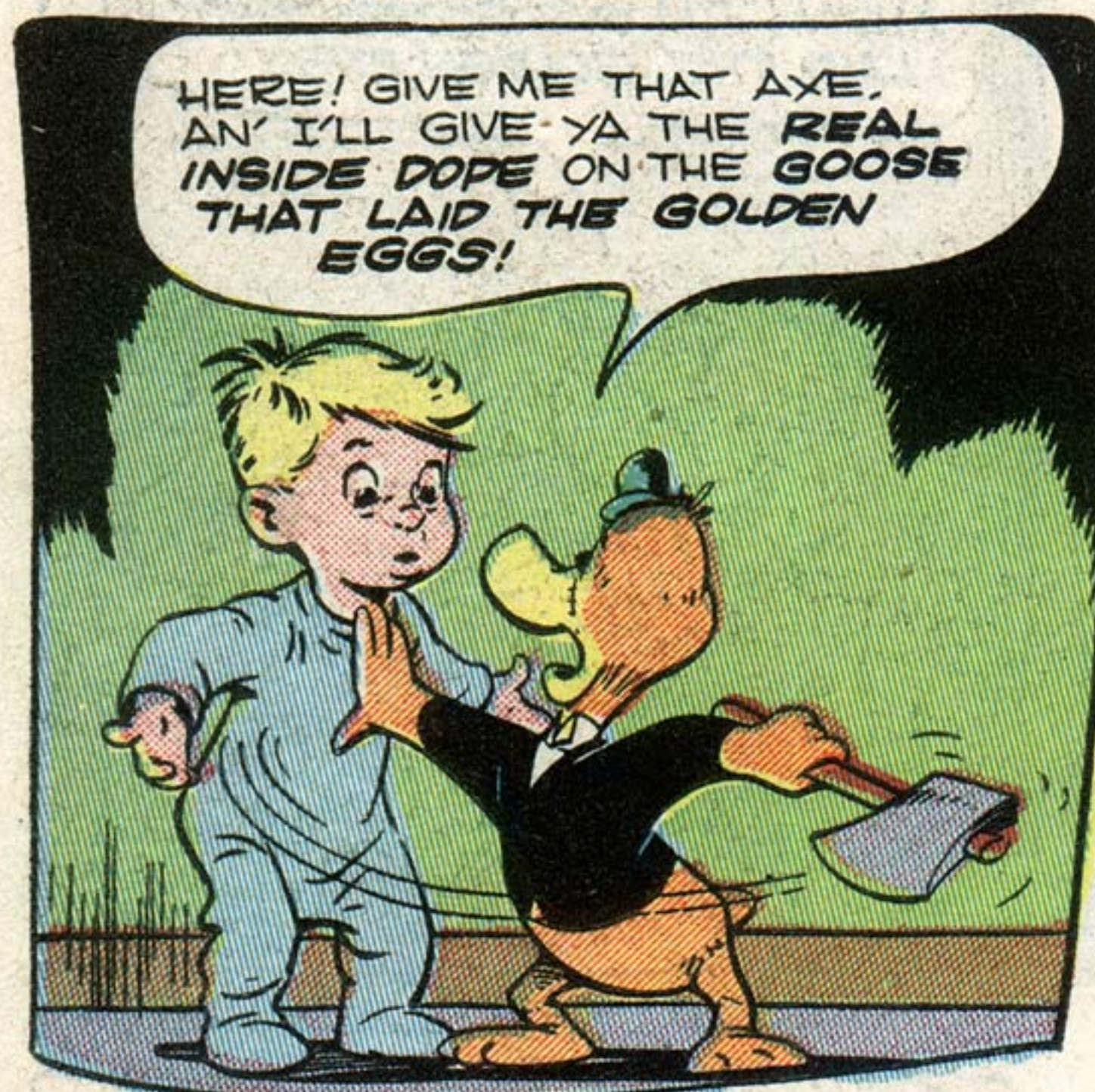




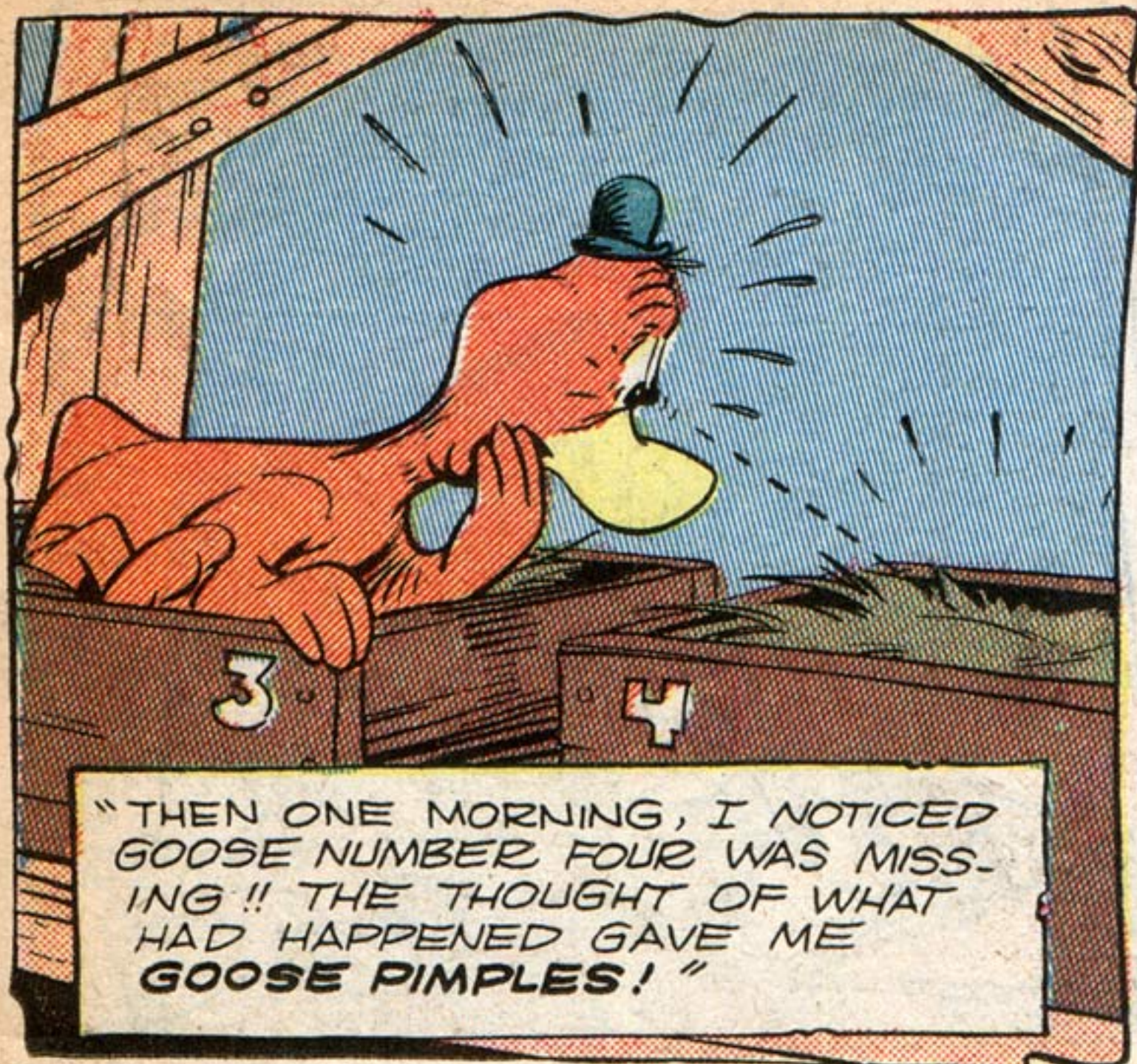




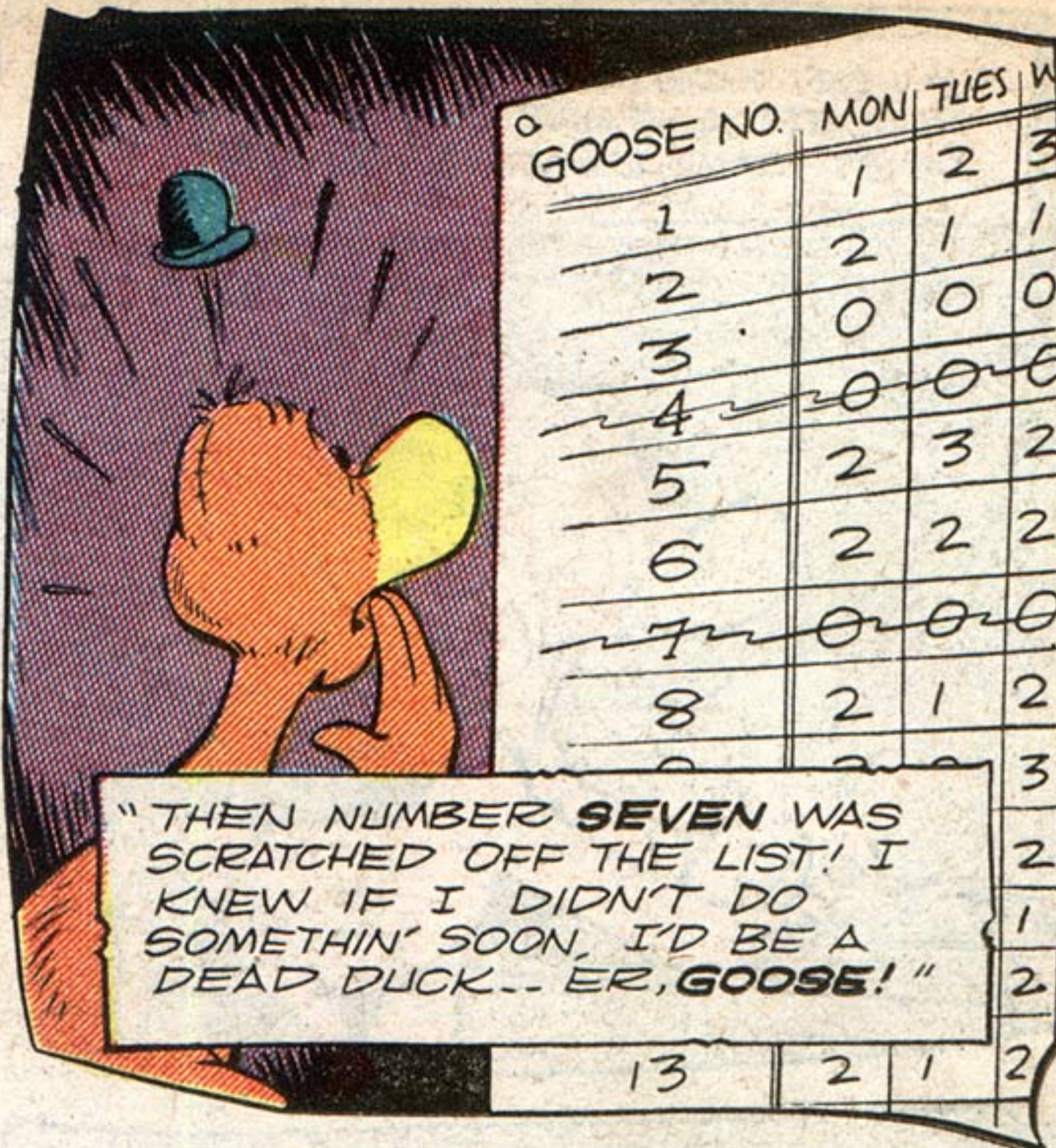




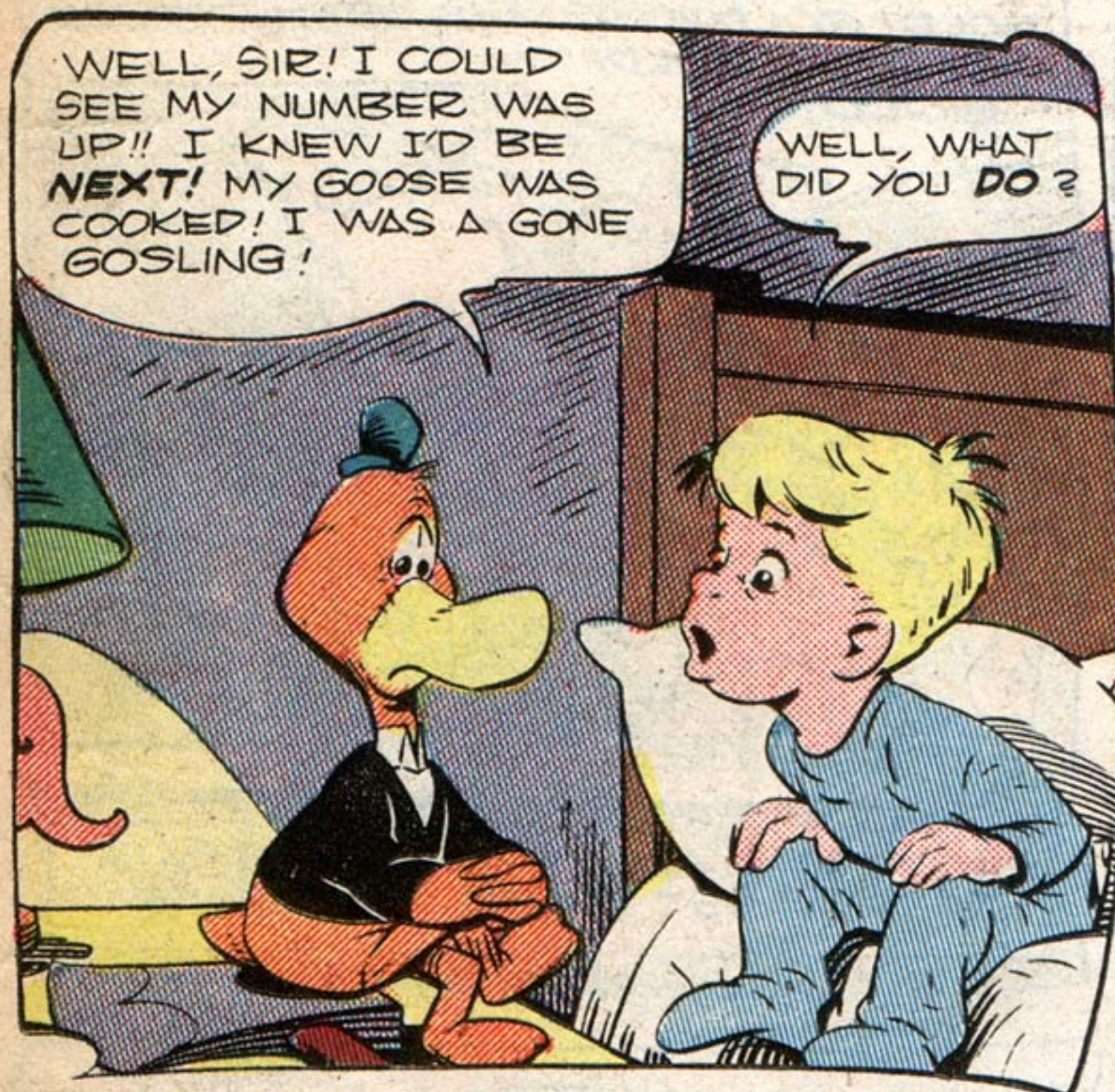




"THEN ONE MORNING, I NOTICED GOOSE NUMBER FOUR WAS MISSING!! THE THOUGHT OF WHAT HAD HAPPENED GAVE ME **GOOSE PIMPLES!**"

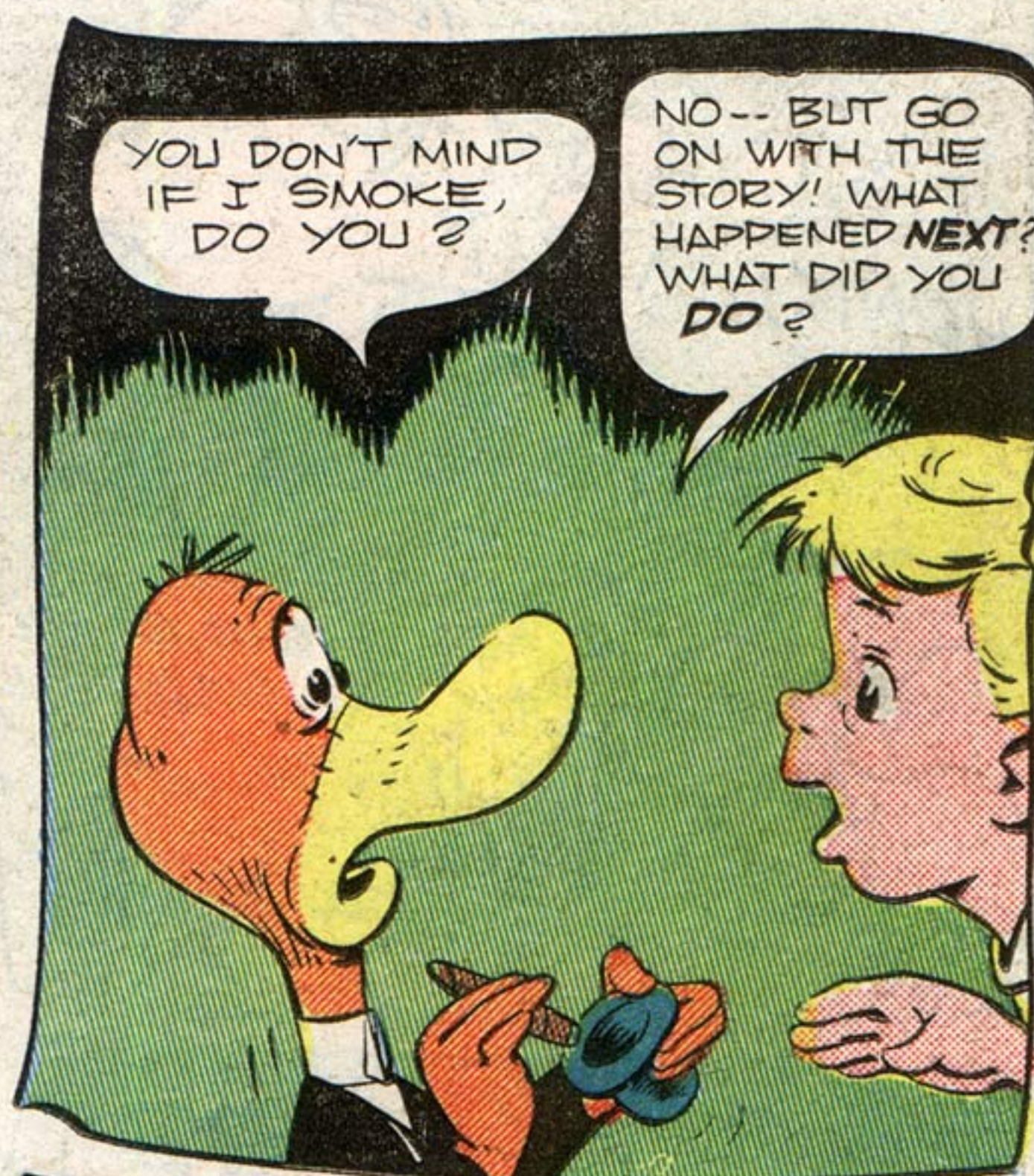


"THEN NUMBER **SEVEN** WAS SCRATCHED OFF THE LIST! I KNEW IF I DIDN'T DO SOMETHIN' SOON, I'D BE A DEAD DUCK-- ER, **GOOSE!**"



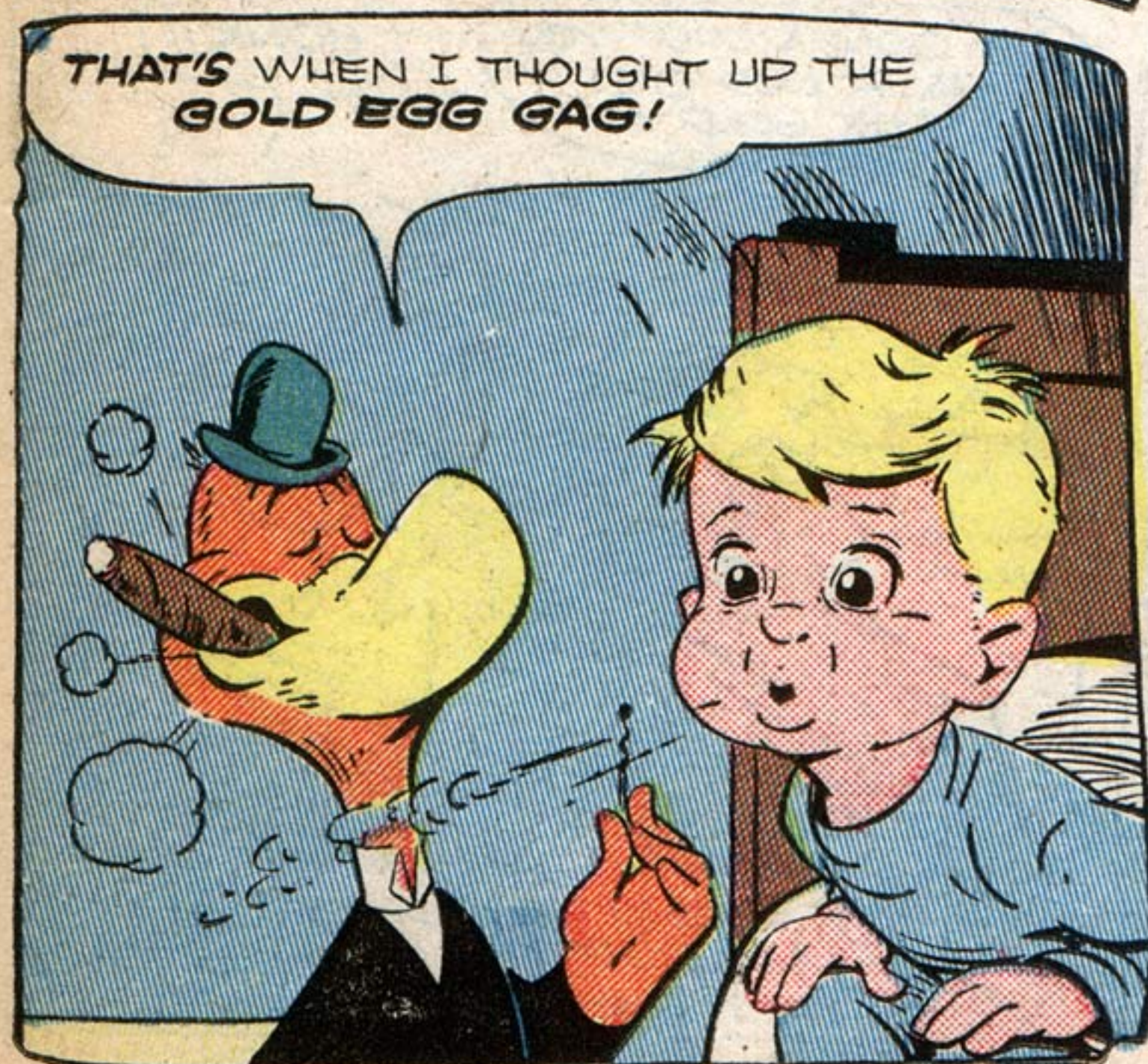
WELL, SIR! I COULD SEE MY NUMBER WAS UP!! I KNEW I'D BE **NEXT!** MY GOOSE WAS COOKED! I WAS A GONE GOSLING!

WELL, WHAT DID YOU **DO?**



YOU DON'T MIND IF I SMOKE, DO YOU?

NO-- BUT GO ON WITH THE STORY! WHAT HAPPENED **NEXT?** WHAT DID YOU **DO?**



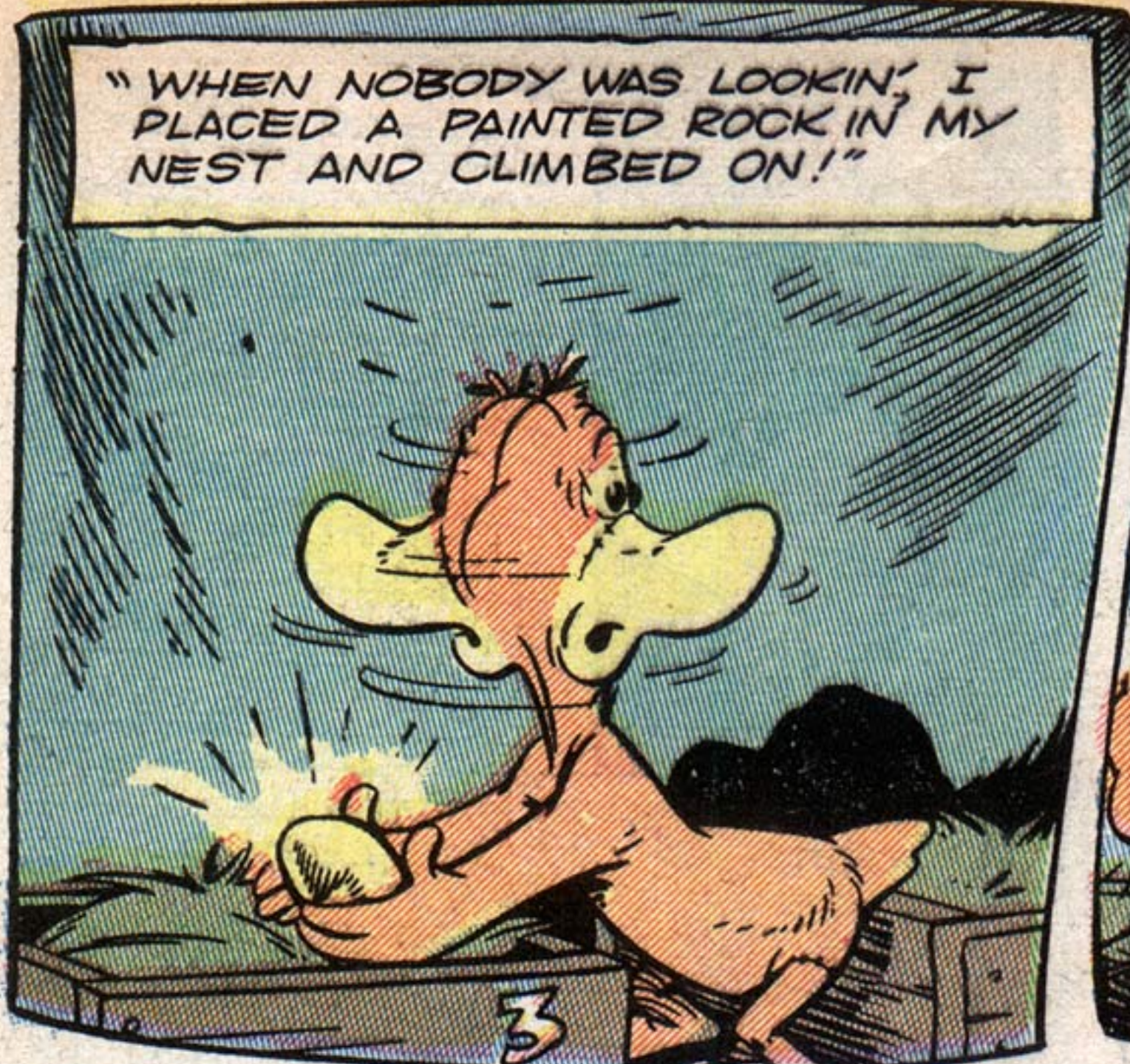
THAT'S WHEN I THOUGHT UP THE **GOLD EGG GAG!**



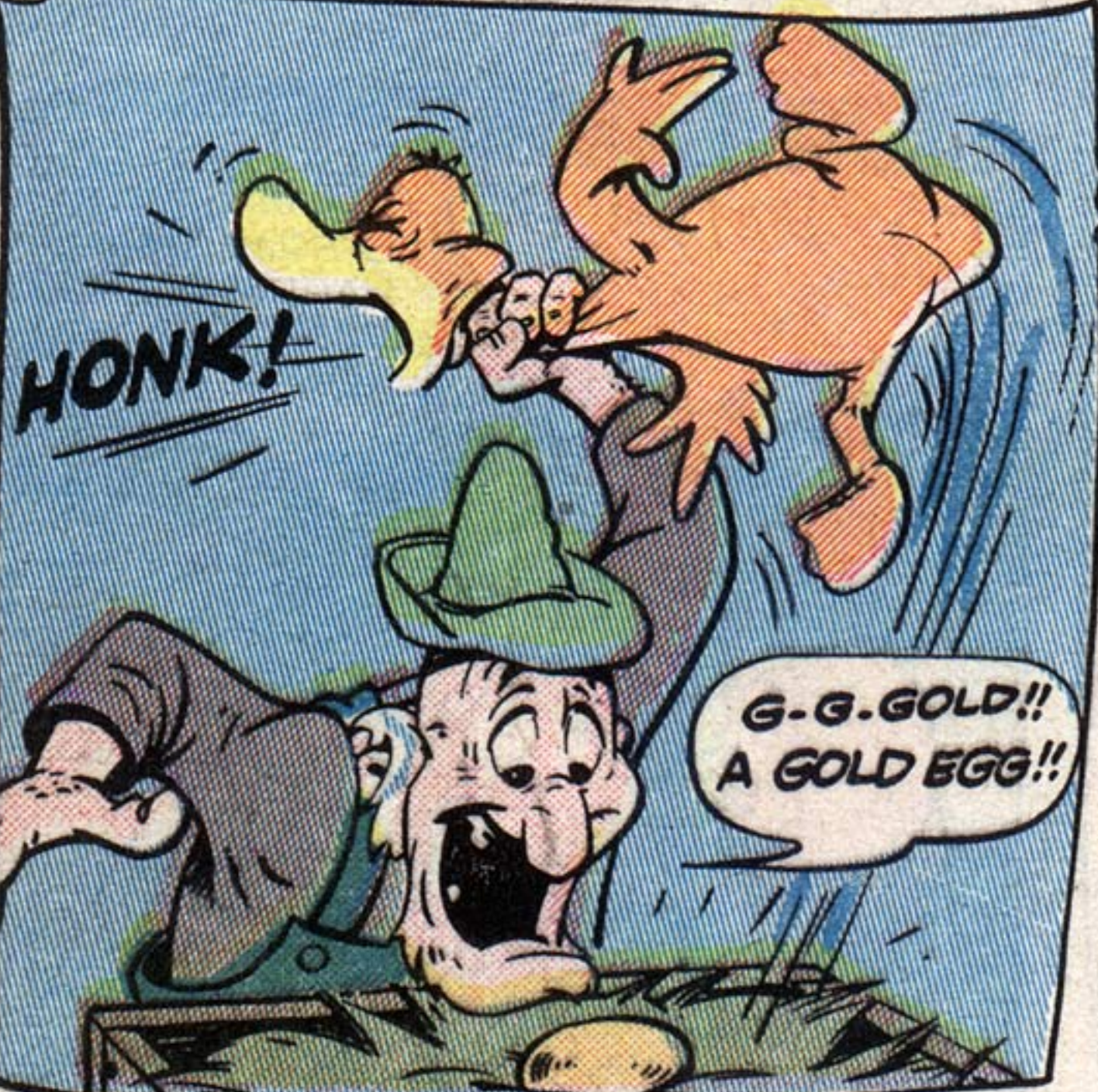
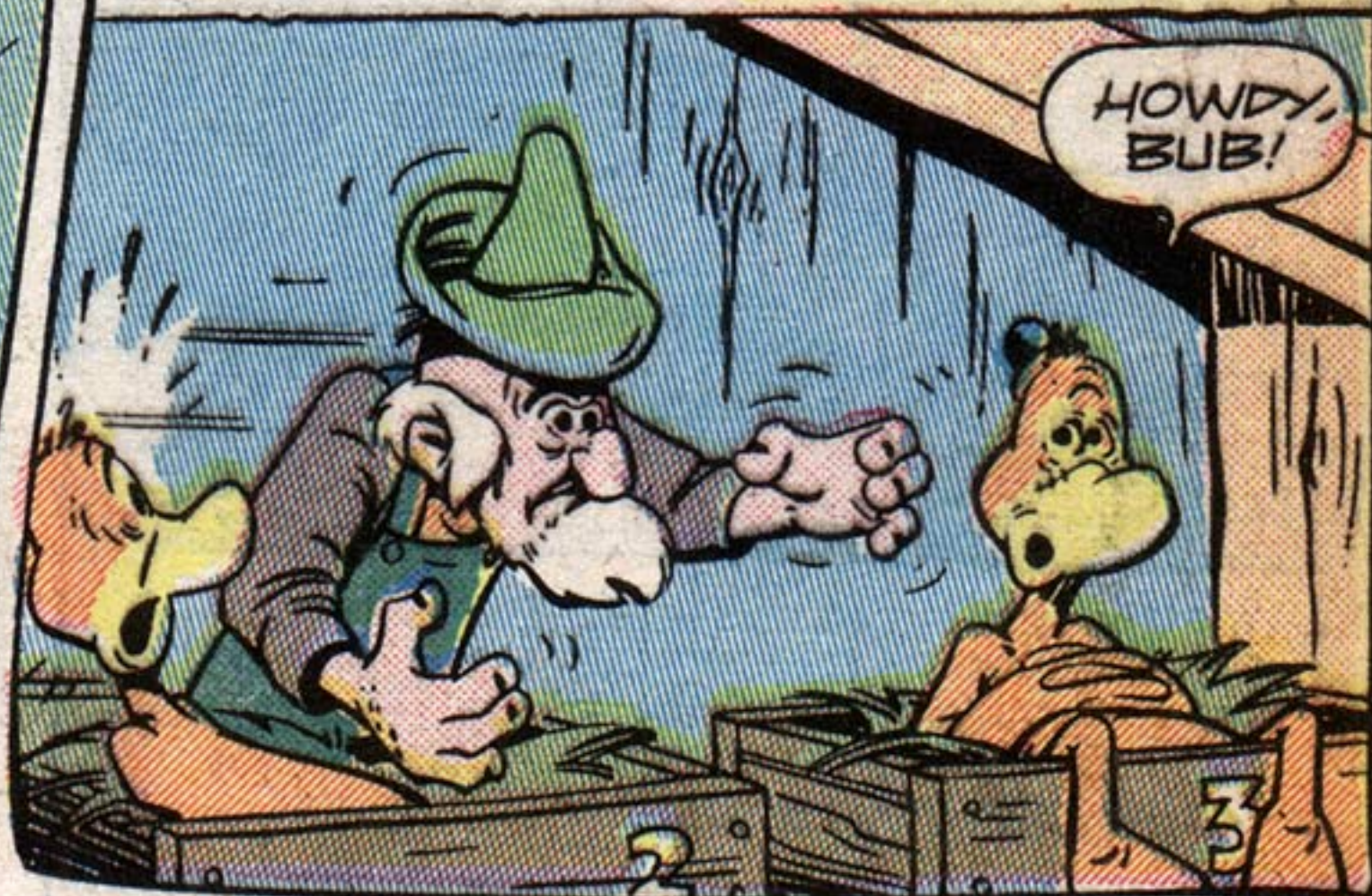
"I GATHERED UP SOME FIELD STONES ABOUT THE SIZE OF GOOSE EGGS, AND I GOT A CAN OF GOLD PAINT! THEN I PAINTED THE STONES **GOLD!!**"



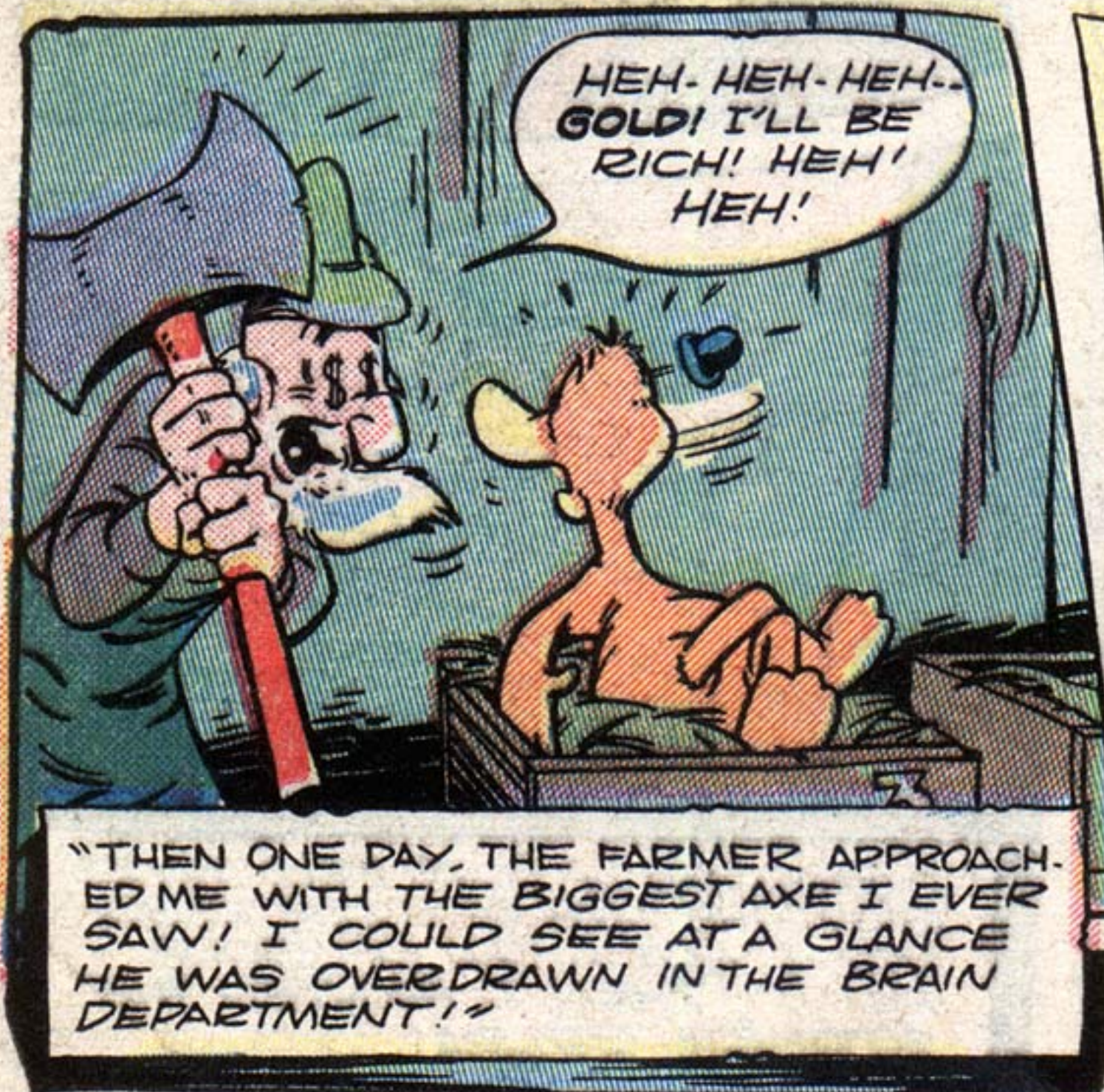
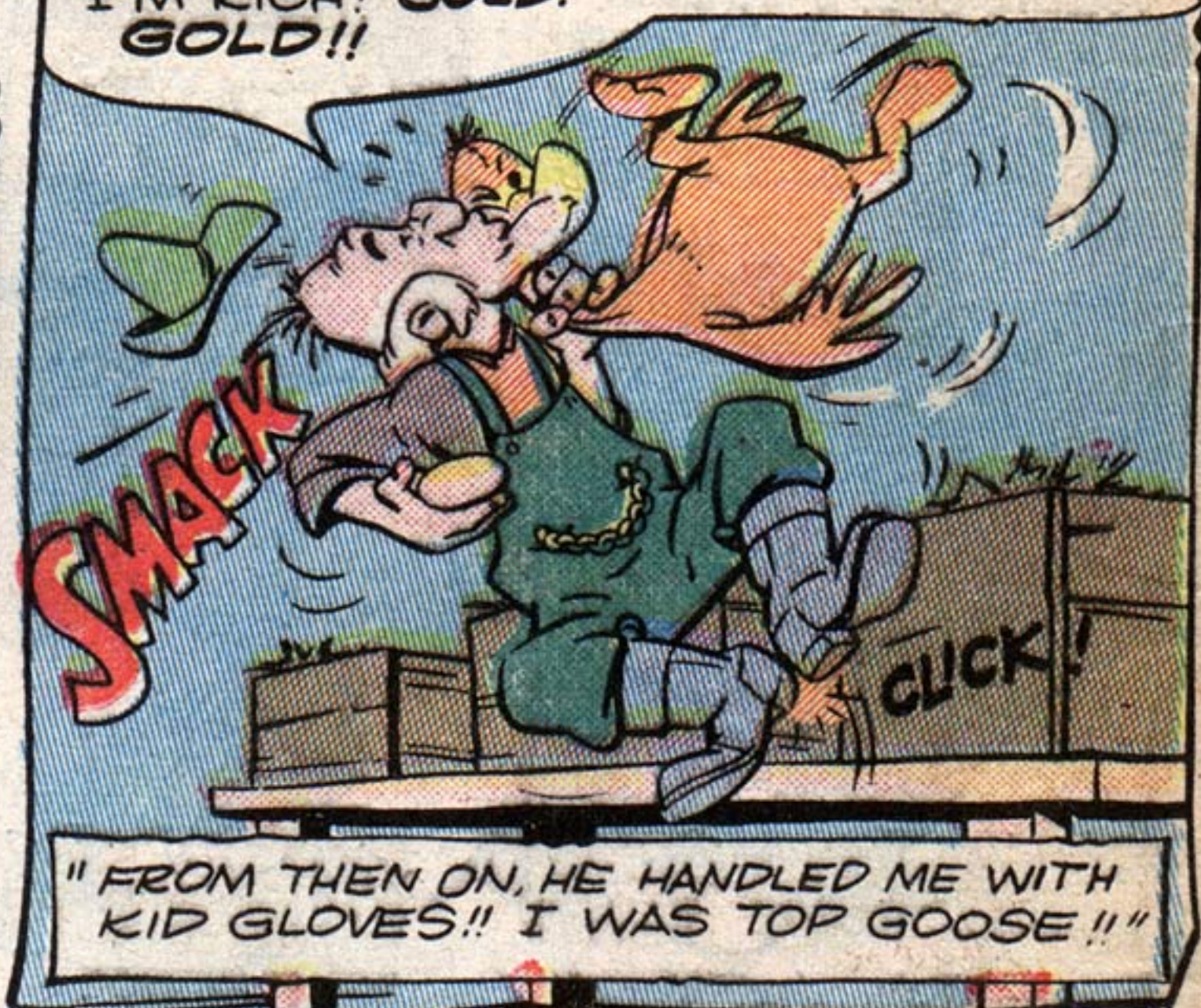
"WHEN NOBODY WAS LOOKIN', I PLACED A PAINTED ROCK IN MY NEST AND CLIMBED ON!"



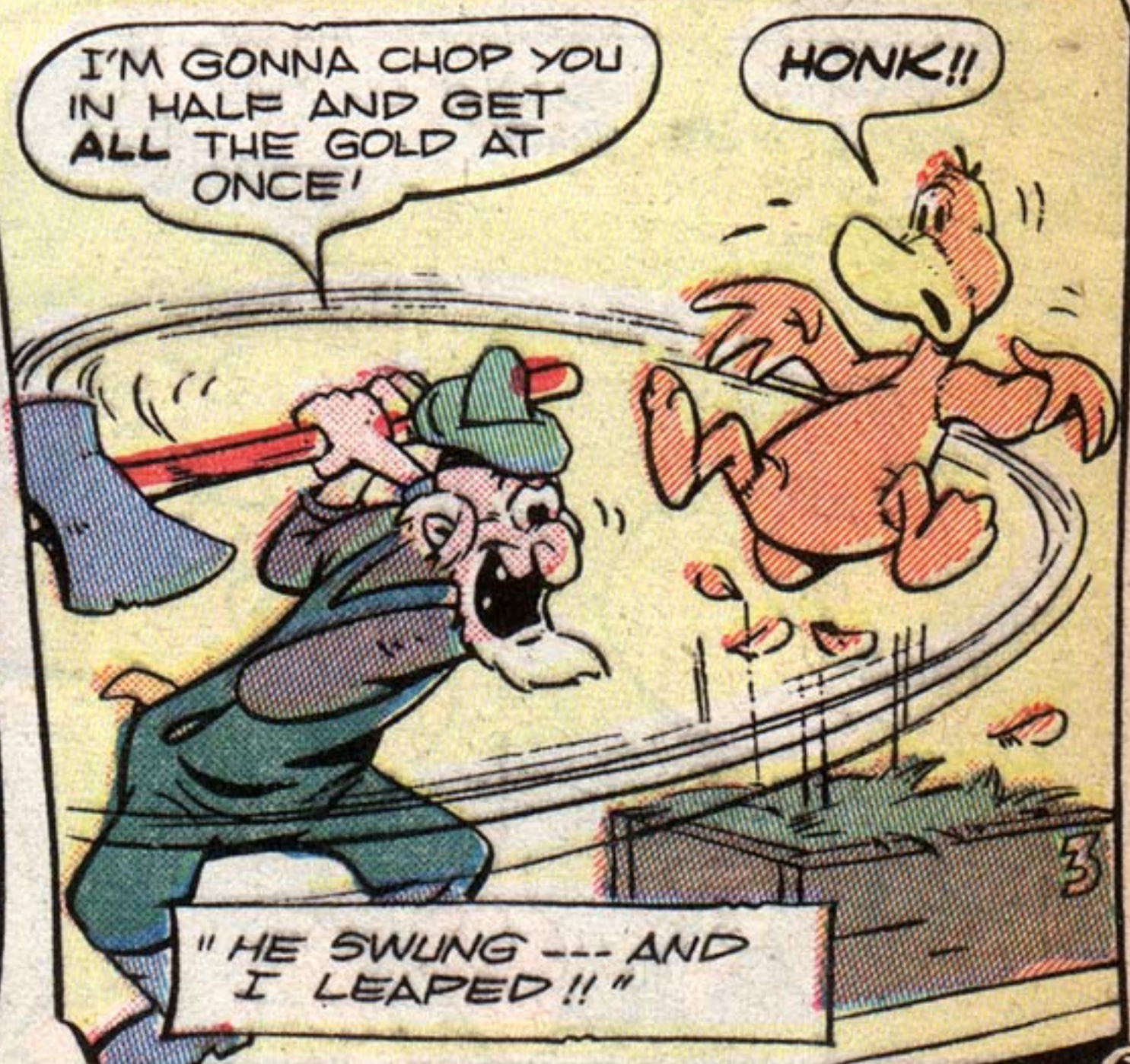
"I KNEW WHAT I HAD DONE WAS DISHONEST-- BUT, AFTER ALL, IF I DIDN'T PRODUCE **SOME THING**, THAT CORNY FARMER WOULD CHOP MY HEAD OFF!!--- PRESENTLY, HE SHOWED UP--"



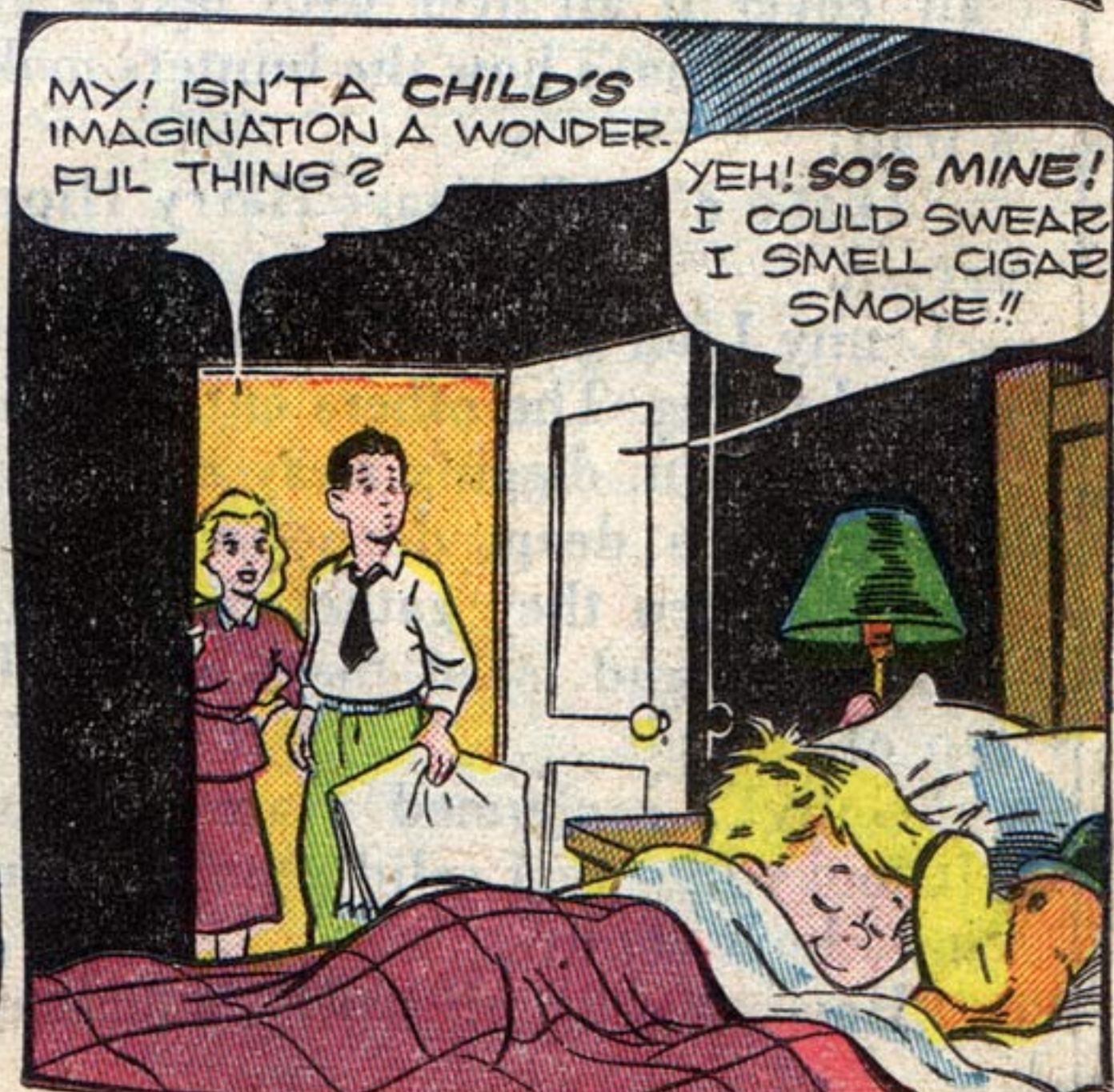
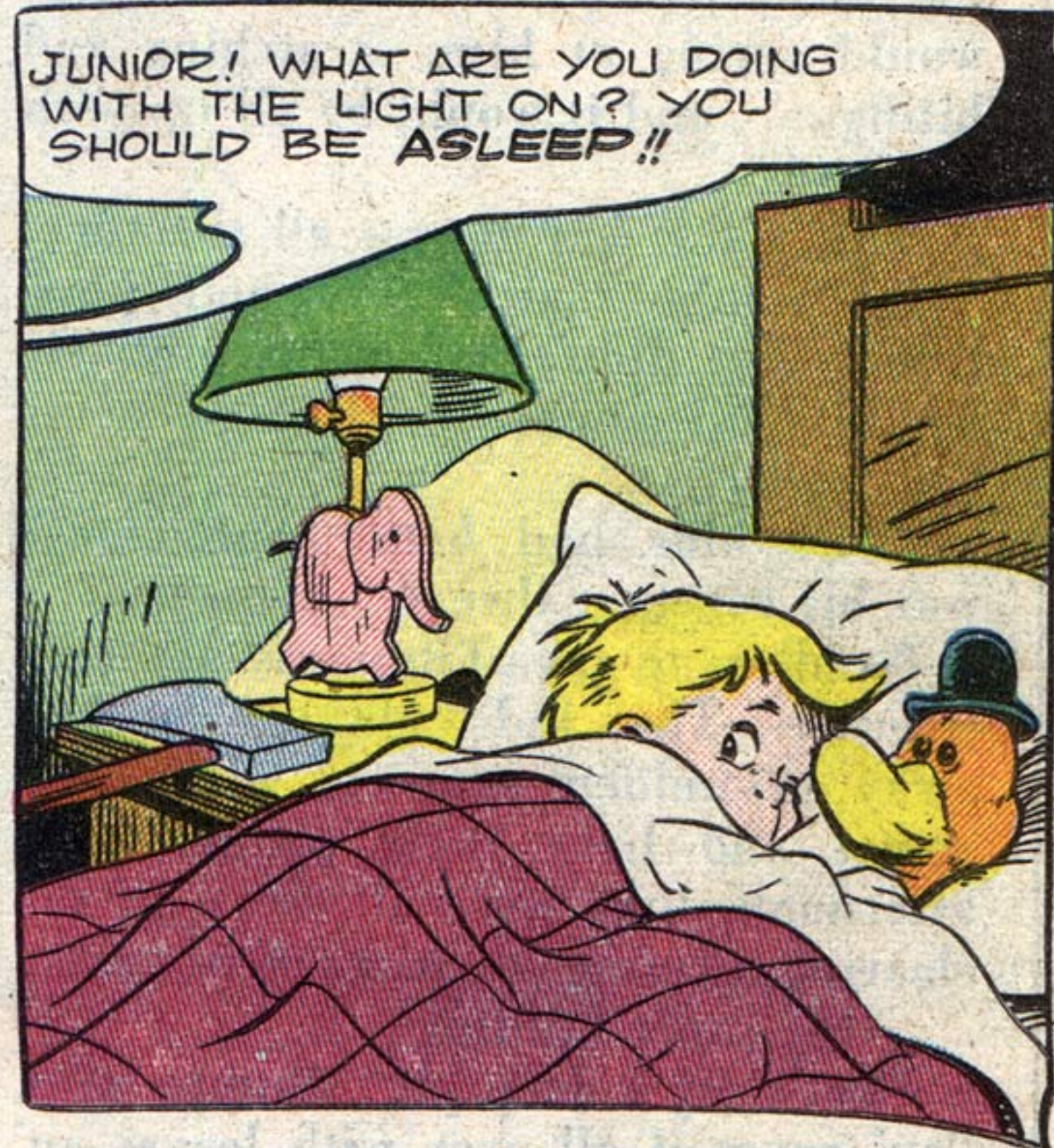
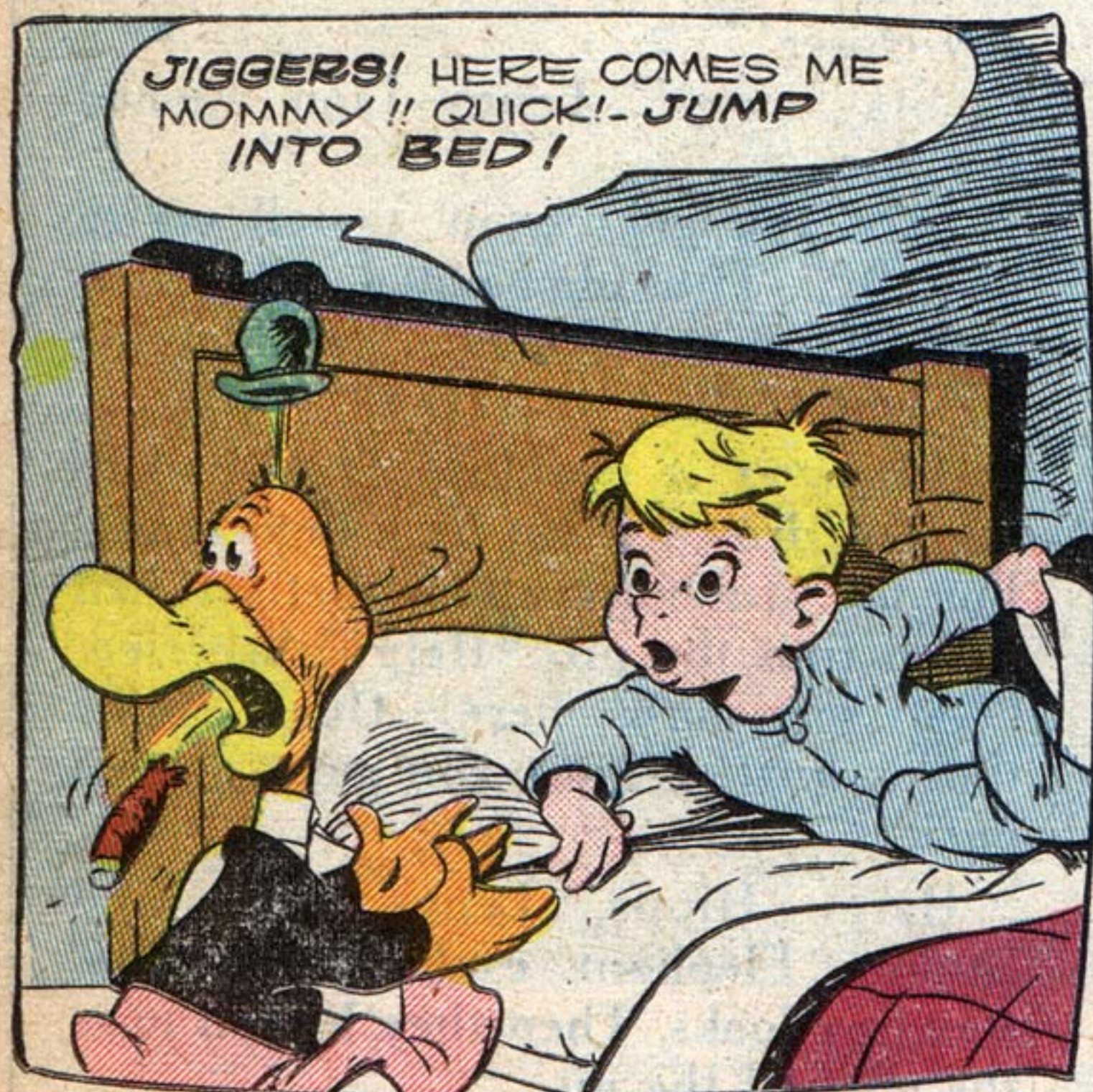
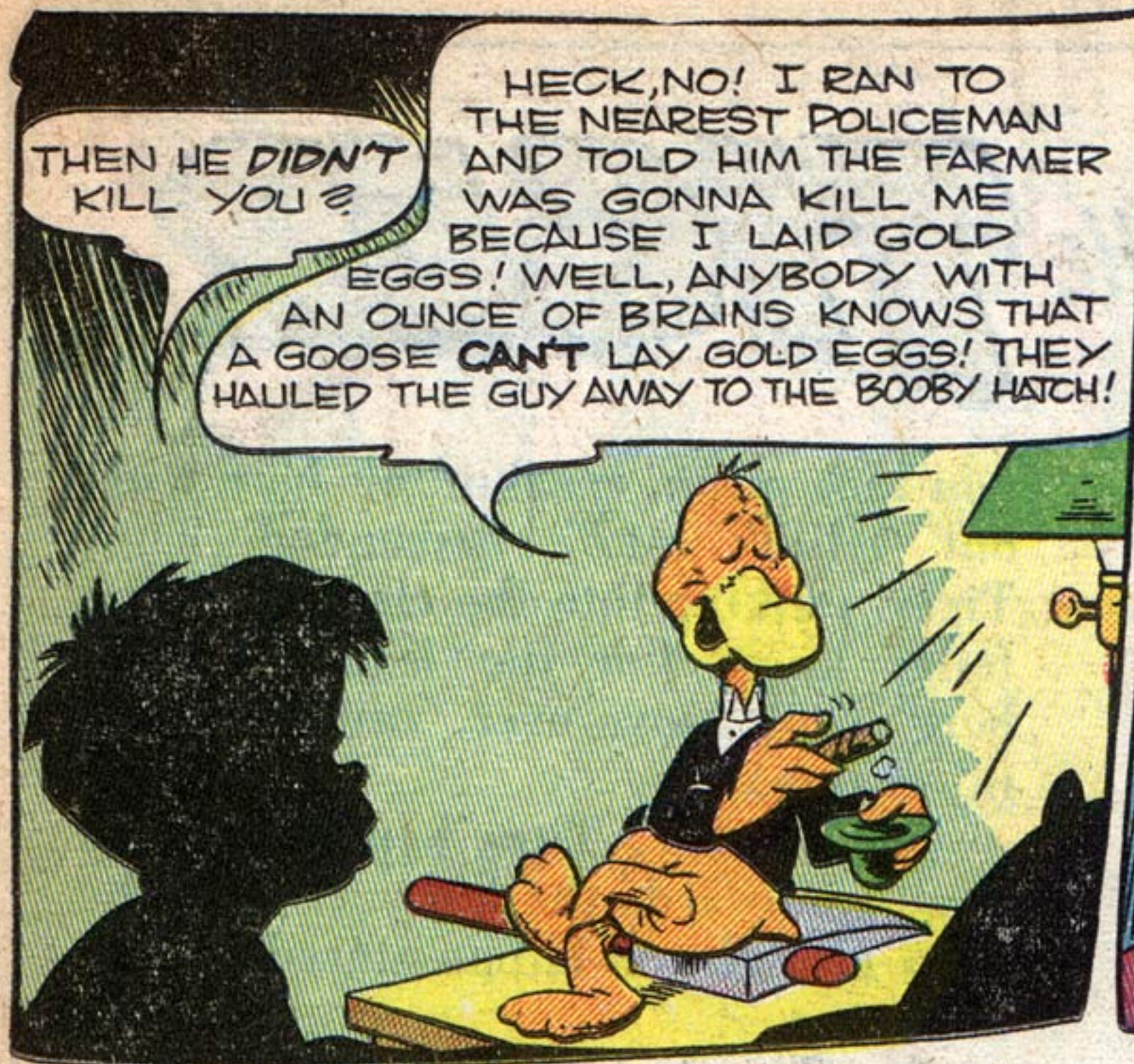
**GOLD! GOLD!!!** MY DEAR, DARLING GOOSE! I'M RICH! **GOLD! GOLD!!**



"THEN ONE DAY, THE FARMER APPROACHED ME WITH THE BIGGEST AXE I EVER SAW! I COULD SEE AT A GLANCE HE WAS OVERDRAWN IN THE BRAIN DEPARTMENT!"









# *Taming* THE **TIGER**

**TITUS** the Tiger was stubborn and stuck-up! He was also very fierce and strong, so that the rest of the kids in the jungle were afraid of him. Whenever Bumpy Elephant had something especially delicious to eat, Titus would come bounding along.

"Gimme that!" he would snarl, baring his sharp fangs.

"Okay!" Bumpy knew there was no use in refusing. If he tried, Titus would spring at him, scratching and biting . . . and it would be all up with Bumpy!

That's the way it was all the time. Titus would snatch toys and playthings that didn't belong to him. He would spoil games, insisting on being the leader.

"You kids had *better* obey me!" was his constant threat.

Needless to say, Titus was not very popular. The kids always sneaked away to hidden spots to play their games and have their picnics. One afternoon, they were all down in the clearing playing their favorite game . . . big game hunting!

"Let's dig a deep pit," Bumpy said, "an' cover it all over with leaves an' branches. That's how the hunters make a trap!"

"That's a swell idea," Harry Hippo agreed.

Lenny Lion grabbed a flat stick and started to dig. The others enthusiastically joined in, digging away until they had made a deep, deep hole in the ground. Then they gathered branches and leaves and laced them across the top of the pit.

"Golly!" exclaimed Harry Hippo. "It looks like real solid ground again. Now, how about . . ."

"How about *nuthin'*! Whaddaya

you kids mean, sneakin' off here without tellin' *me*?" demanded Titus Tiger, stalking into the clearing. "You fellas know I'm the leader around here! Now, move over, 'cause I'm takin' charge!"

As he spoke, Titus kept advancing steadily towards the kids . . . and the deep pit! Harry Hippo stared at him in horror.

"No, Titus!" he yelled. "Don't come any closer!"

"Stay away!" Lenny Lion warned the tiger.

"Are you guys tryin' ta tell *me* ta beat it?" Titus demanded. "Are you guys givin' *me* orders? Well, let me tell you . . ."

Whatever it was that Titus had to say was drowned out by a loud *crash*! For the stubborn, stuck-up tiger had fallen into the pit. "Help!" he cried. "Get me outta here! Ouch, these thorns *hurt*! C'mon, you guys, get me out!"

Harry Hippo, Lenny Lion and Bumpy Elephant exchanged understanding looks. Then they looked over the edge of the pit.

"If we pull you out, will you promise *never* to take anyone else's candies or cookies?" asked Harry.

"Or toys?" added Lenny.

"Or break up our games?" added Bumpy.

"*Anything*! I'll *never* be mean again! I'll be a *good* guy!" Titus Tiger yelled. "Only pull me out of here!"

When he was hauled out of the pit, Titus looked at his companions shamefacedly. "Hey, fellas," he said, "kin I join the game?"

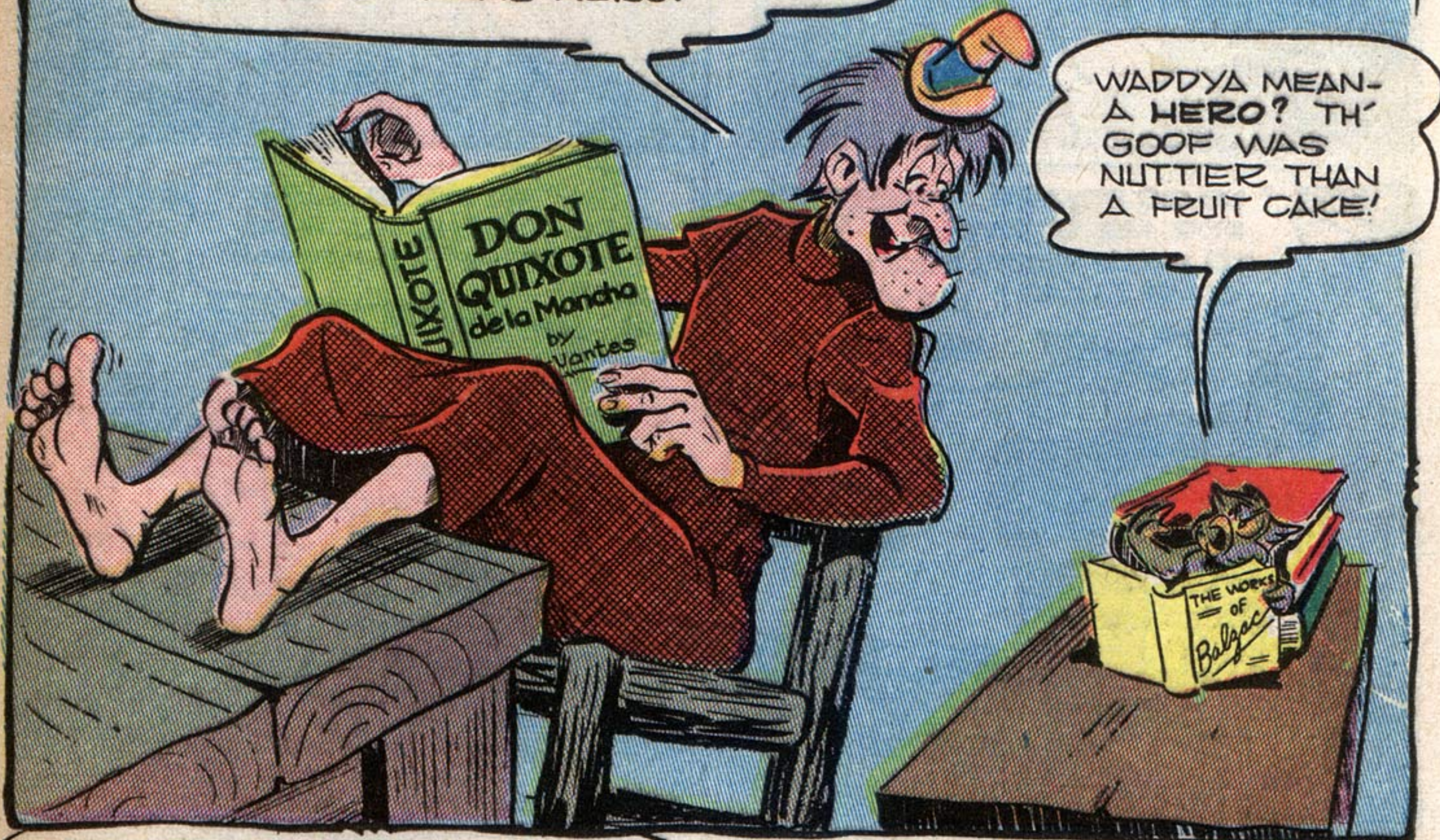
Harry, Lenny and Bumpy chorused the answer gleefully. "Sure, Titus!"



# WITCH HAZEL

YA KNOW, OWLIE, I SURE FEEL SORRY FOR THIS BRAVE, CHIVALROUS KNIGHT, DON QUIXOTE! PEOPLE LAUGHED AT HIM, BUT I'LL BET HE WAS A REAL HERO!

WADDYA MEAN- A HERO? TH' GOOF WAS NUTTIER THAN A FRUIT CAKE!

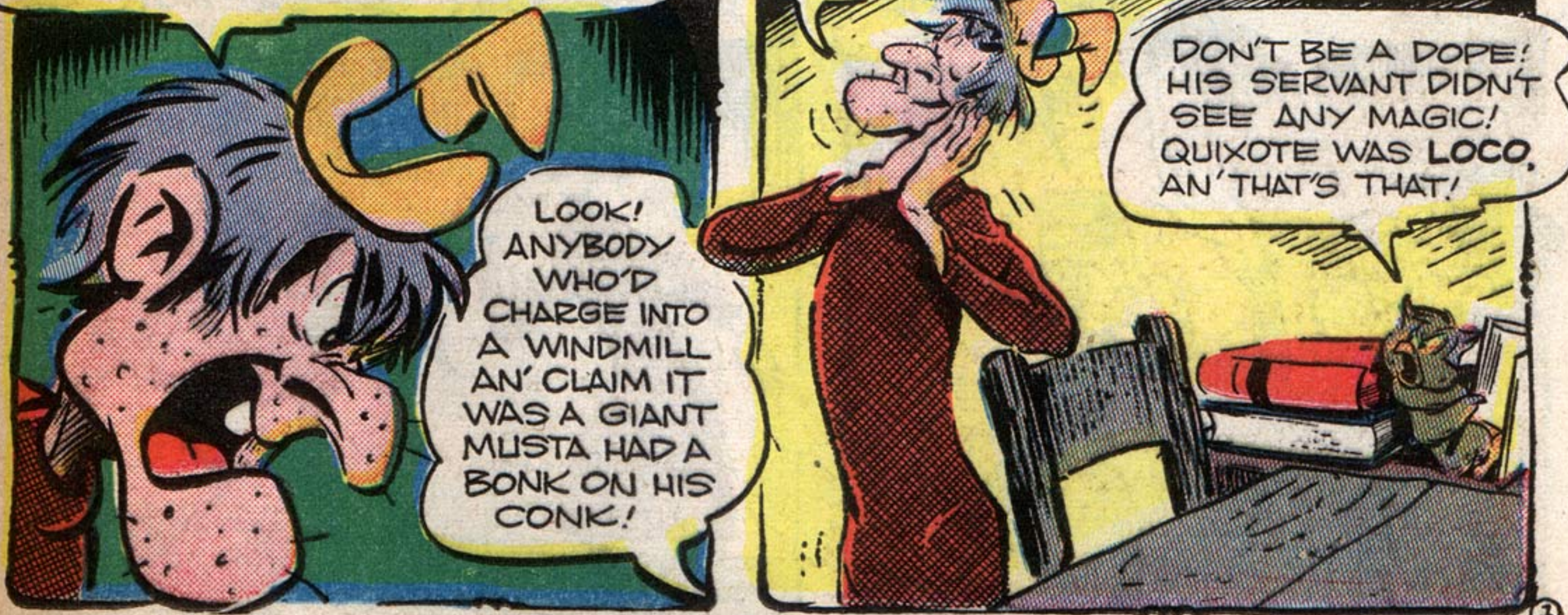


HE WASN'T! I'LL BETCHA HE WASN'T! IT'S-- IT'S JUS' THAT TH' FELLA WHO WROTE ABOUT HIM WAS JEALOUS OF HIS BRAVERY!

IT MUSTA BEEN A GIANT THAT CHANGED HISSELF INTO A WINDMILL! QUIXOTE SAID SO, AN' I KNOW ABOUT MAGIC!

DON'T BE A DOPE! HIS SERVANT DIDN'T SEE ANY MAGIC! QUIXOTE WAS LOCO, AN' THAT'S THAT!

LOOK! ANYBODY WHO'D CHARGE INTO A WINDMILL AN' CLAIM IT WAS A GIANT MUSTA HAD A BONK ON HIS CONK!

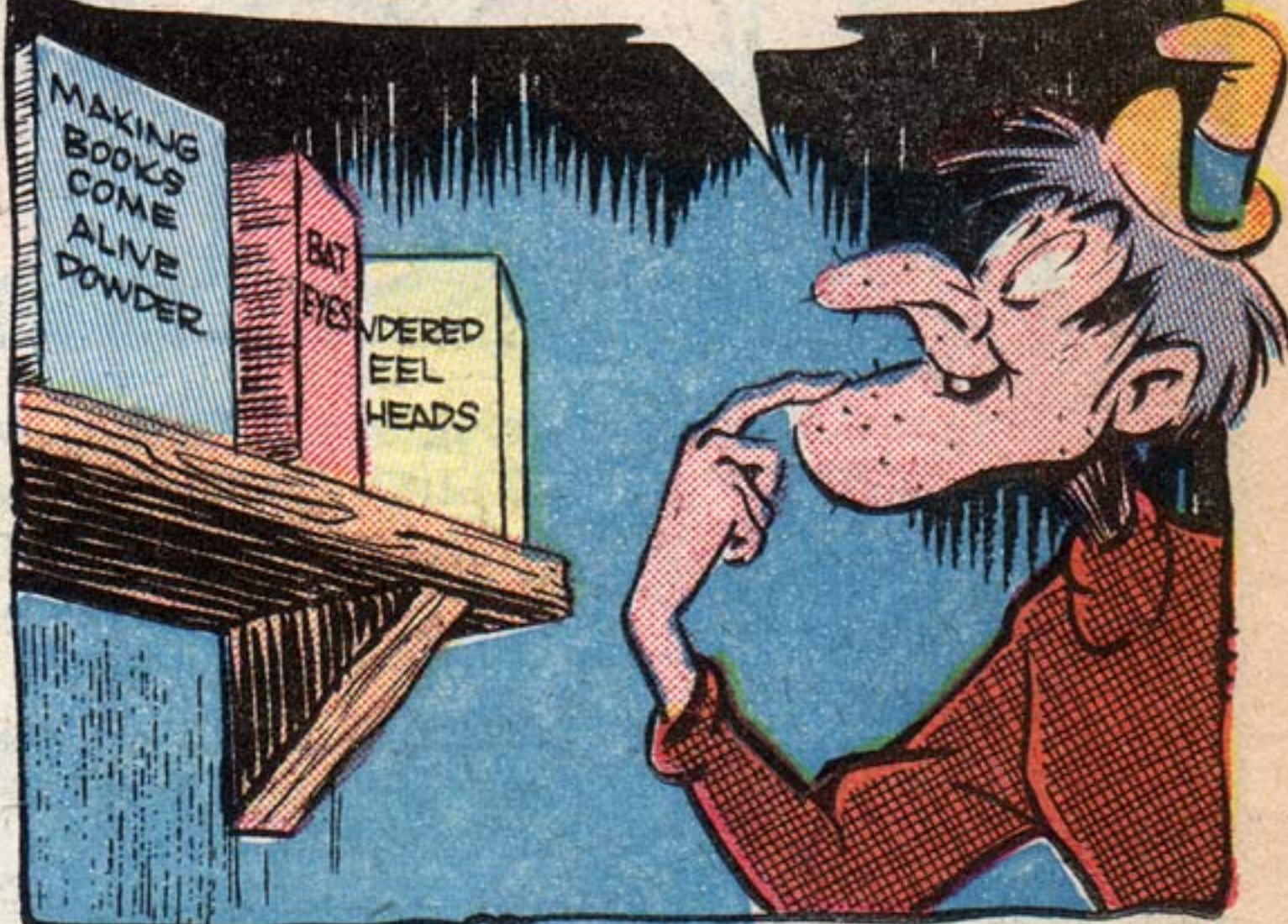




HMPH! OWLIE THINKS HE KNOWS IT ALL! I'LL BET IF DON QUIXOTE WERE HERE, HE COULD PROVE HE WAS A BRAVE, LEVEL-HEADED KNIGHT!

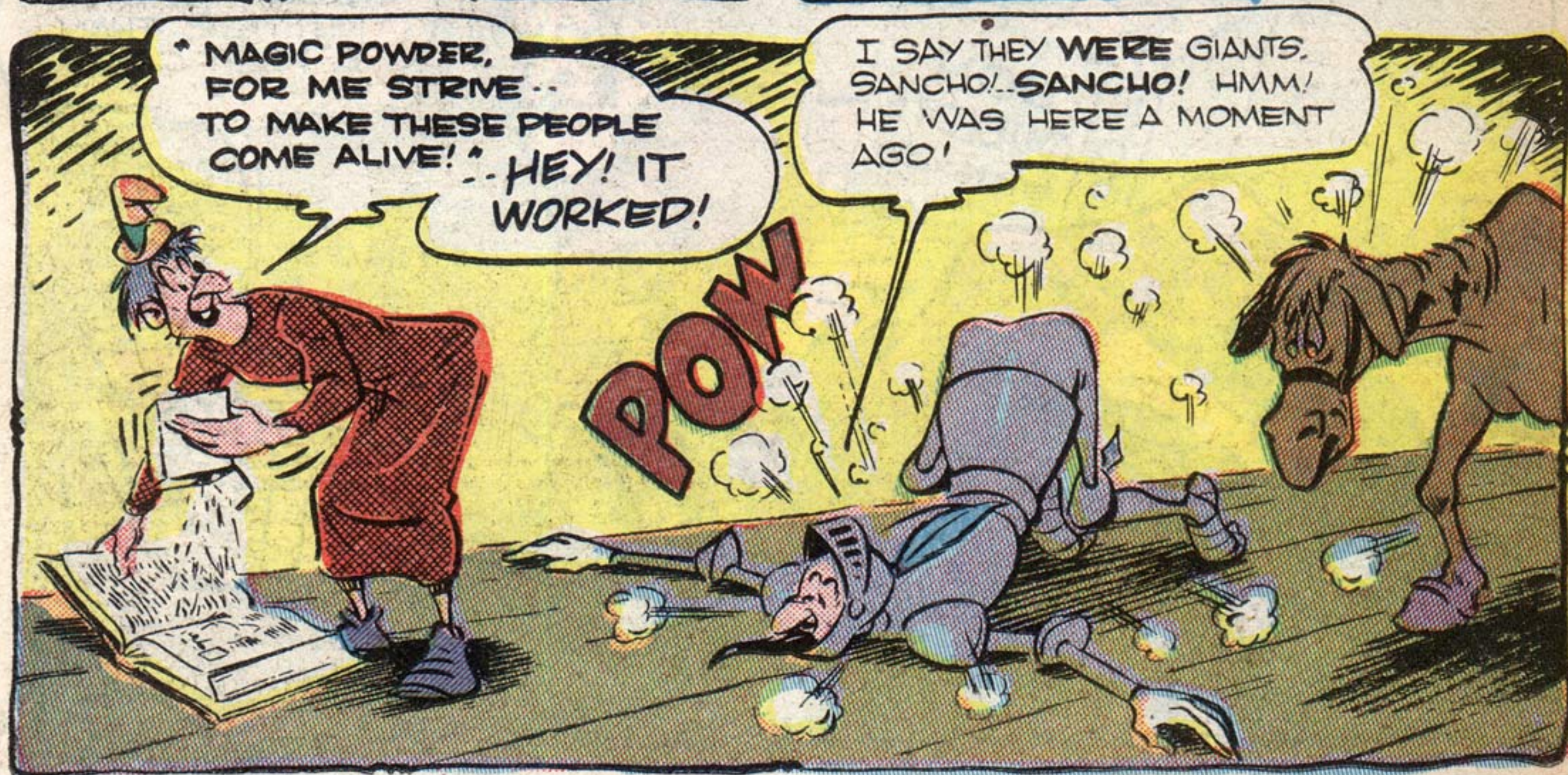


IF HE WERE HERE! HMMM! I'M SURE I HAVE A LITTLE POWDER AROUND THAT CAN TAKE CARE OF THAT! YEP! HERE IT IS!



"MAGIC POWDER, FOR ME STRIVE... TO MAKE THESE PEOPLE COME ALIVE!"...HEY! IT WORKED!

I SAY THEY WERE GIANTS, SANCHE!...SANCHE! HMM! HE WAS HERE A MOMENT AGO!

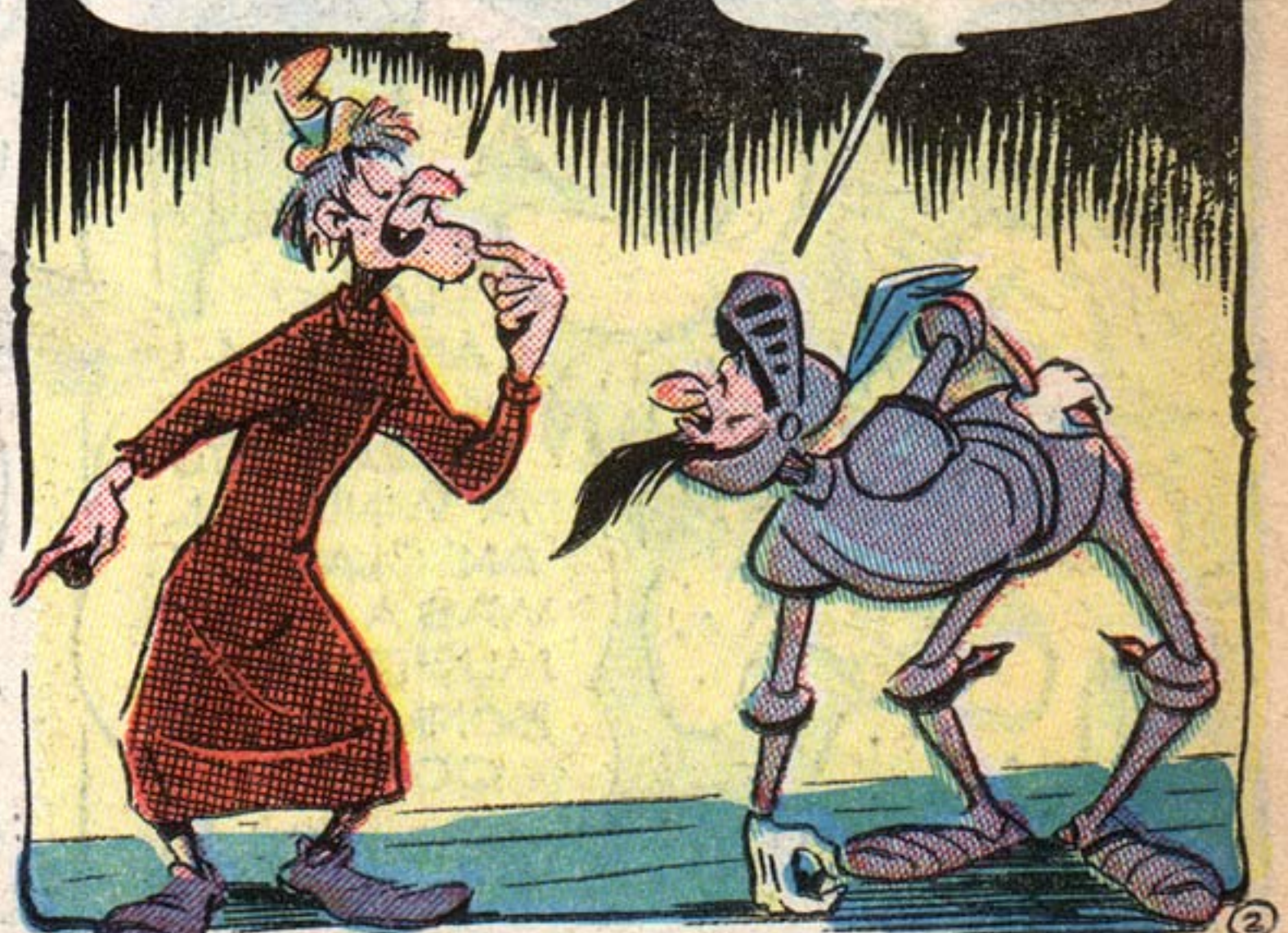
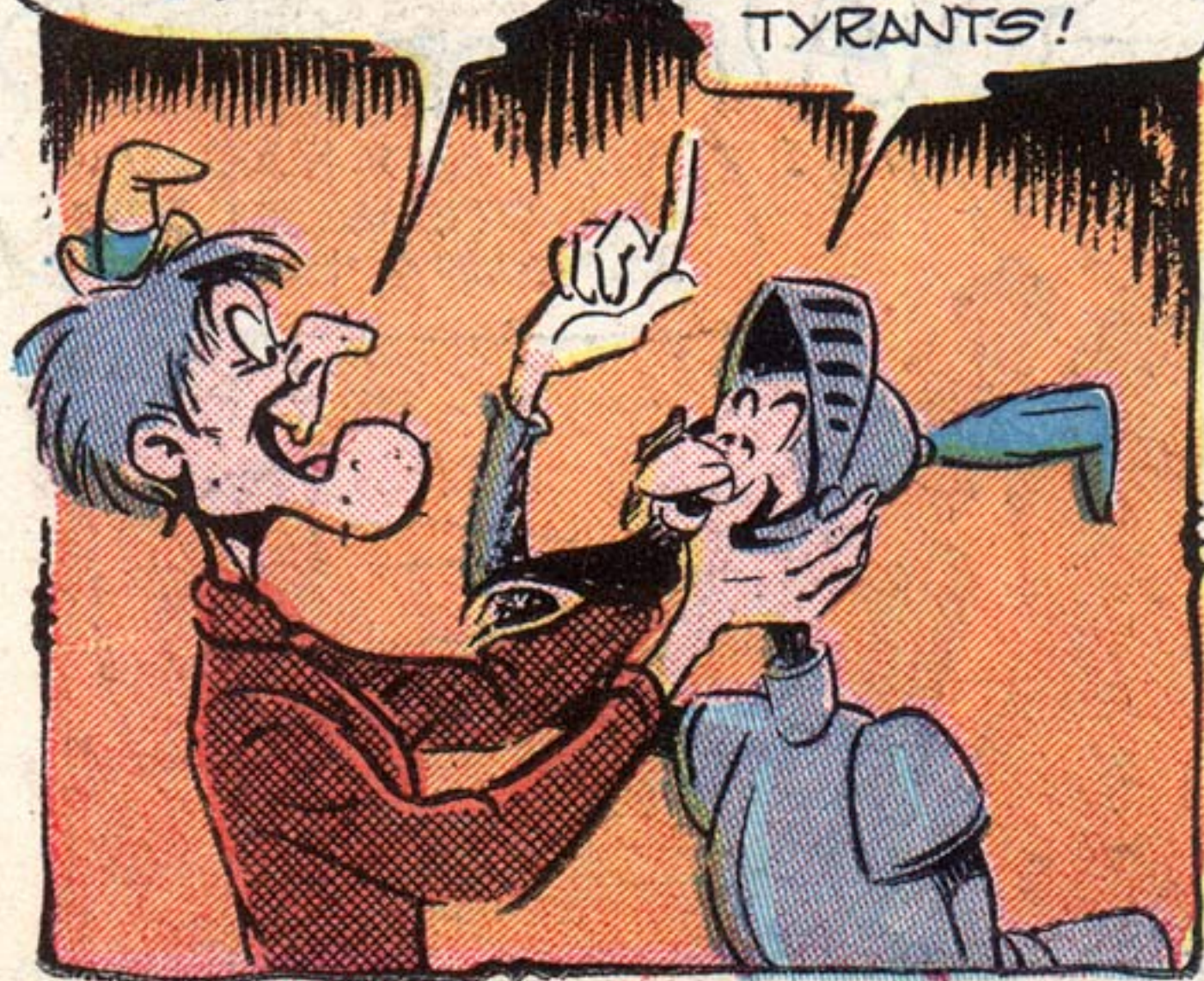


YOU DEAR BOY, YOU! GOOD, BRAVE DON QUIXOTE!

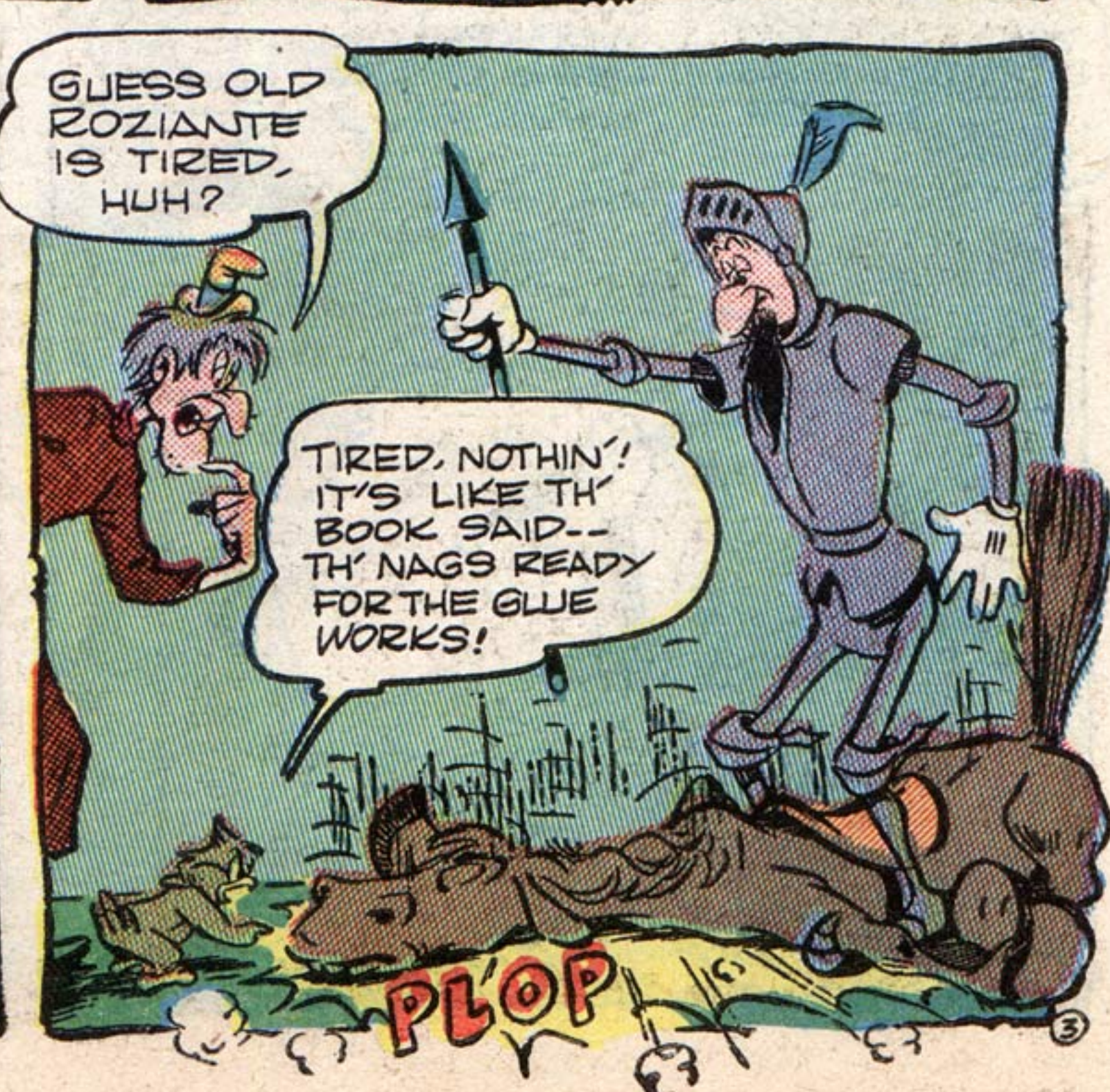
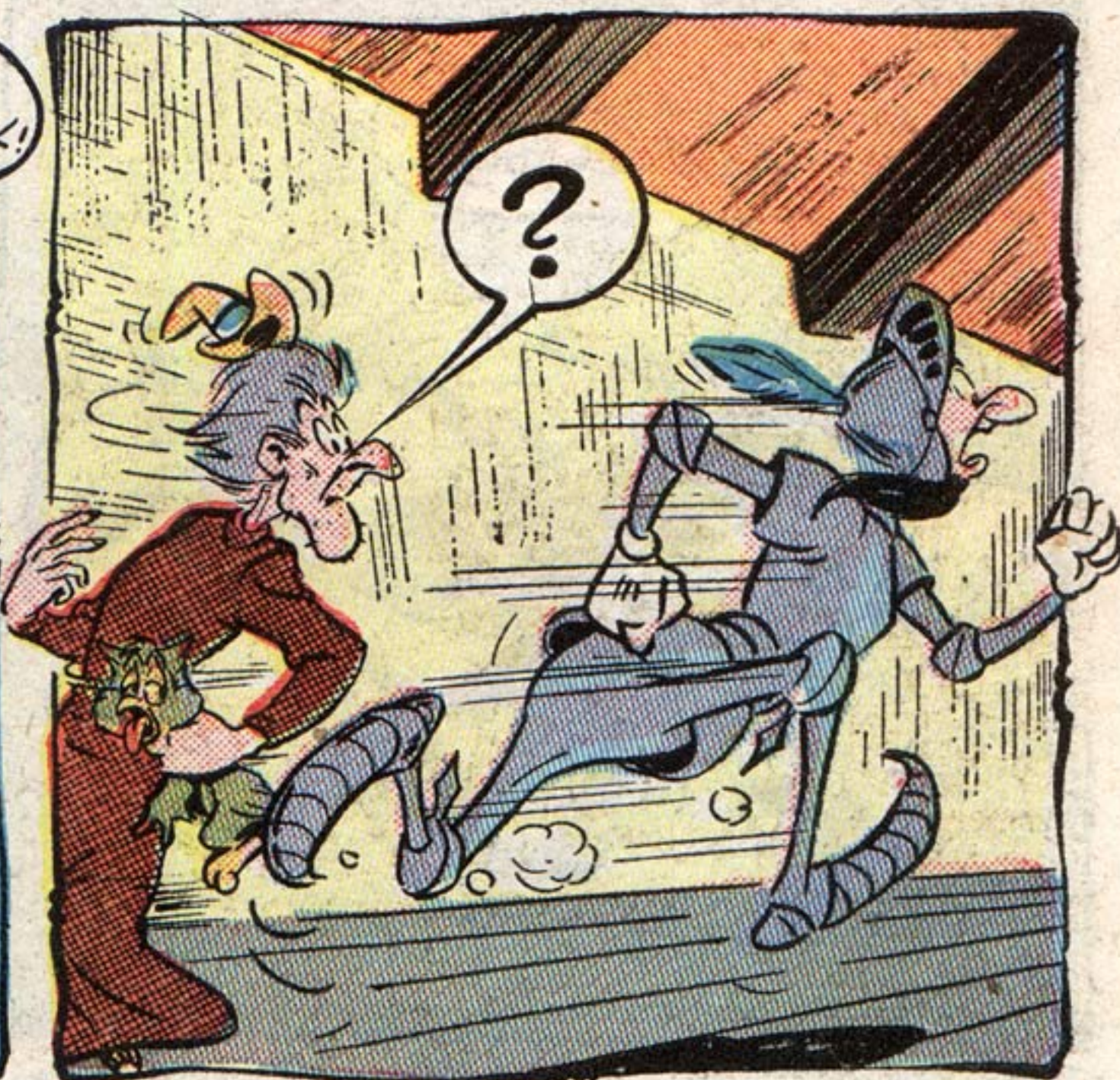
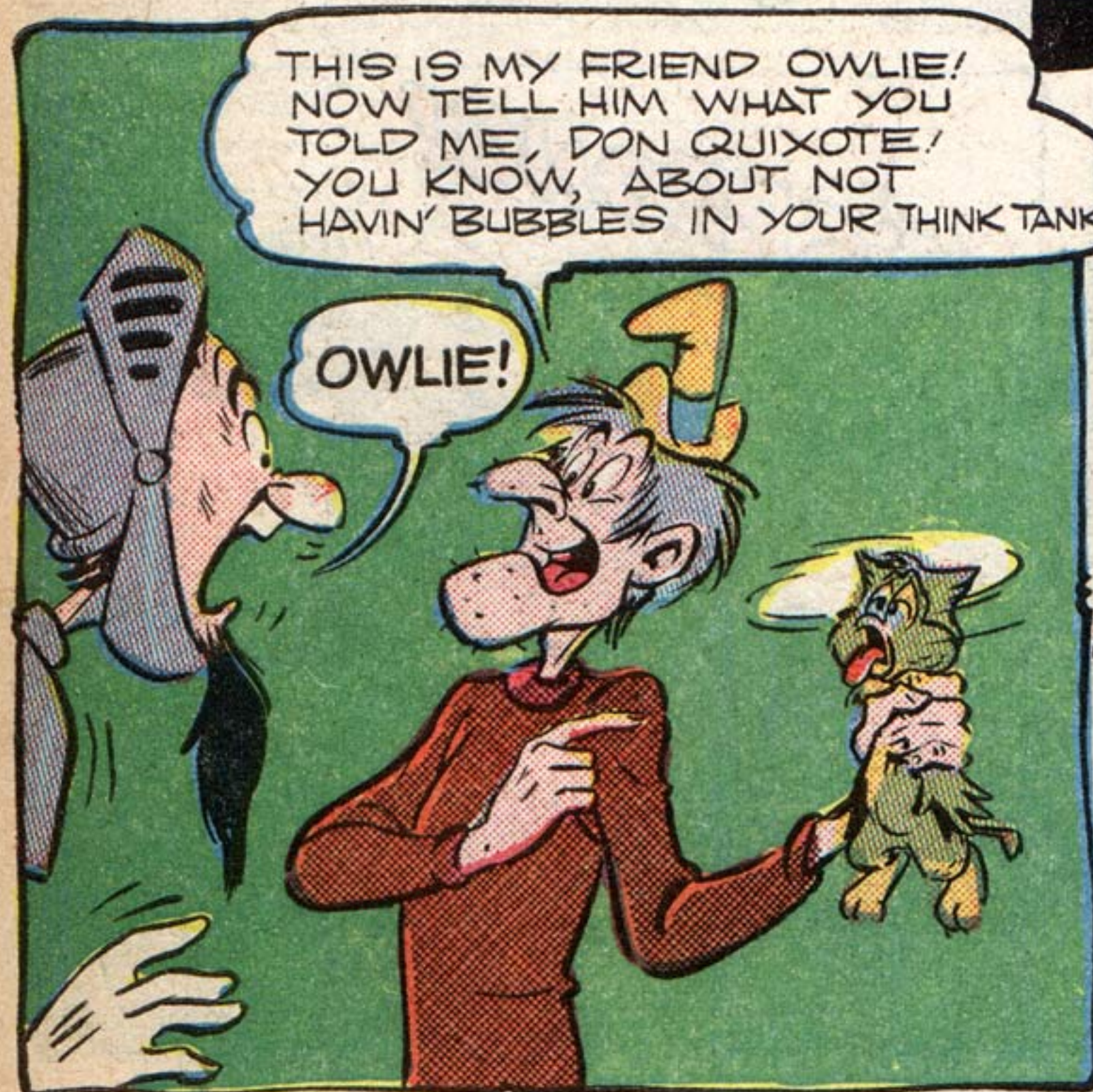
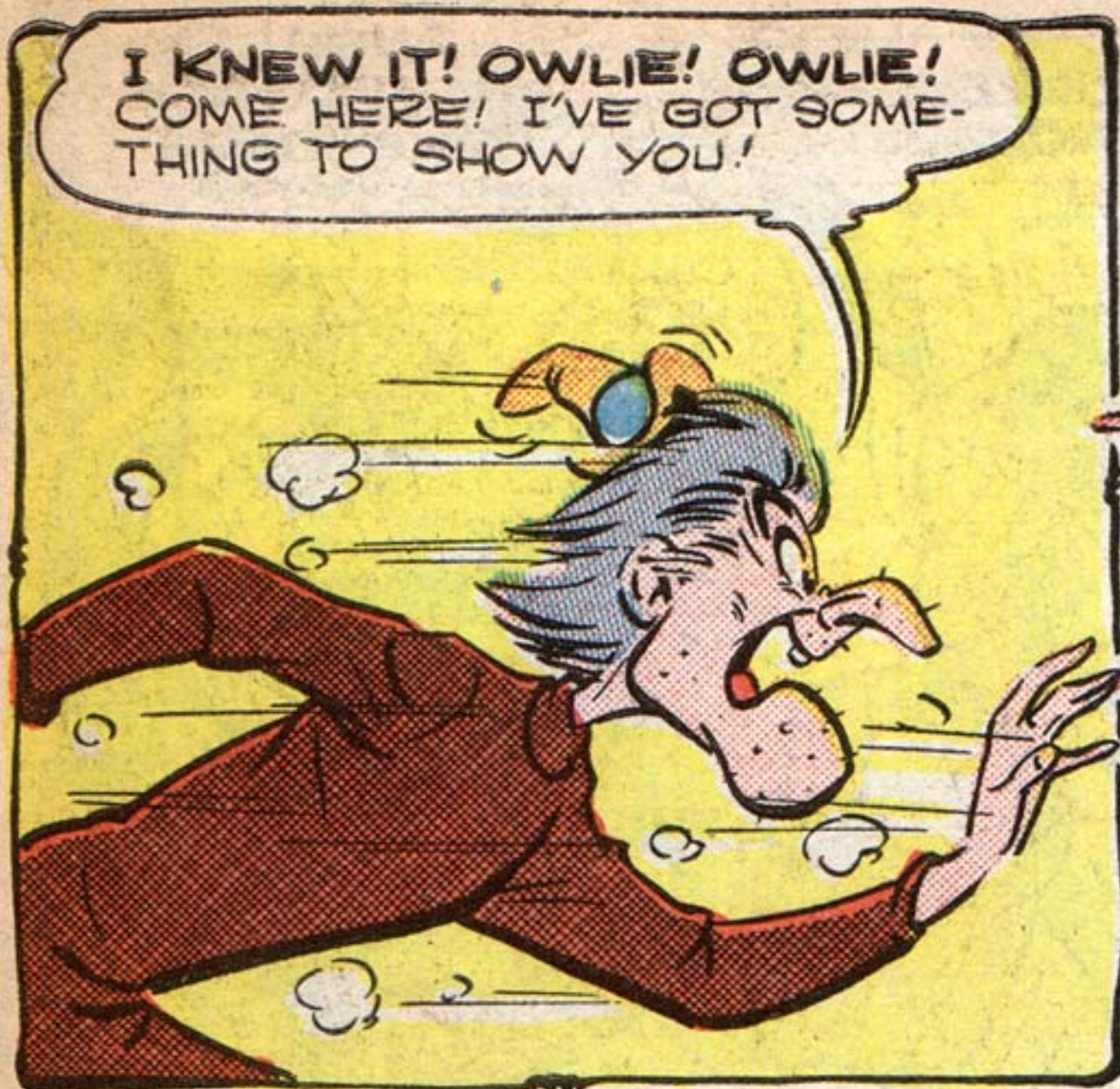
RIGHTO! I'M PLEDGED TO RID THE WORLD OF ALL EVIL TYRANTS!

AN' YOU'RE NOT... ER... ADDLED LIKE THEY SAY IN TH' BOOK, ARE YA?

ADDLED? I SHOULD SAY NOT!



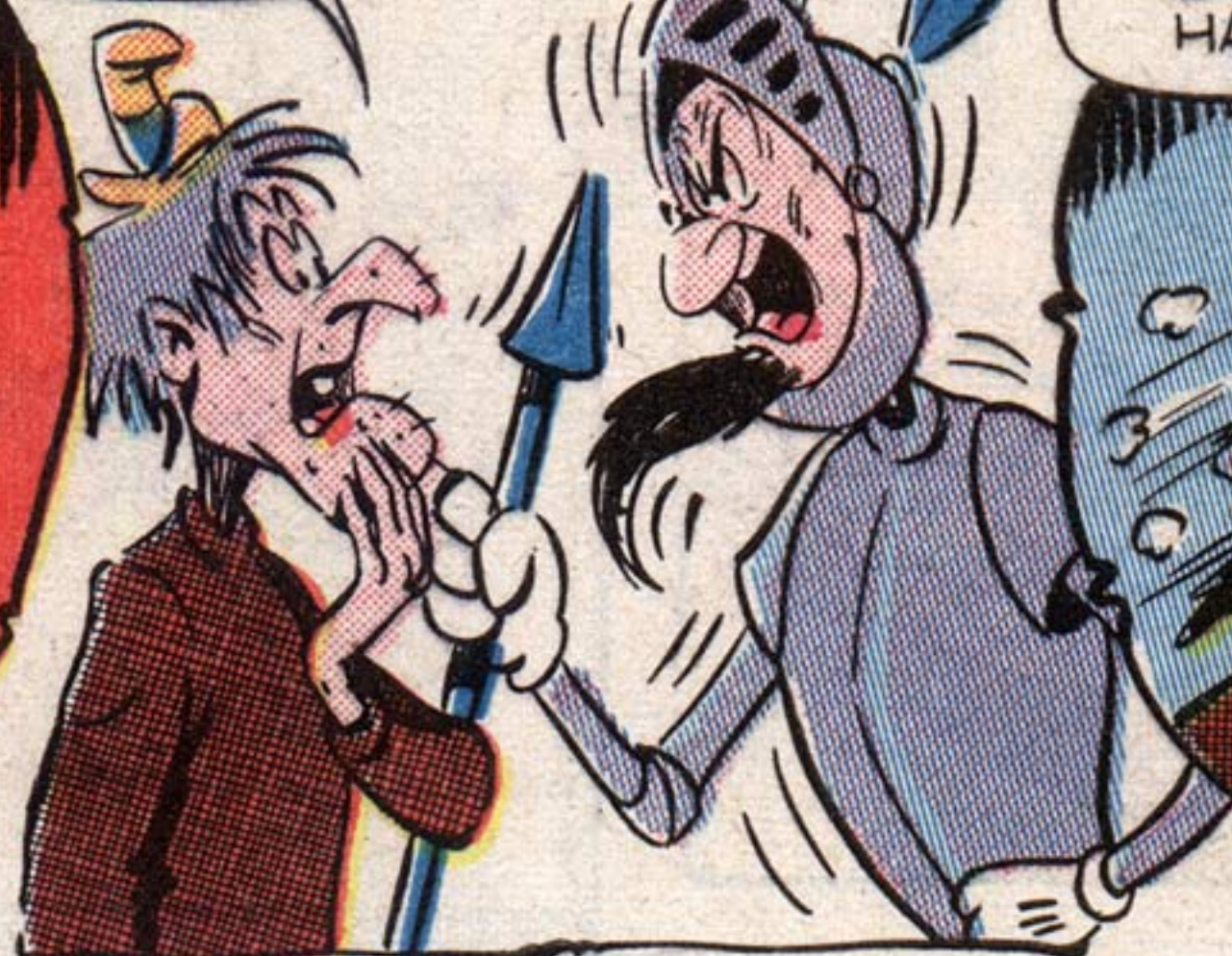








...AND THAT CHARGIN' BUSINESS **PROVES** I WAS RIGHT! ASK HIM **WHO** HE WAS GONNA CHARGE! GO AHEAD! ASK HIM!

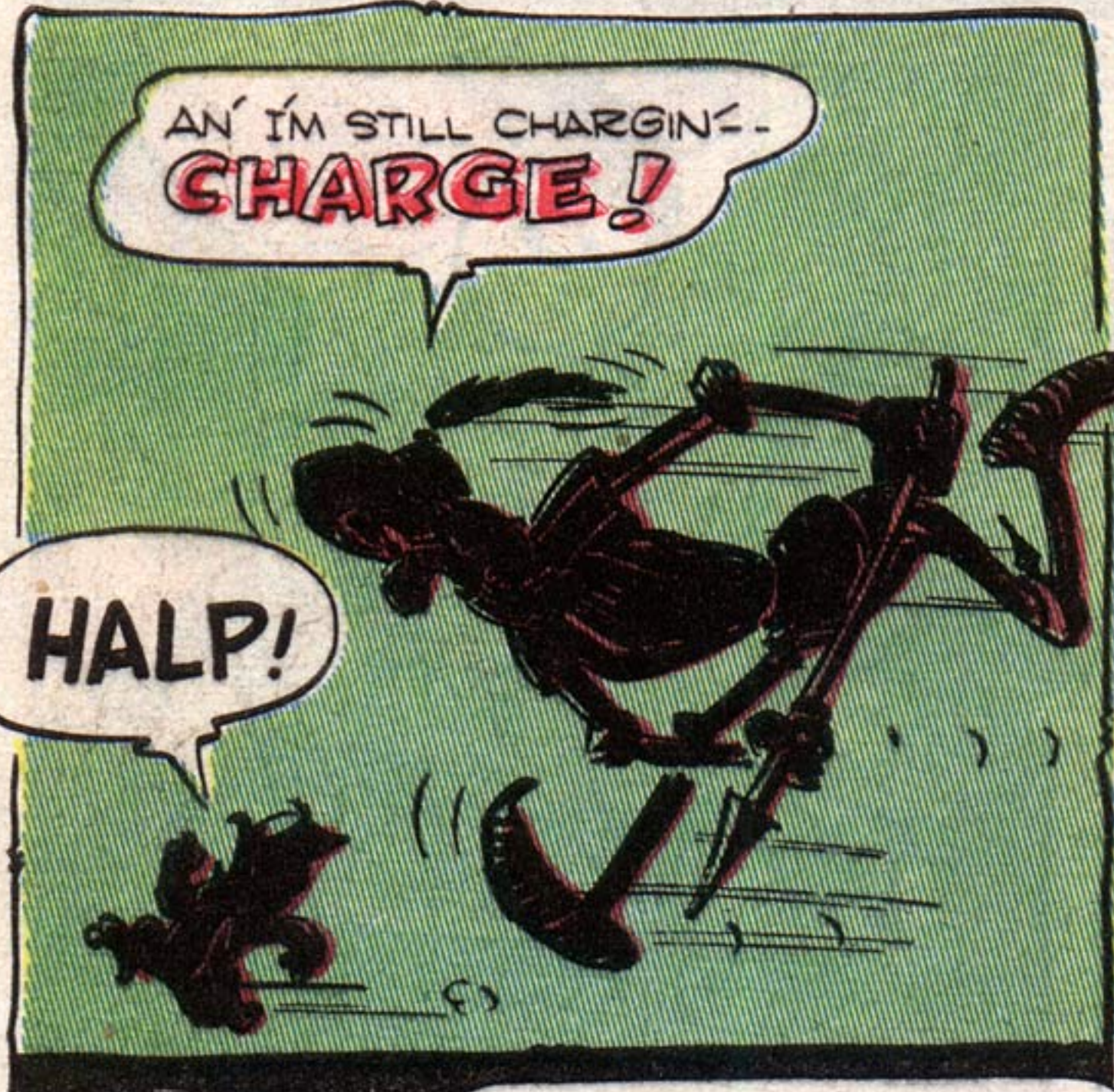


-ER, WHO WERE YA GONNA CHARGE, DON?

DON ROPO CEEGARO, OF COURSE!

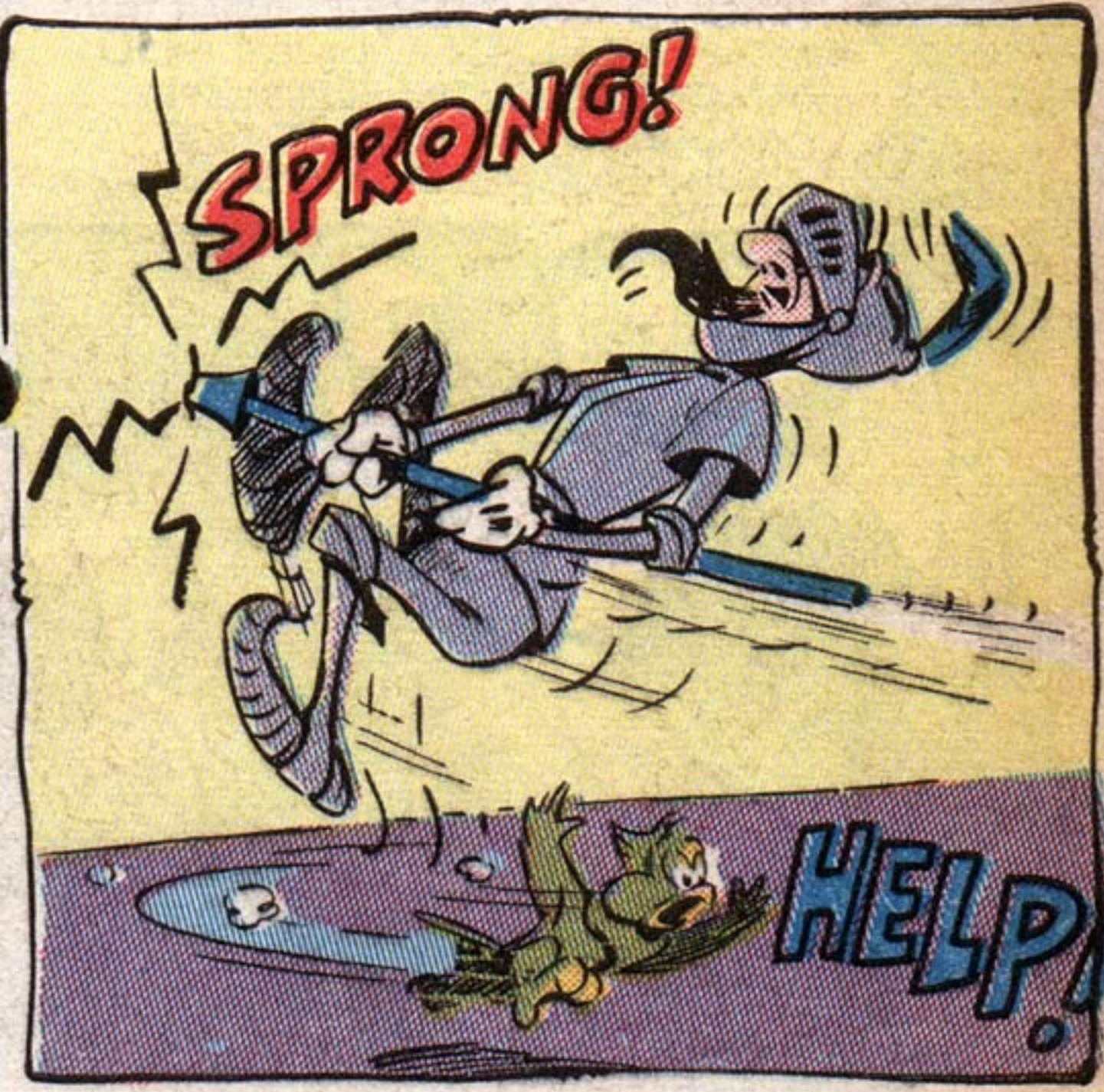
YA SEE, AN IMAGINARY CHARACTER! HE'S LOCO, HAZEL!

CEEGARO IS NOT IMAGINARY! YOU ARE HE, AND YOUR TRANSFORMATION HAS FOOLED ME NOT!



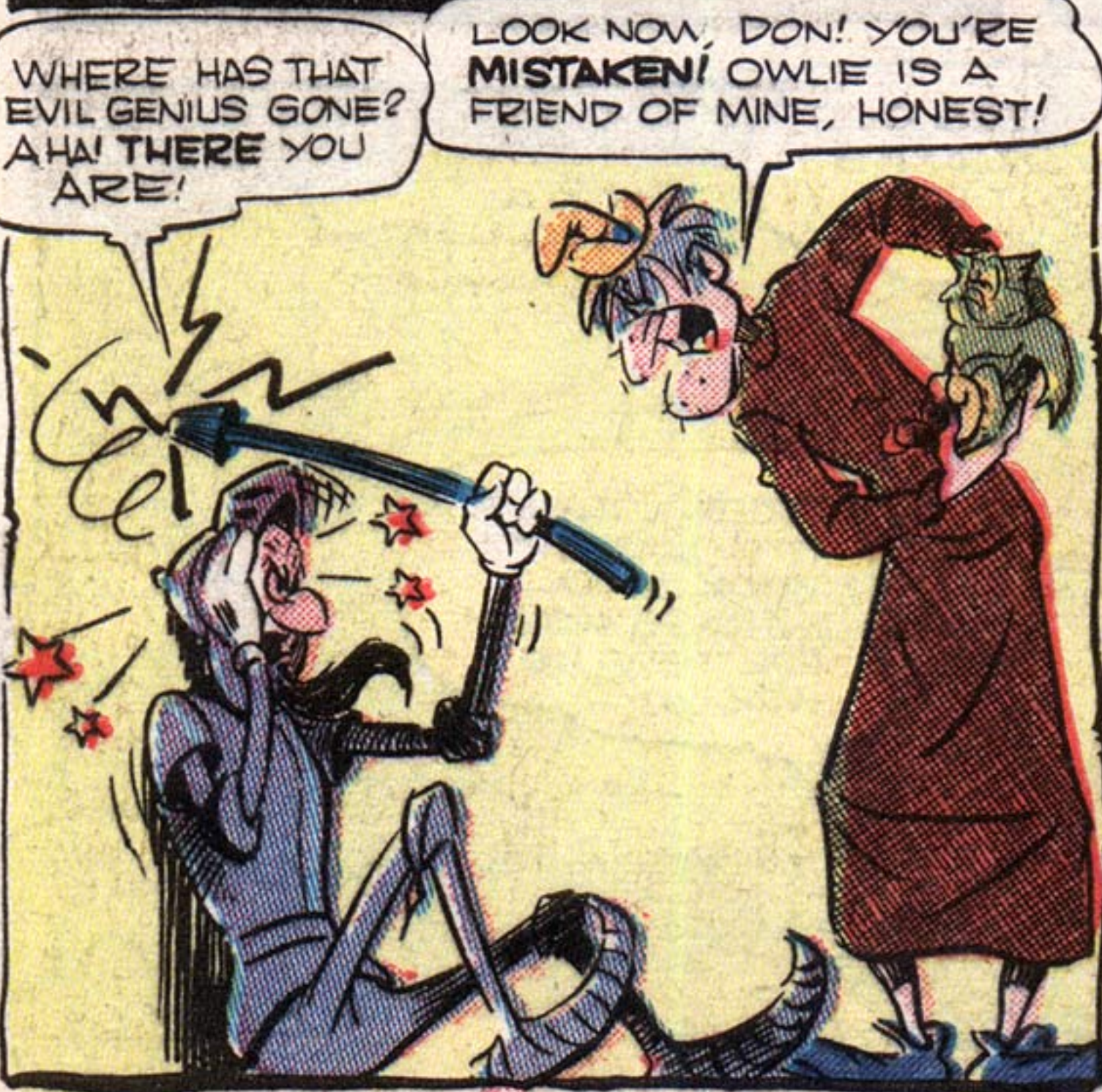
AN' I'M STILL CHARGIN'-  
**CHARGE!**

**HALP!**



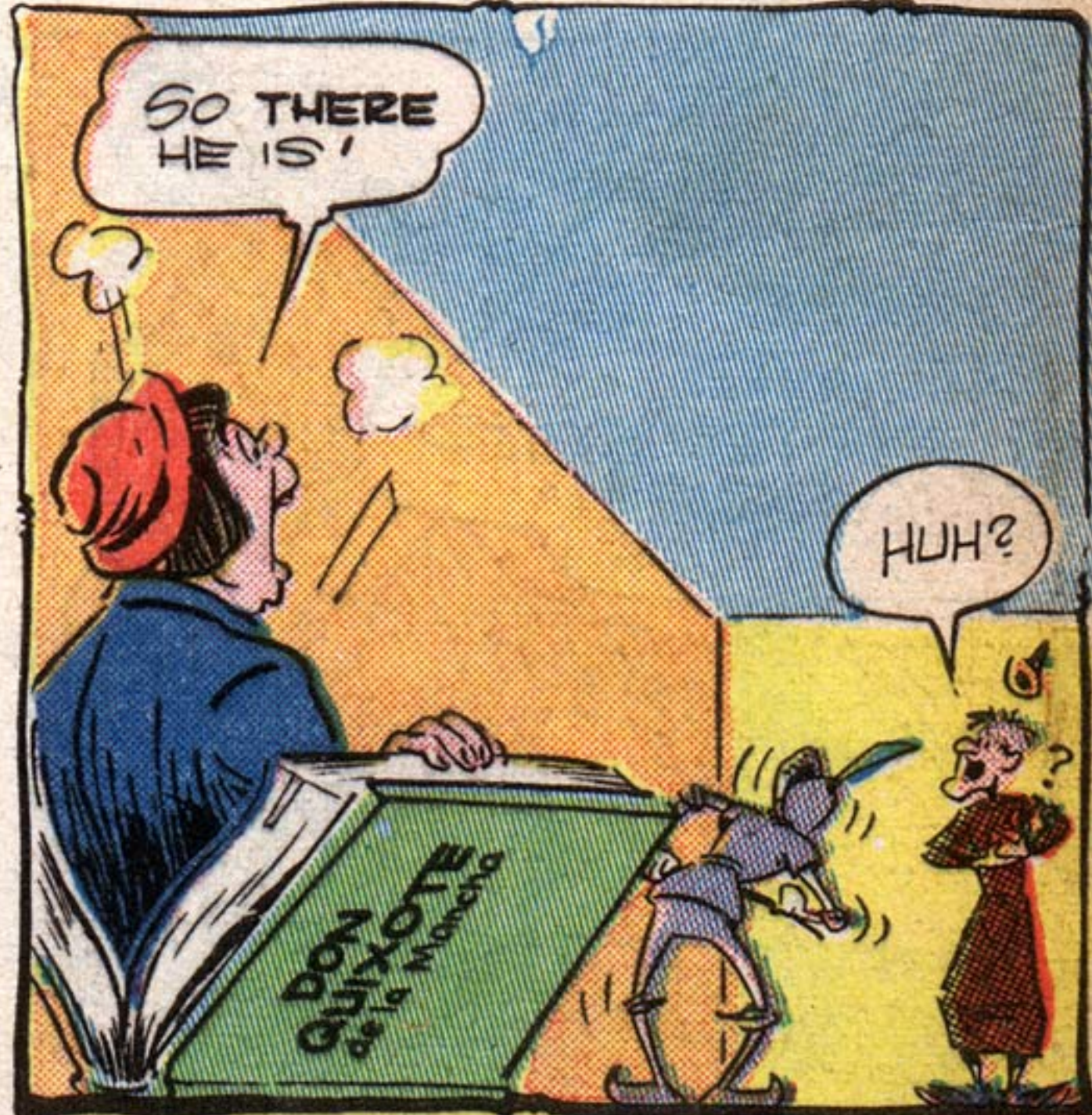
**SPRONG!**

**HELP!**



WHERE HAS THAT EVIL GENIUS GONE? AHA! THERE YOU ARE!

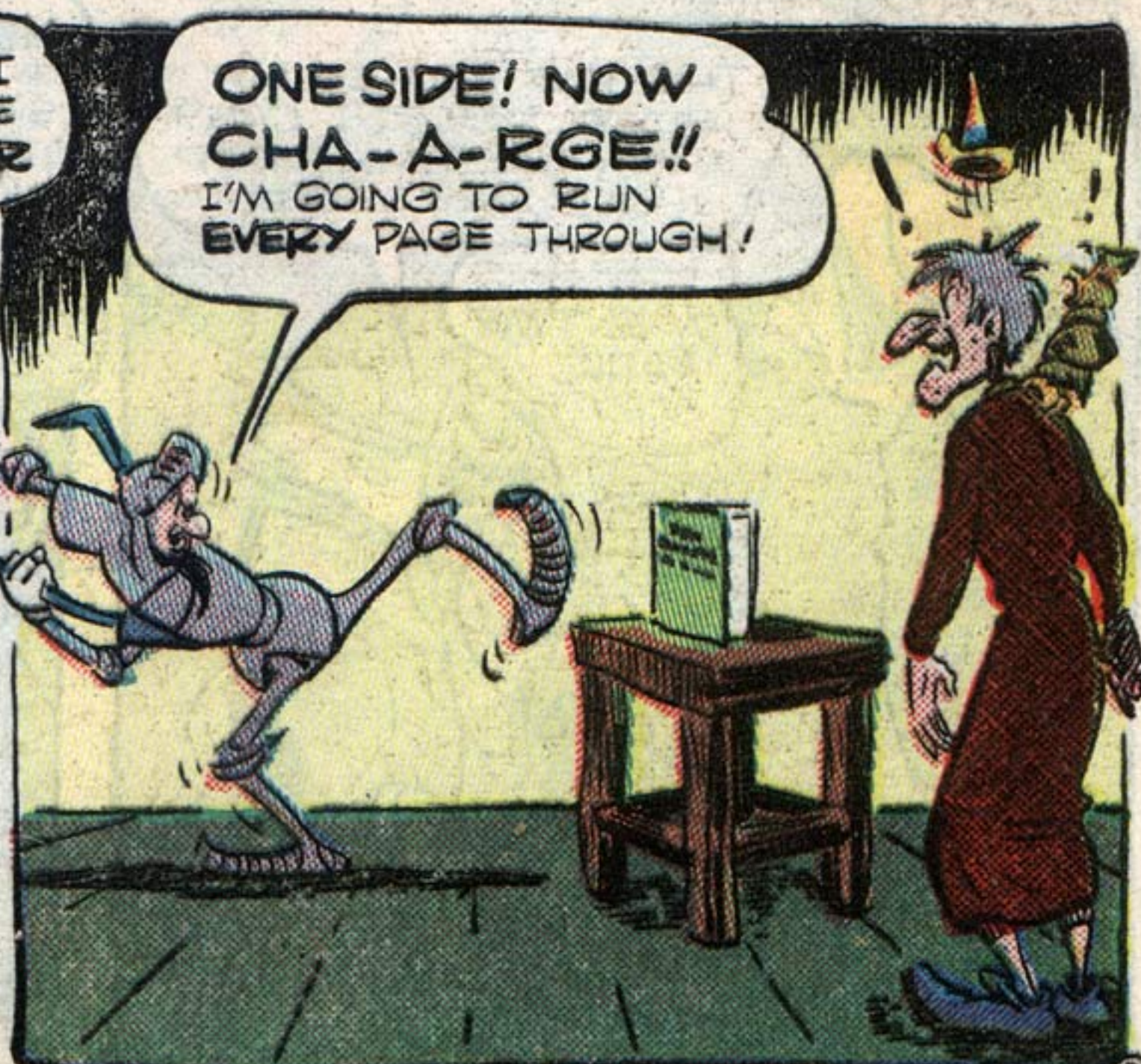
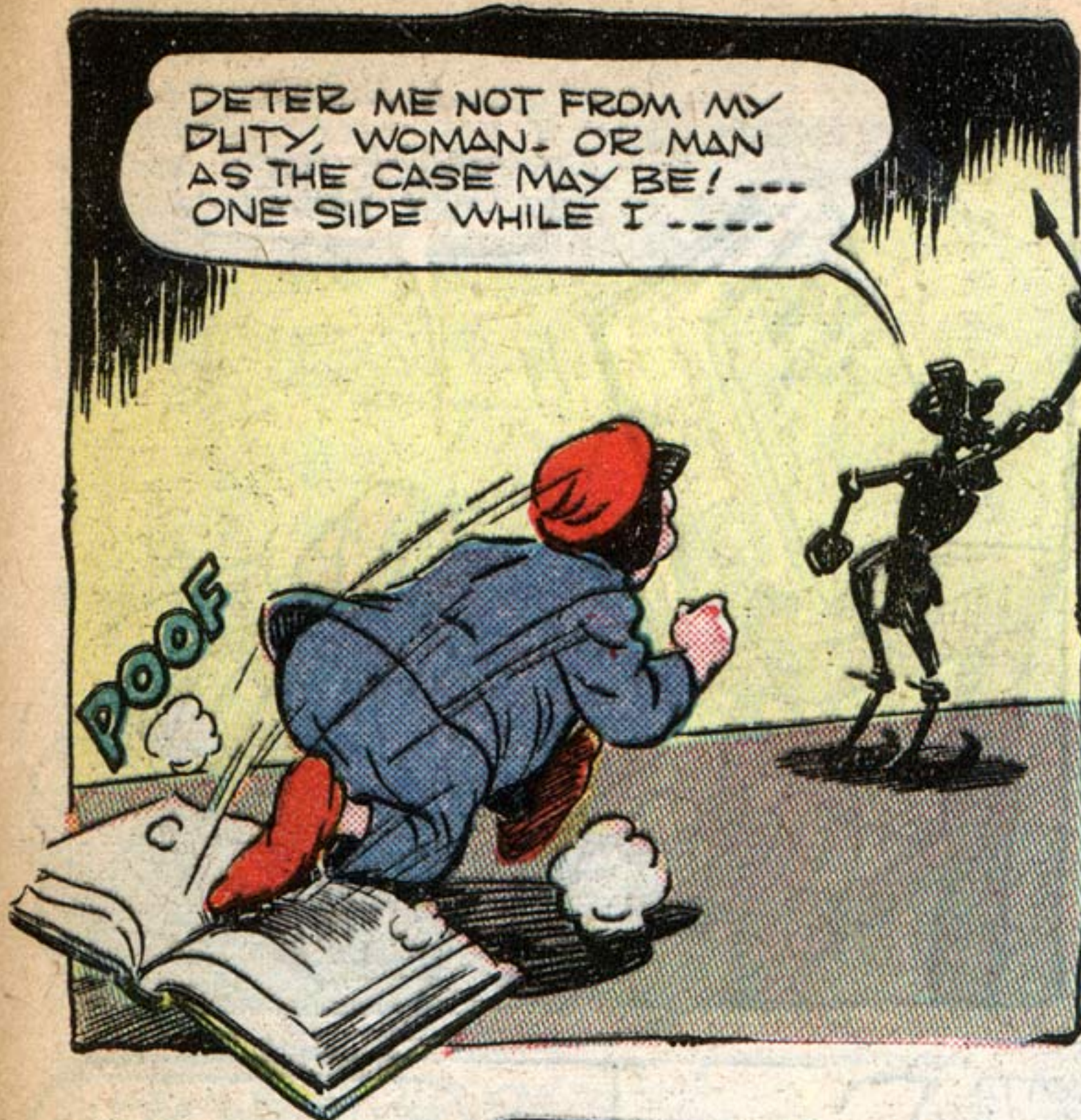
LOOK NOW, DON! YOU'RE **MISTAKEN!** OWLIE IS A FRIEND OF MINE, HONEST!



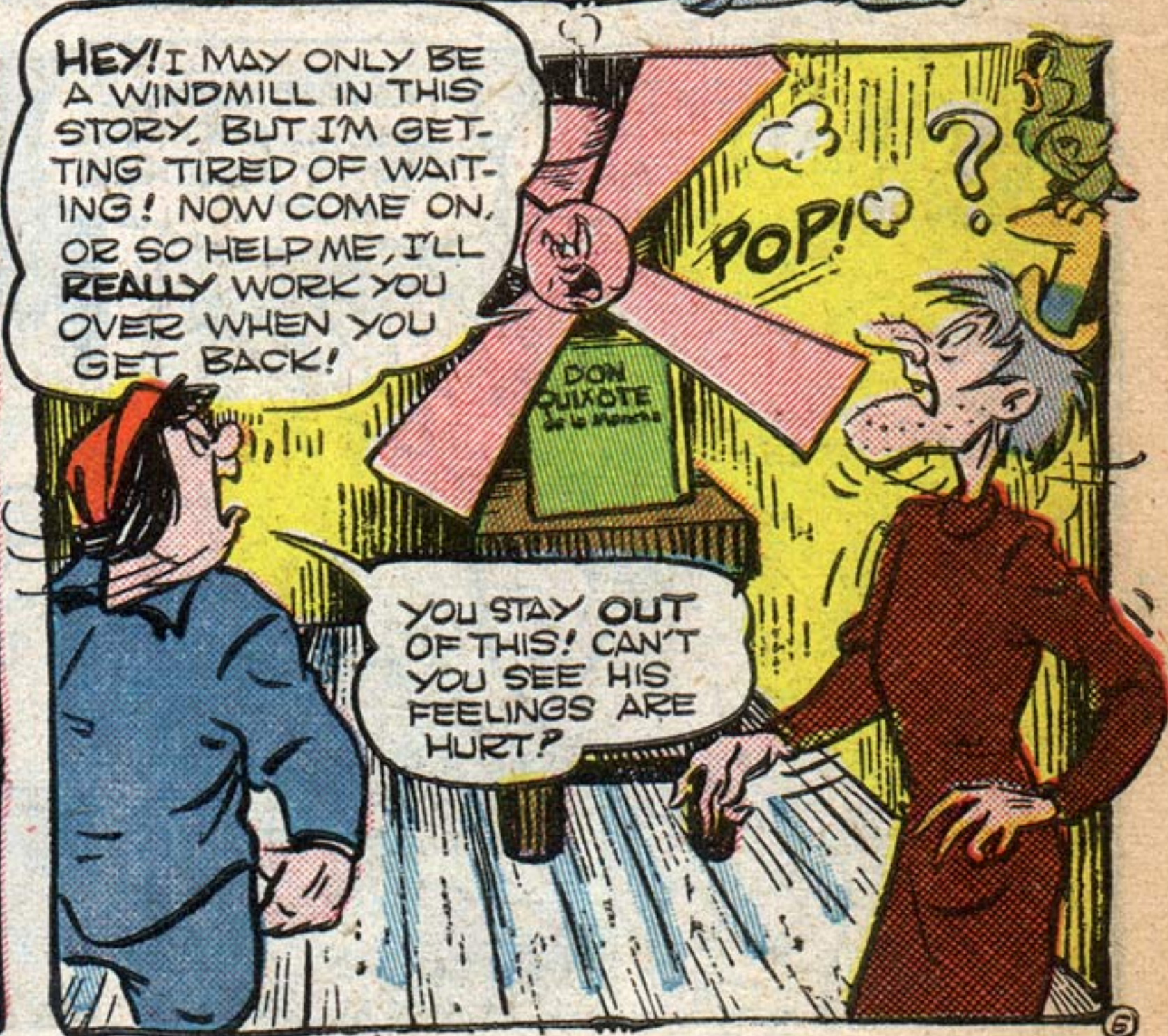
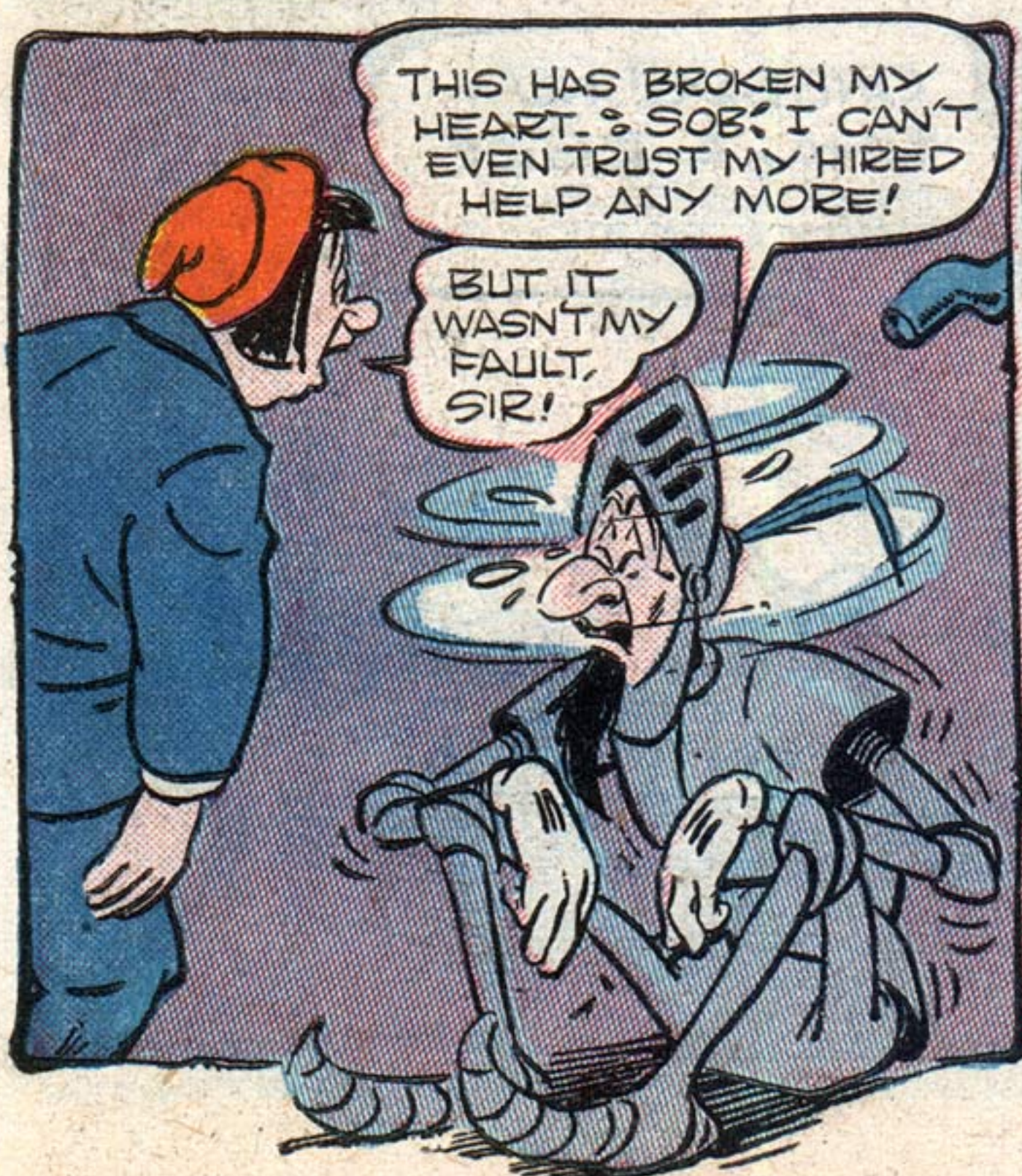
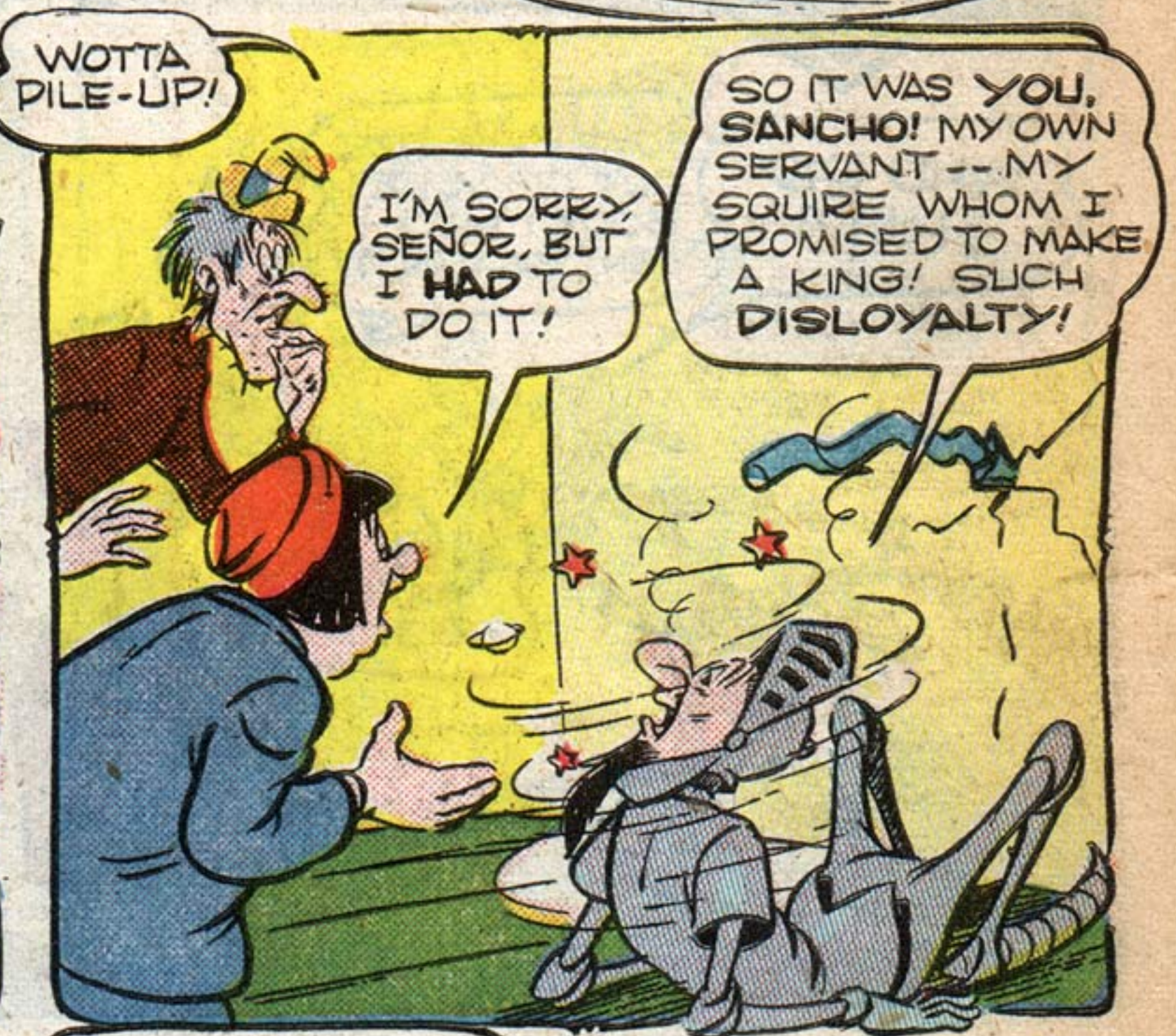
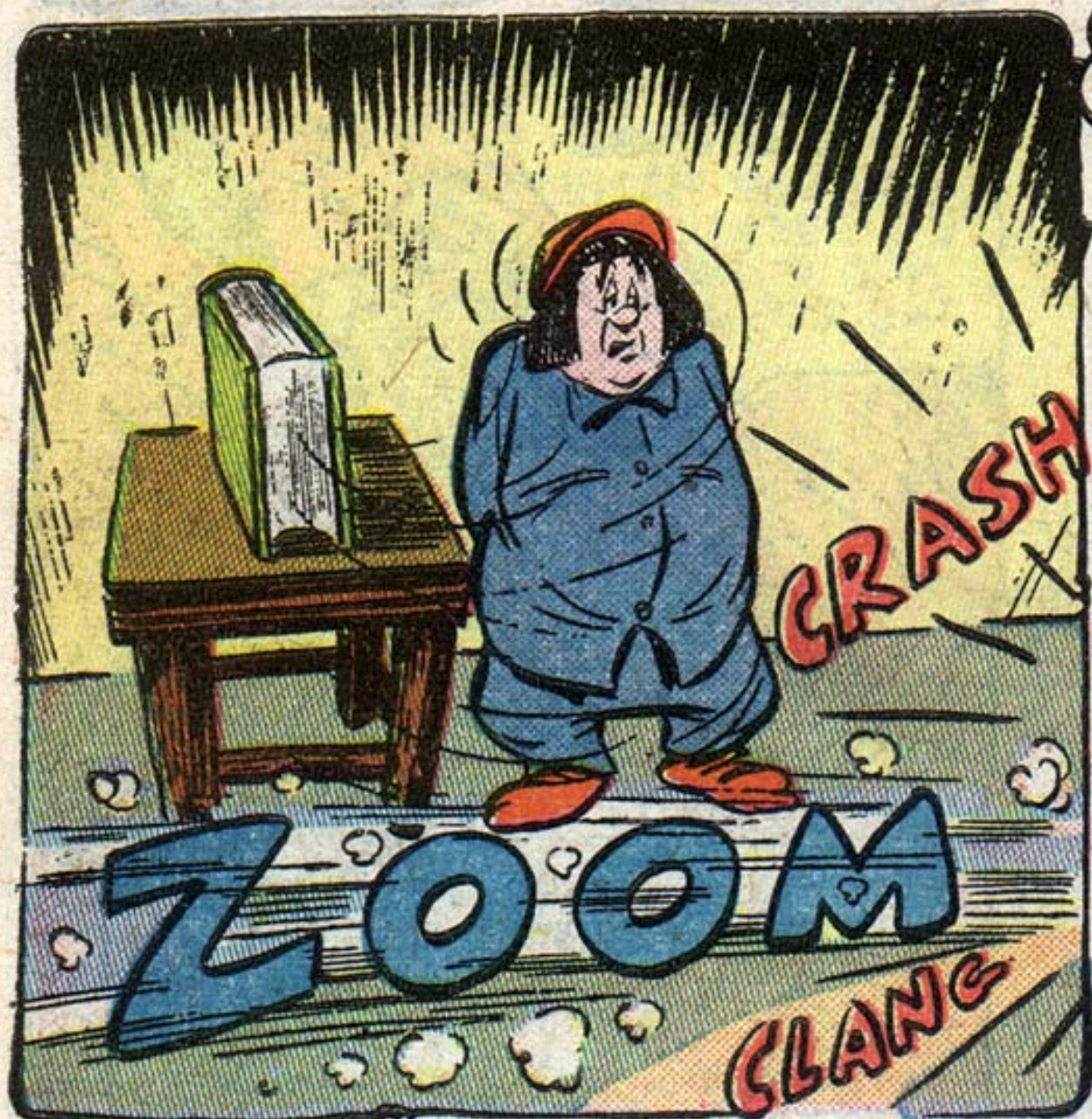
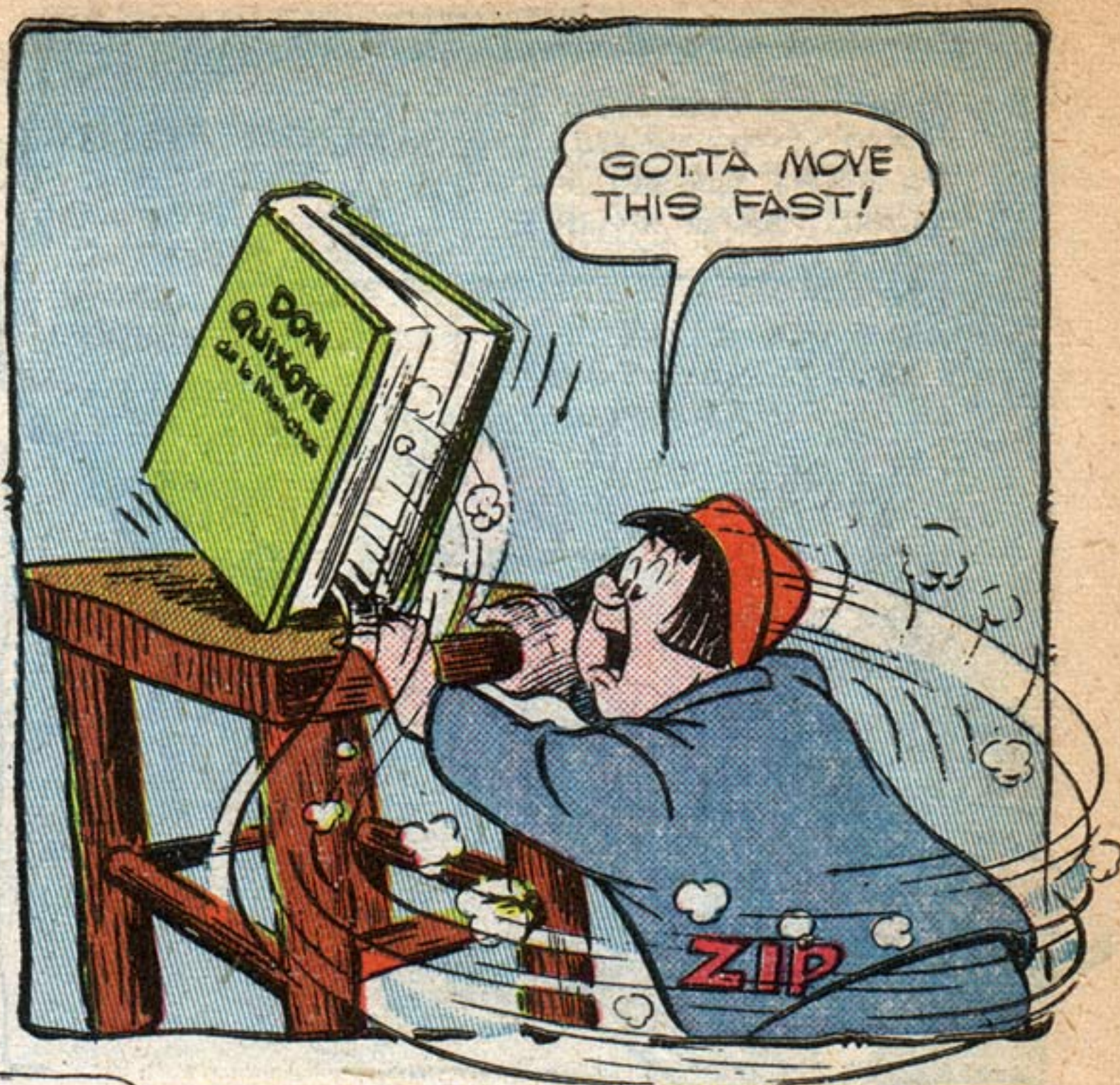
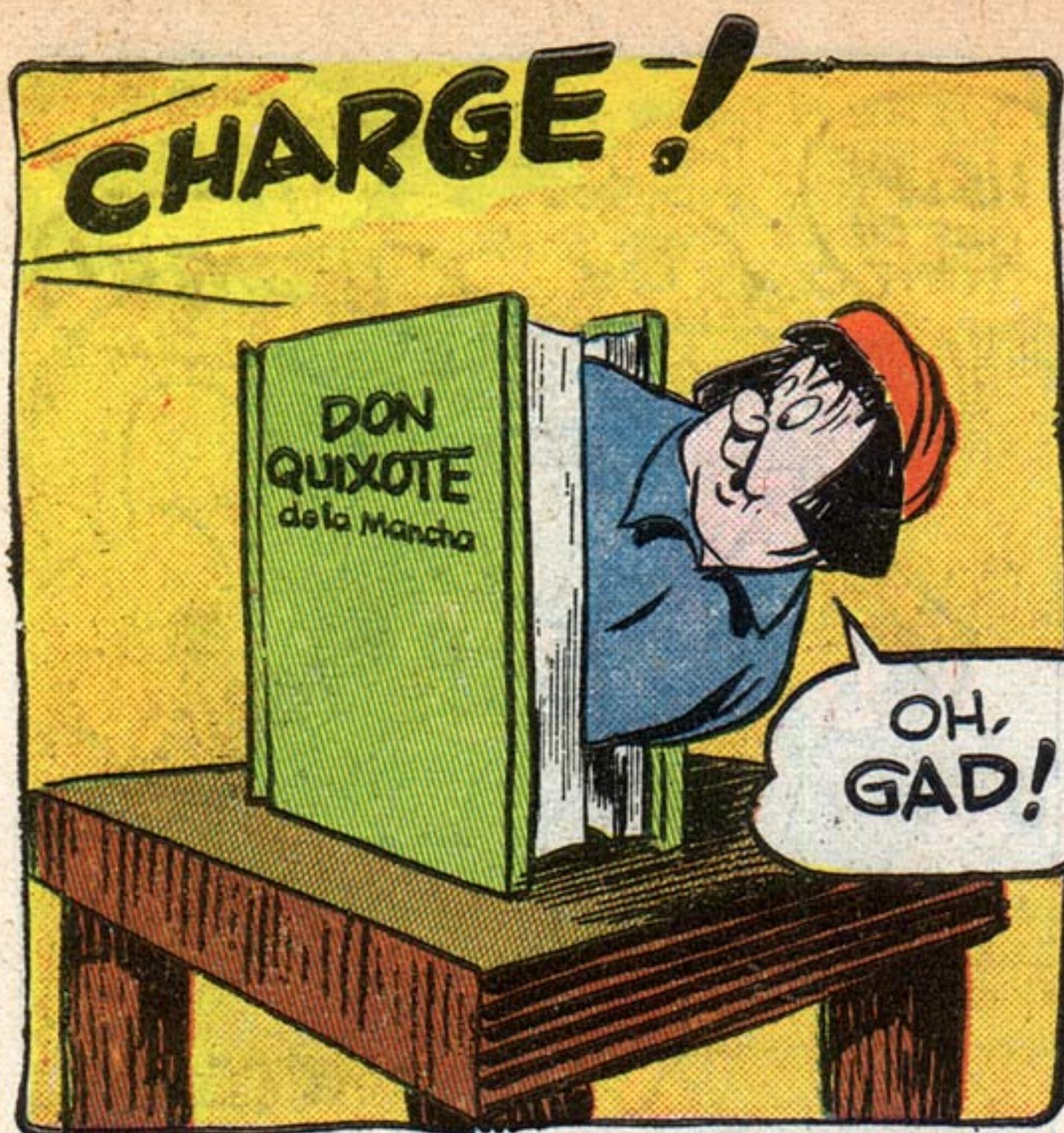
SO THERE HE IS!

HUH?

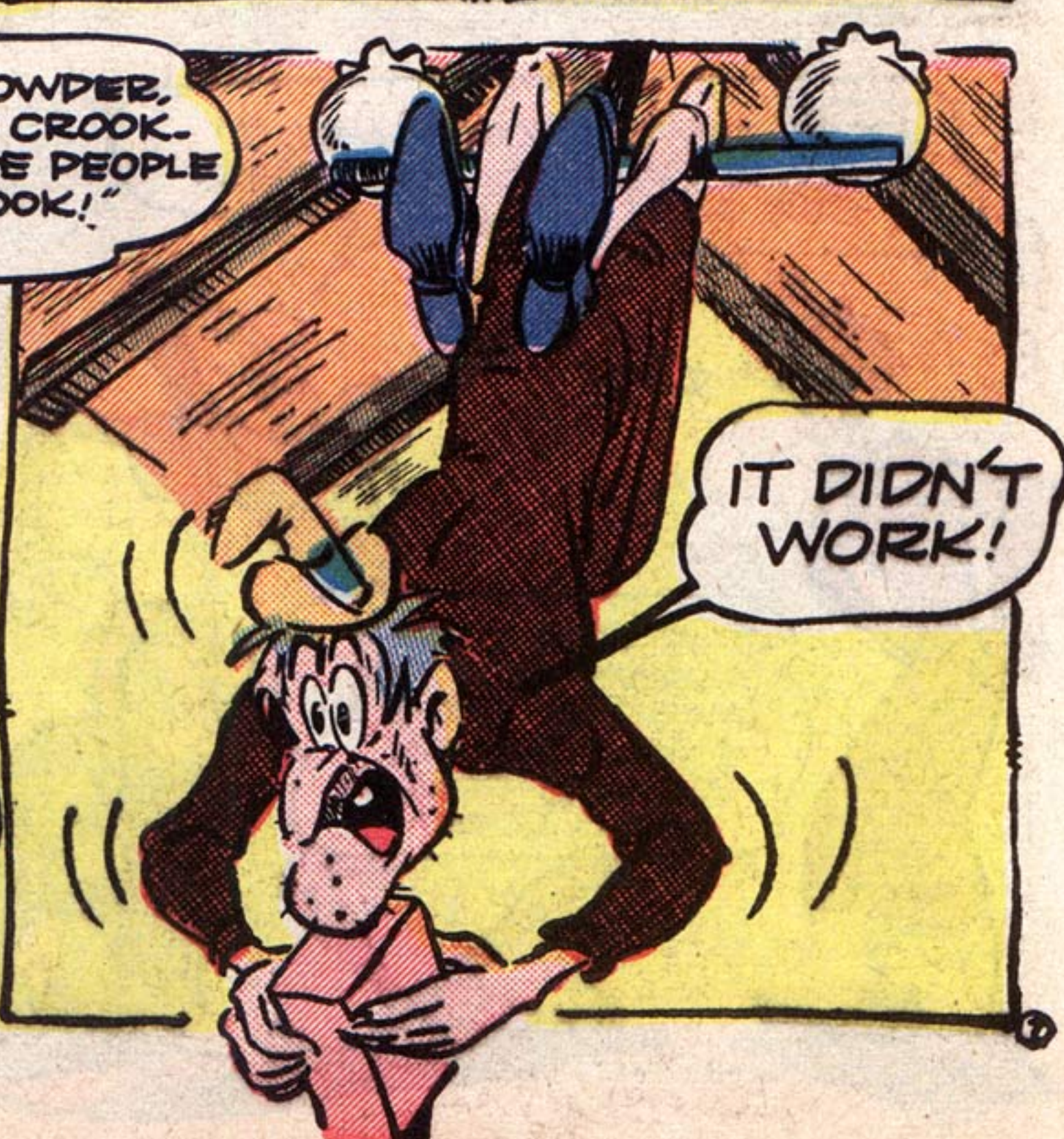
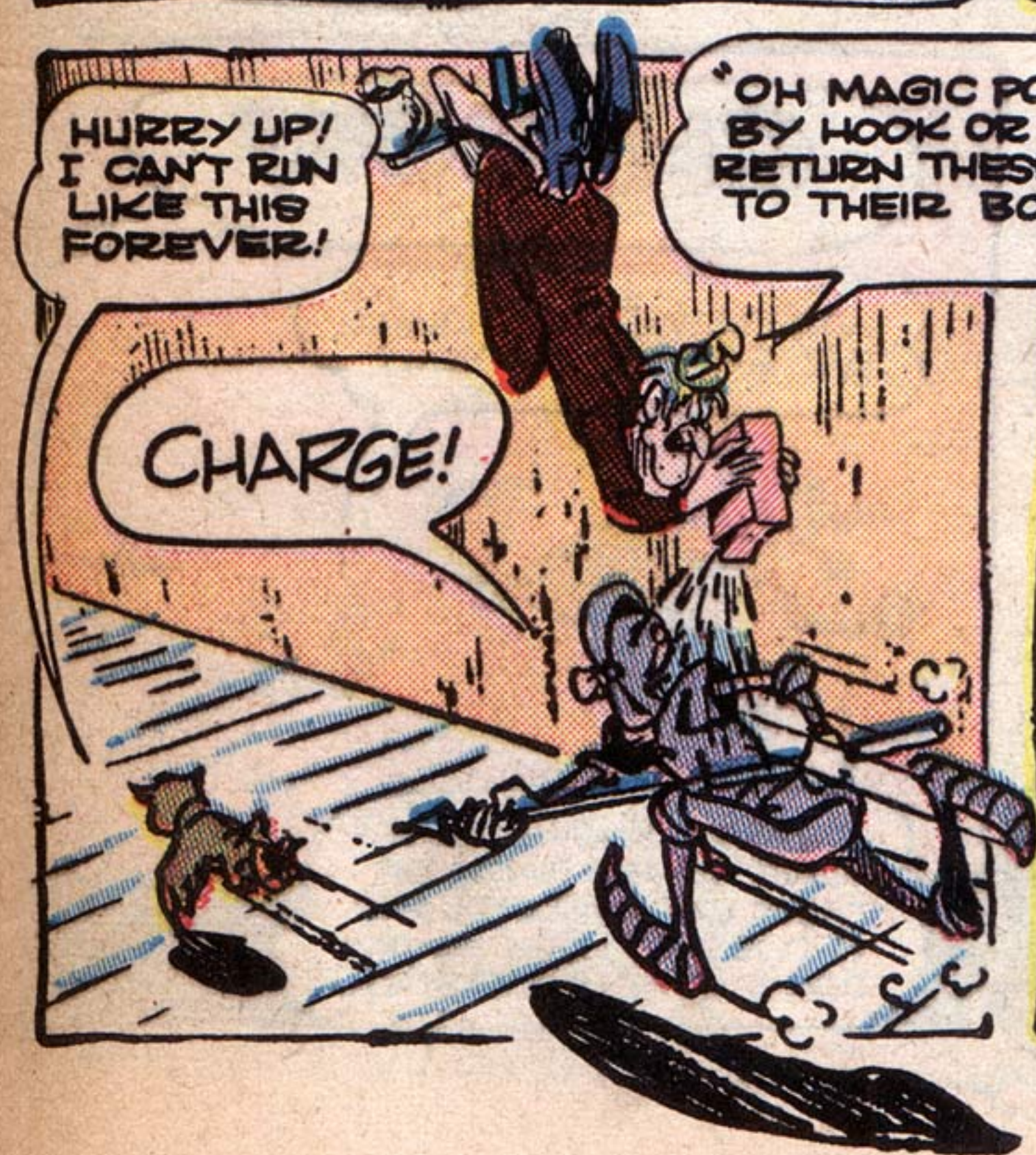
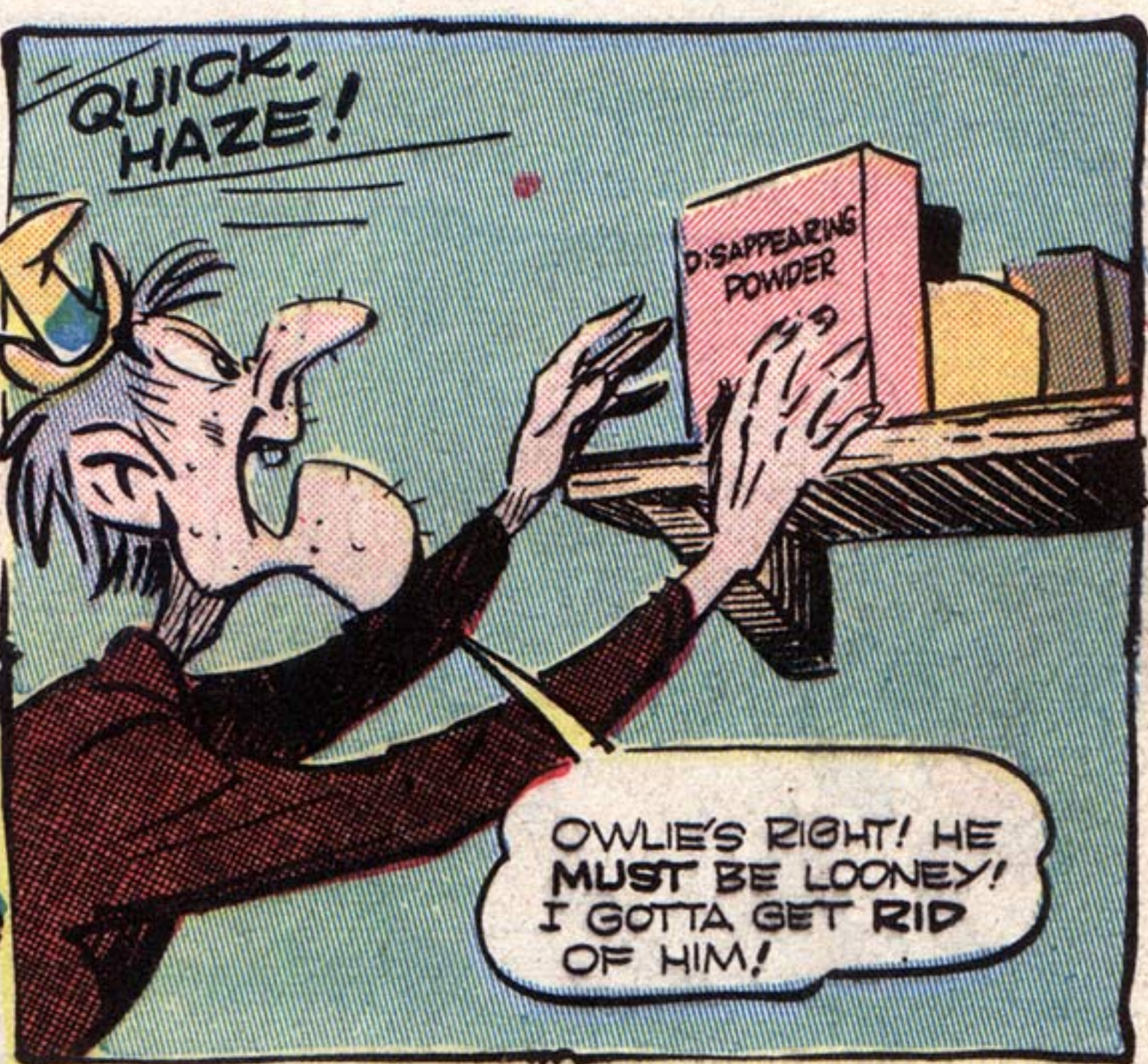
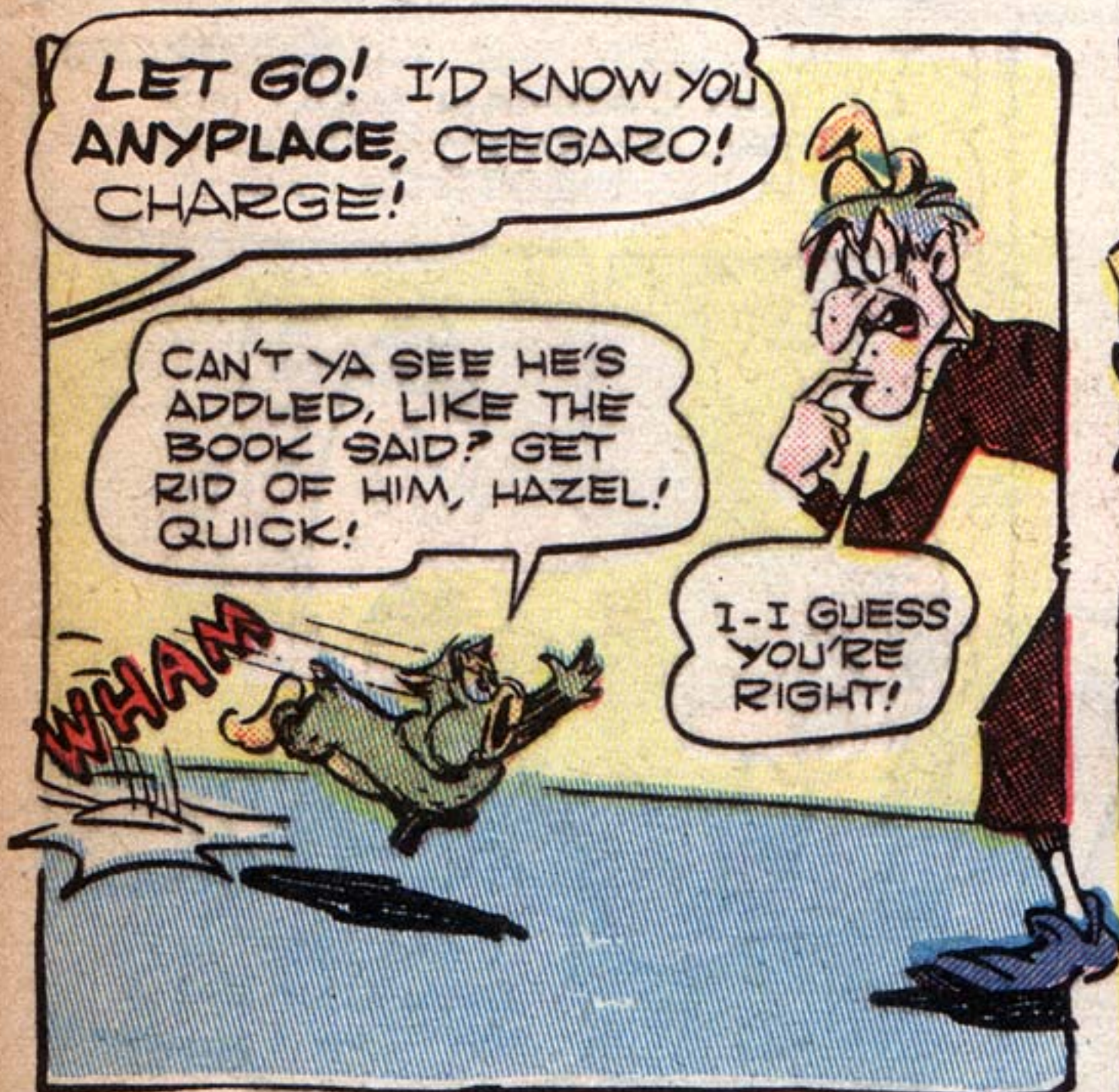
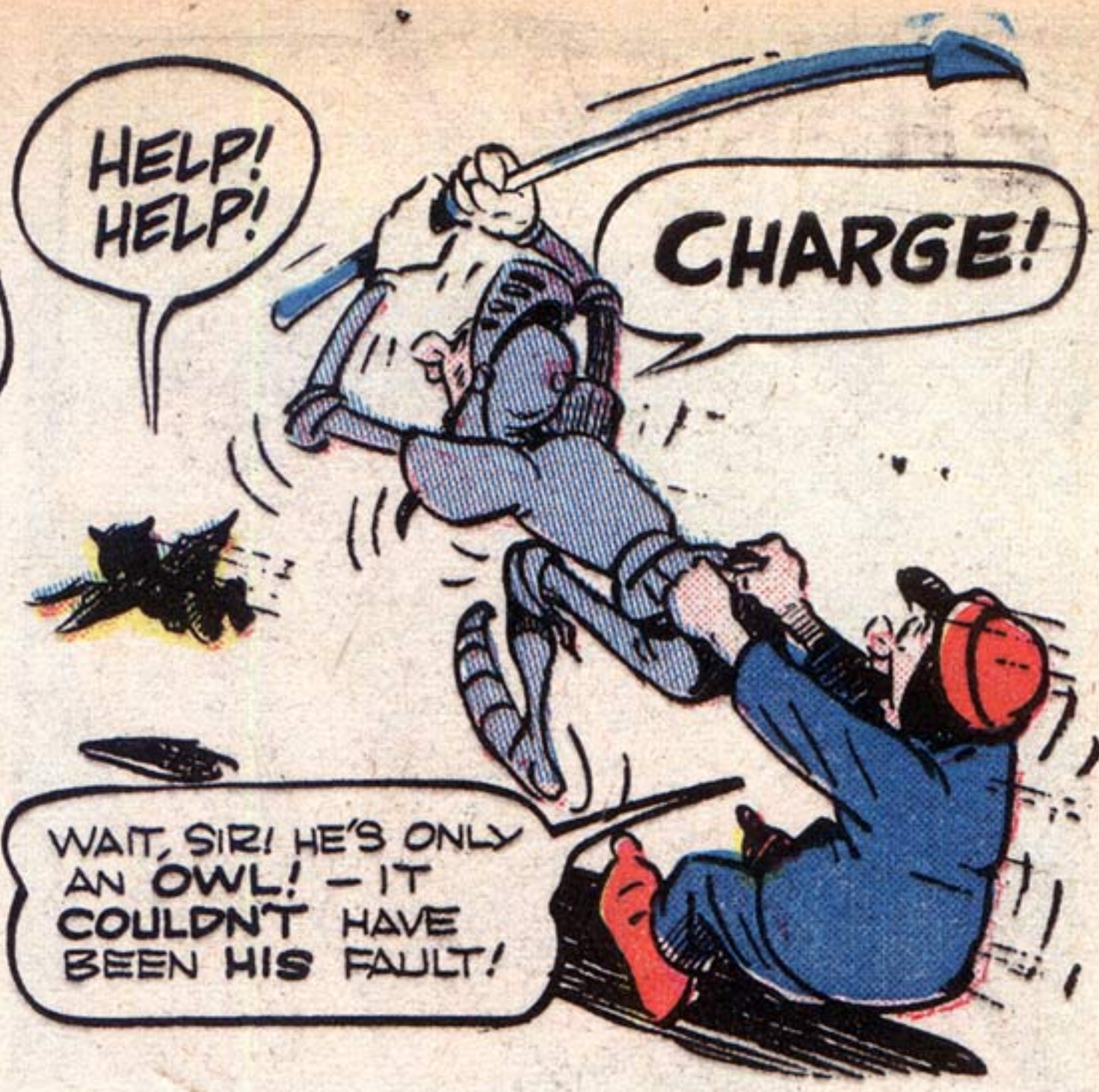














THE DIRECTIONS! MAYBE I DIDN'T WORK IT RIGHT!  
--YIPE!

NOTE:  
THIS POWDER WILL  
WORK ONLY ON  
REAL PEOPLE,  
THINGS, OBJECTS  
OR GADGETS!  
IT WILL NOT WORK  
ON FICTIONAL PEOPLE,  
THINGS, OBJECTS OR  
GADGETS! SORRY!  
*The Manufacturer.*

OWLIE! MY MAGIC  
WON'T WORK ON  
THEM! THEY'RE  
NOT **REAL** ---  
ONLY STORY BOOK  
PEOPLE!

**CHARGE!**

OH, FINE!

MAGIC? STOP! CEASE! DID I  
UNDERSTAND YOU TO SAY YOU  
WORK **MAGIC**?

WHY,  
YES!

THEN YOU'RE THE **MAGIC DRAGON**  
OF THE CASPIAN SEA! MY  
MORTAL ENEMY! I TOOK AN  
OATH TO **DESTROY** YOU!

I AM NOT A  
DRAGON! I'M A  
WITCH!

DON'T TRY TO DECEIVE ME! I  
KNOW A DRAGON'S FACE WHEN  
I SEE ONE!

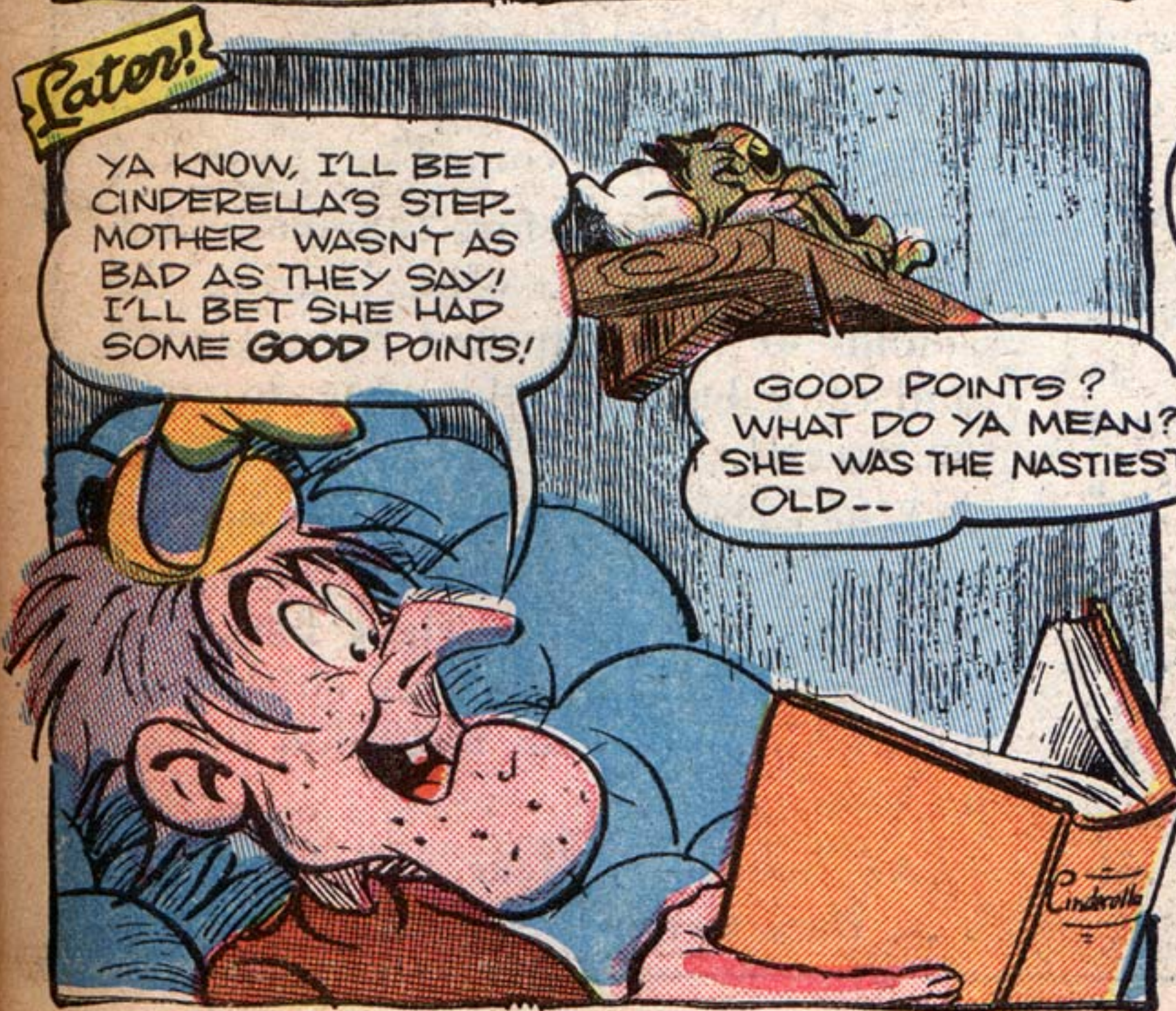
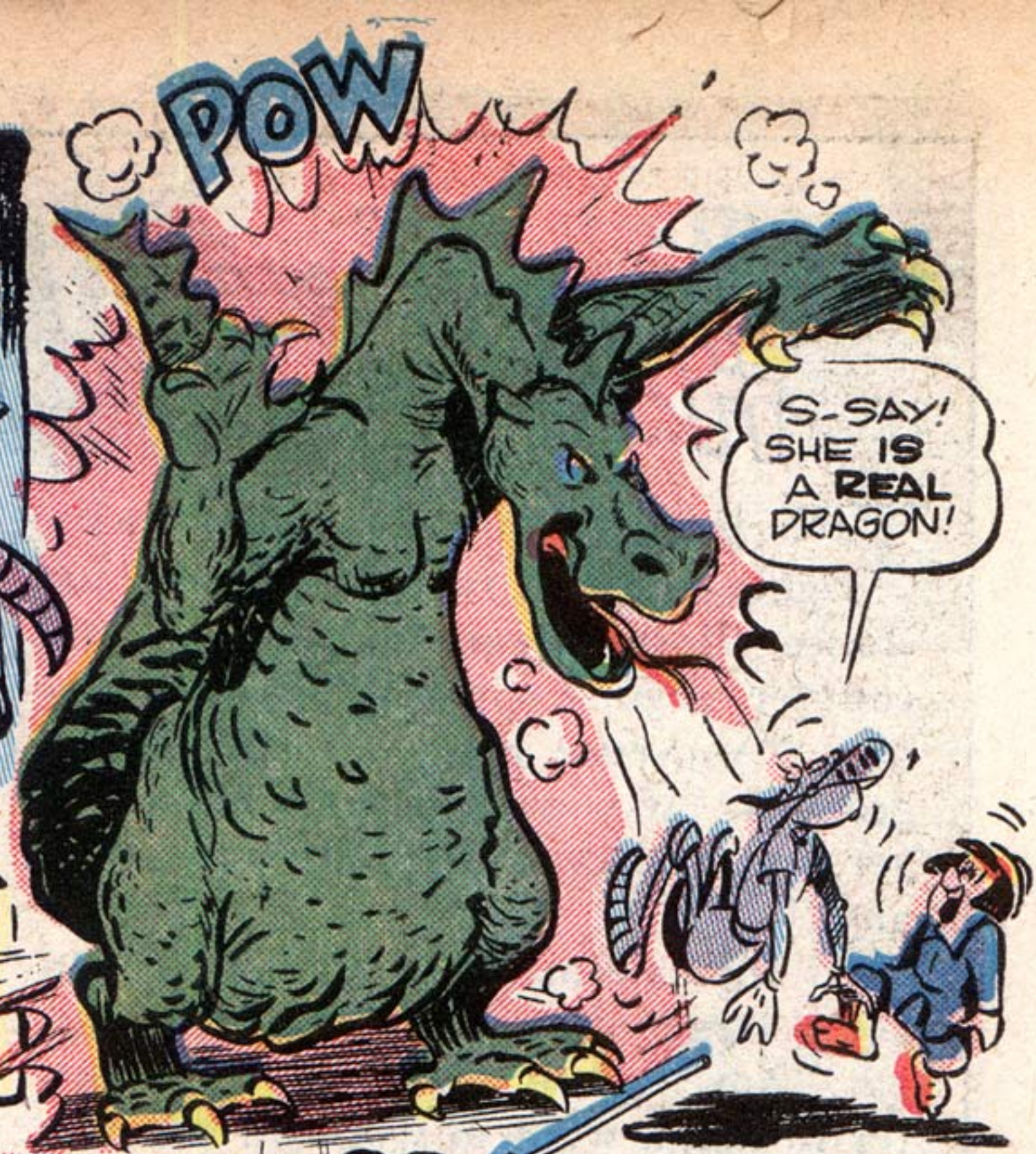
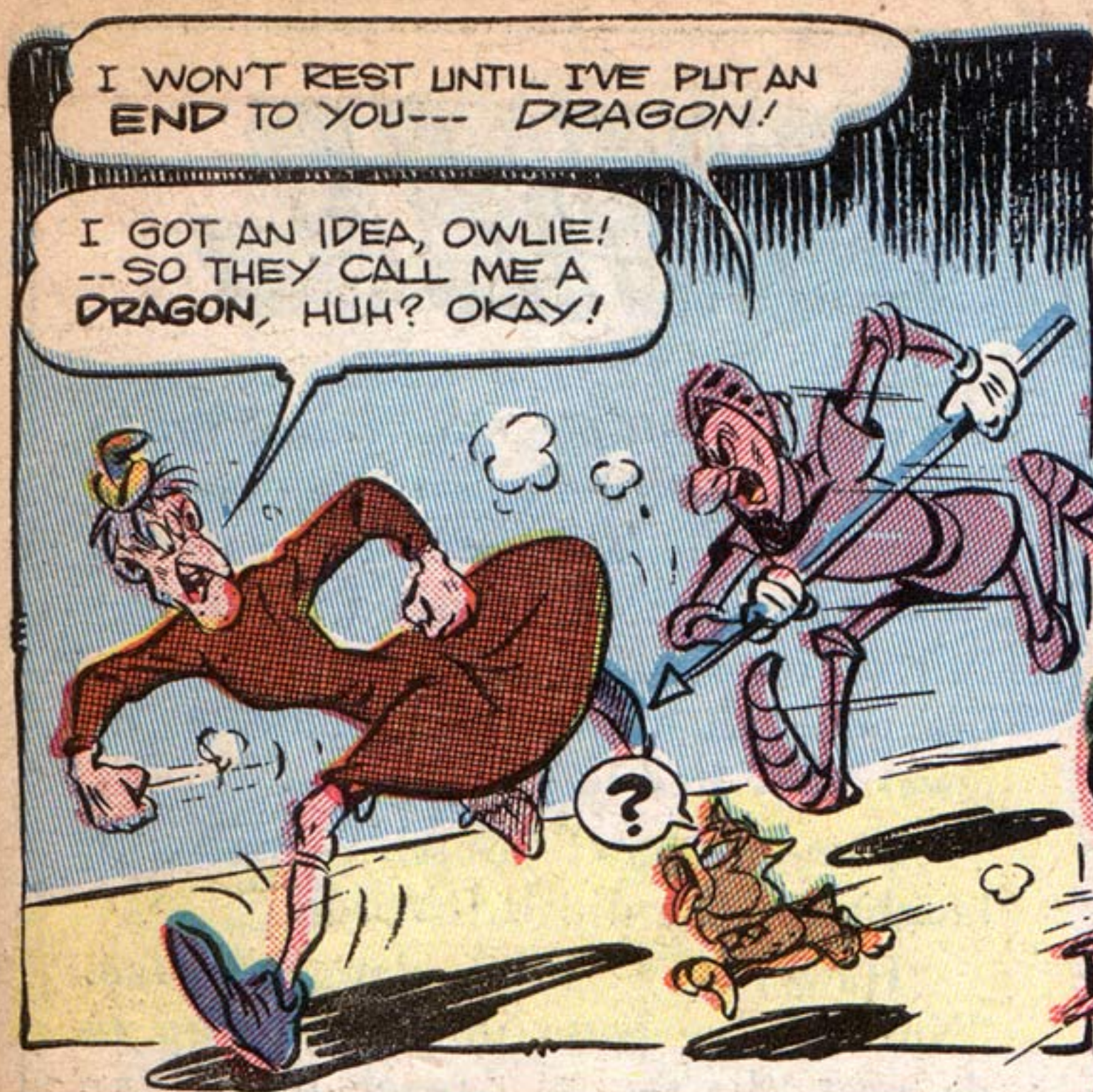
THIS TIME I MUST  
**AGREE** WITH THE  
MASTER! THAT'S A  
FACE ONLY A  
MOTHER DRAGON  
COULD LOVE!

**CHARGE!**

WHAT'LL WE **DO**? HOW'LL  
WE GET RID OF 'EM?

I DON'T KNOW! THEY  
HAVE TO GO BACK OF  
THEIR OWN ACCORD, AND  
IT DOESN'T LOOK AS IF  
THAT'S GOING TO **HAPPEN**!







# THE Hidden JEWEL

THE jewelry store was ablaze with lights and the twinkle of precious stones. Bosco Bear, standing at the counter, argued with one of the salesmen. "Nonsense, my good man," Bosco growled, "if you can't show me a *bigger* diamond than that, don't show me any!"

As the salesman turned his back to get a larger diamond, Bosco whispered, "Now!" And Fred Fox, glass-cutter in hand, went to work on the case with the million-dollar emerald in it. Noiselessly, he cut a window in the case, soundlessly, his hand slid in and lifted the emerald!

"Now!" said Fred Fox. "Let's go!"

The two jewel thieves sped out of the store. Running across the street, they could hear the burglar alarm ringing and then . . . a police siren!

"They're after us," gasped Bosco Bear. "Run!"

Down alleys and across back yards, the villainous bear and the lightfingered fox ran. They jumped fences, scaled walls and hid in doorways. Anything to escape capture by the police!

But the siren sounded louder and louder and the police drew closer and closer. "We gotta hide dis emerald . . . quick!" Fred Fox said.

"Yeah," Bosco Bear agreed. "If dey catch us wid dat, we're *cooked*!"

"Where'll we stash it?" Fred wondered, his brain working as fast as it could. "Dere ain't nuthin' around here but a coupla rabbit hutches, a henhouse an' a . . . *I got it! Dere!*"

Bosco Bear grinned as he saw Fred put the large emerald in a hen's nest, where three other eggs lay cozily. He grinned even more widely when he saw the mother hen come waddling importantly towards the nest and settle on the eggs.

By the time the police came, Bosco and Fred were lying on the grass, at peace with themselves and the world. "Wot emerald?" they asked, their eyes full of innocence. And, since the police couldn't find any evidence of the jewel, they had to leave.

"Haw-haw-haw!" Bosco roared with laughter. "We did it, Freddie!"

"Haw-haw!" Fred laughed too. "Now all we gotta do is walk up ta da nest like dis . . . reach down like dis . . . an' . . . hey! *Ouch! No!*"

Hannah Hen, cackling with fury, had pecked viciously at Fred's hand. "Egg-stealer!" she shouted. "Chick-napper!"

"Ah, don't let no hen scare yuh!" said Bosco. "Here, *I'll* get it!"

"Cut-cut-cut-it-out!" Hannah Hen cried in a rage. Flying at the intruders, she scratched, clawed and pecked . . . fluttering her wings in their eyes until they were almost blinded. And as she beat her wings and raked her claws over the bear and the fox, she screamed, "Villains! Nest robbers! I'll fix you!"

"Help!" cried Bosco Bear.

"Help!" cried Fred Fox. "Won't somebody *please* come?"

It wasn't long before somebody did. It was the police, who, hearing the sounds of battle, turned right around and came back . . . this time, to make an arrest!

When Hannah Hen understood that one of her eggs was a million-dollar emerald, she gave it right back and said smugly, "Each of my chicks will be worth *more* than a million dollars to me!"

As for Bosco Bear and Fred Fox . . . *they* were speechless!

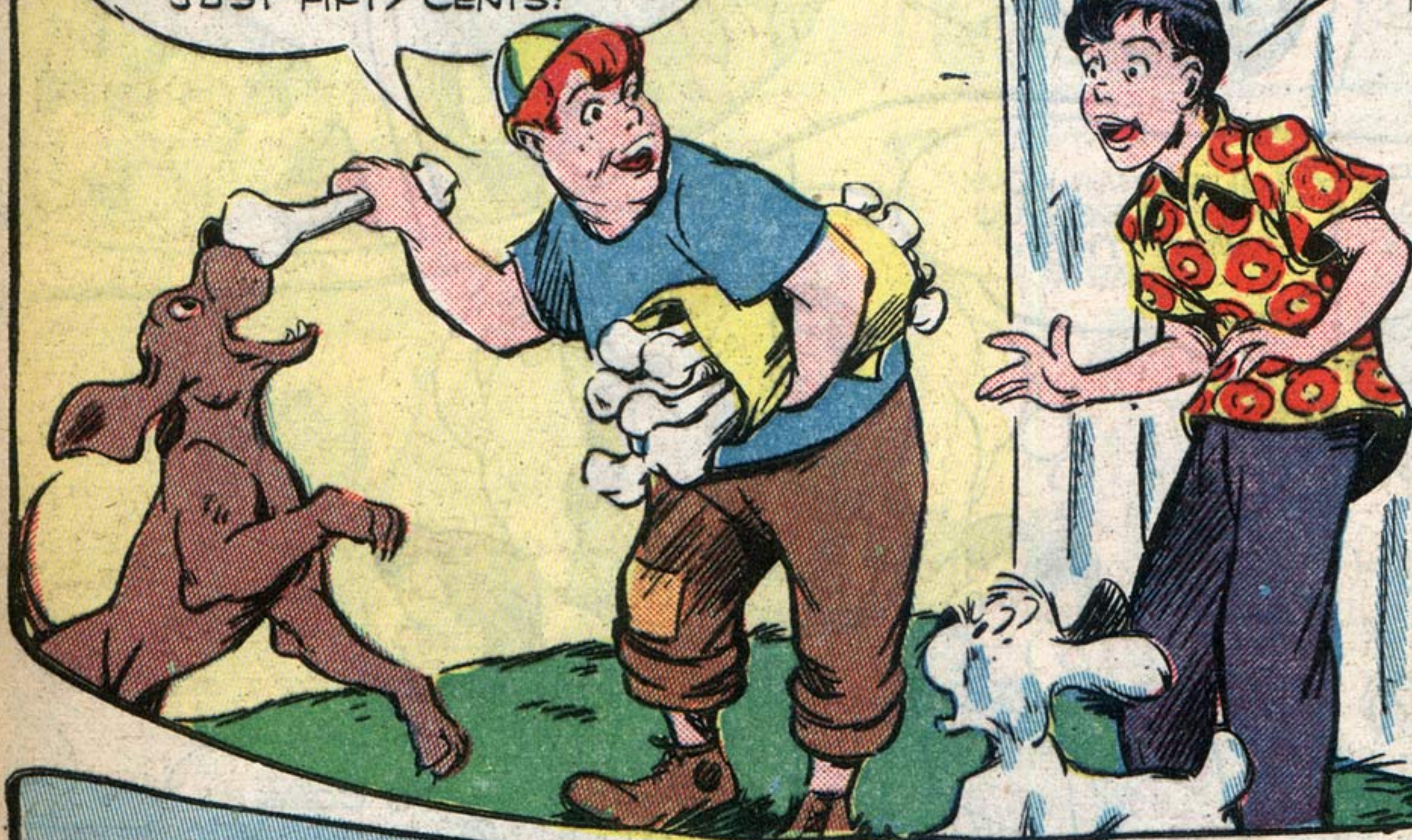


# BINKY

KEN HULTGREN

OL' MAN JONES, THE BUTCHER, SOLD ME ALL THESE BONES FOR JUST FIFTY CENTS!

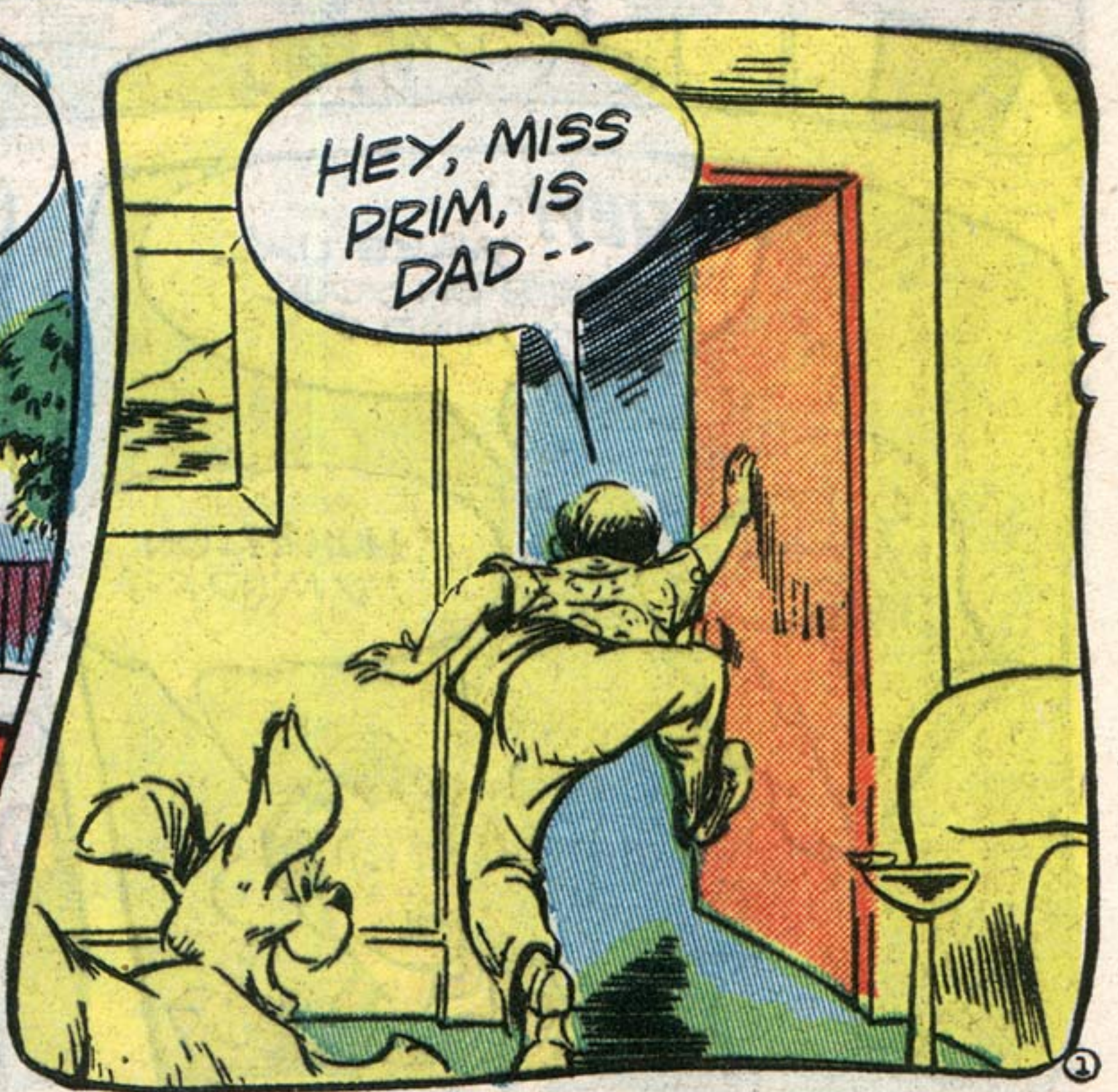
WOW!!  
WOTTA  
DEAL!!



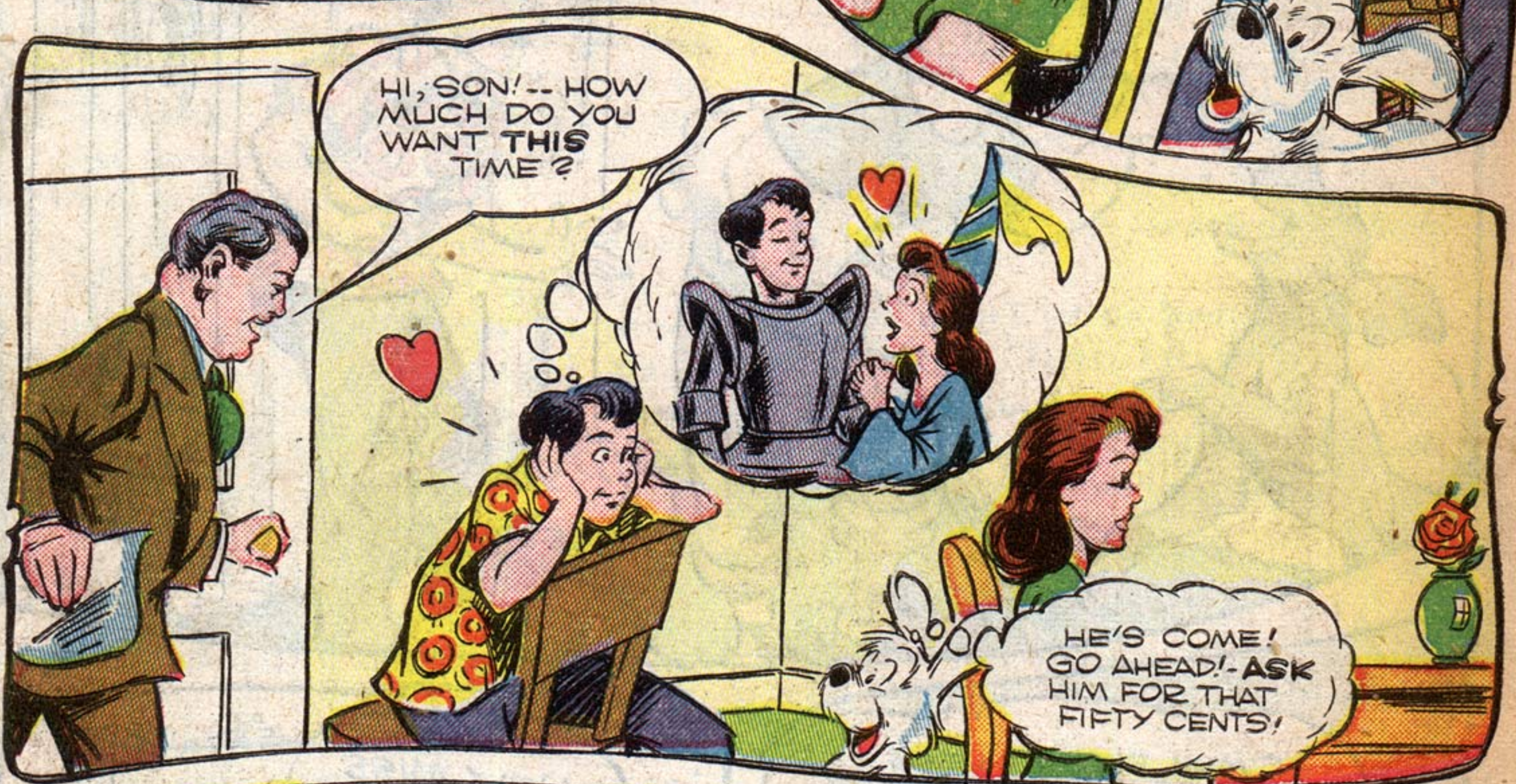
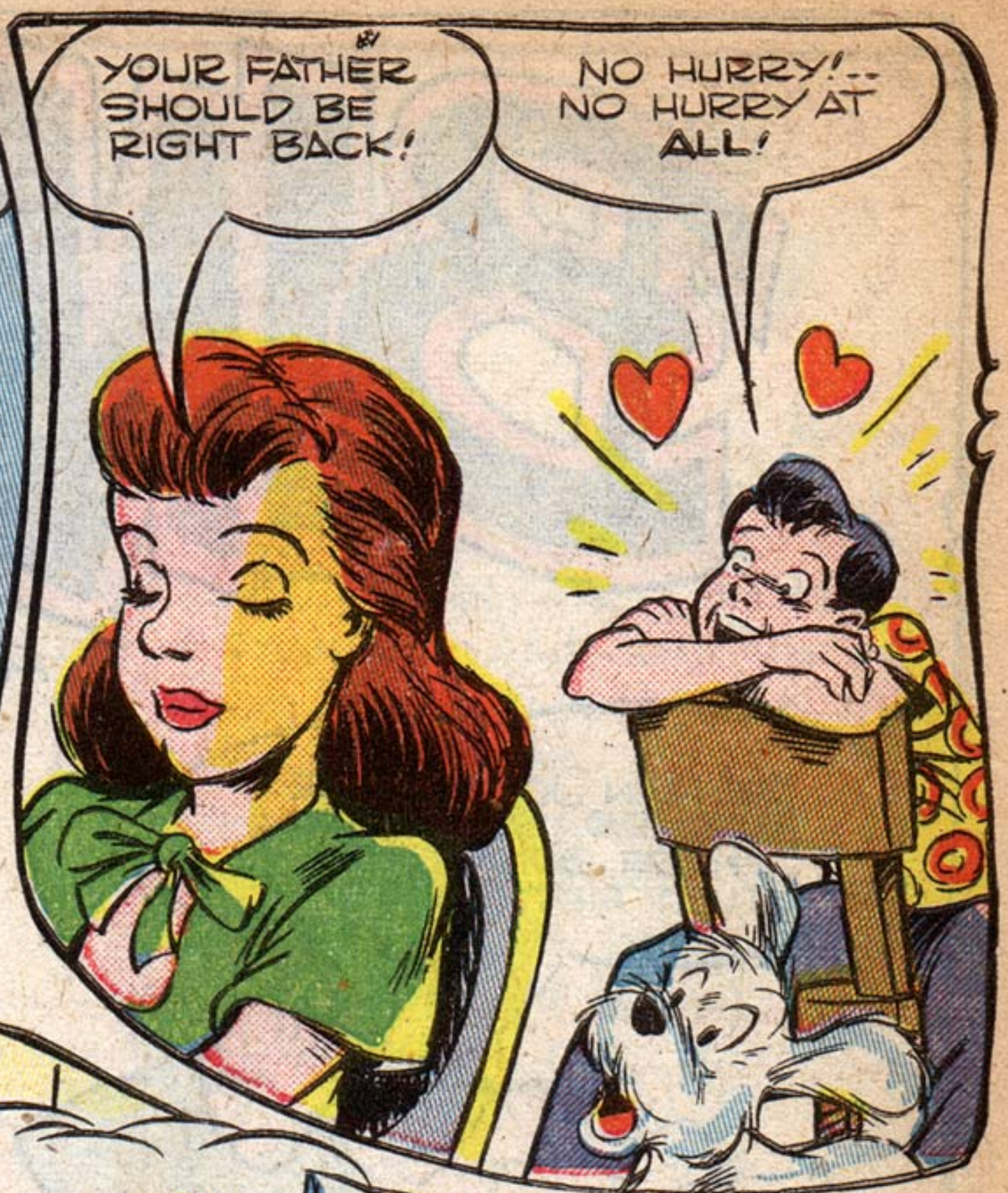
C'MON, BINKY! -- LET'S  
TEAR DOWN TO DAD'S OFFICE  
AND GET FIFTY CENTS! --  
I'LL BUY SOME BONES FOR  
YOU TOO!



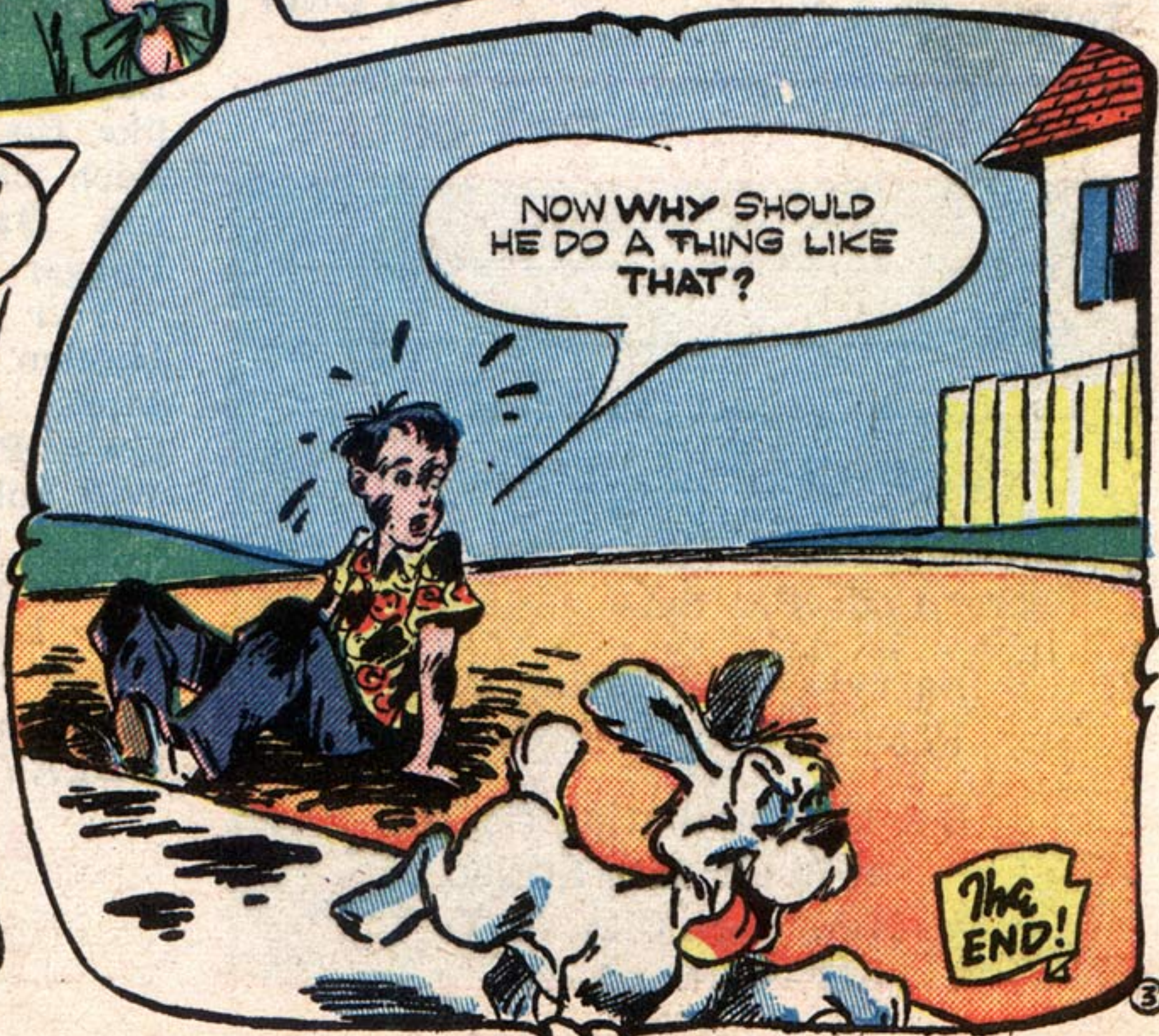
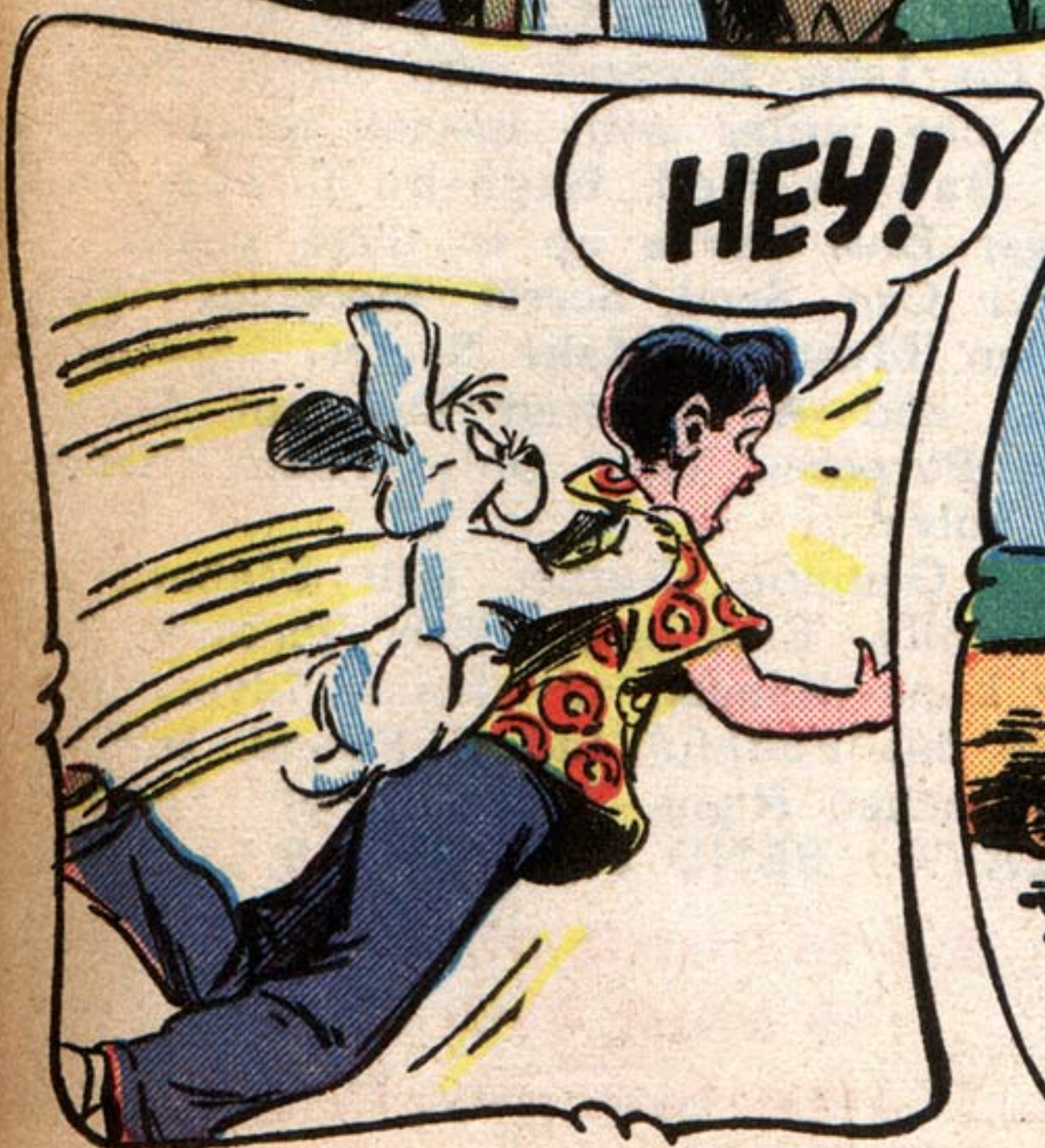
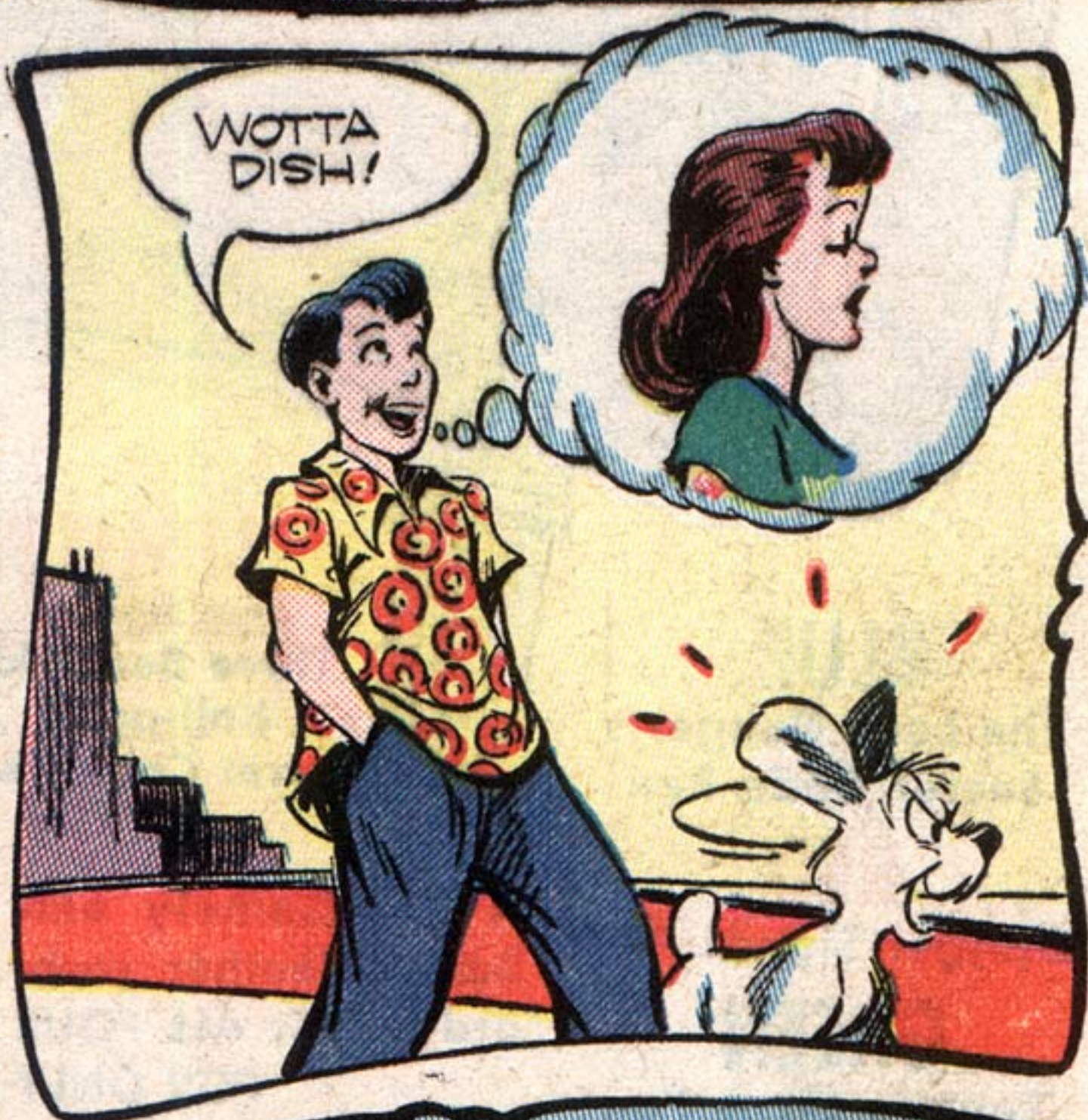
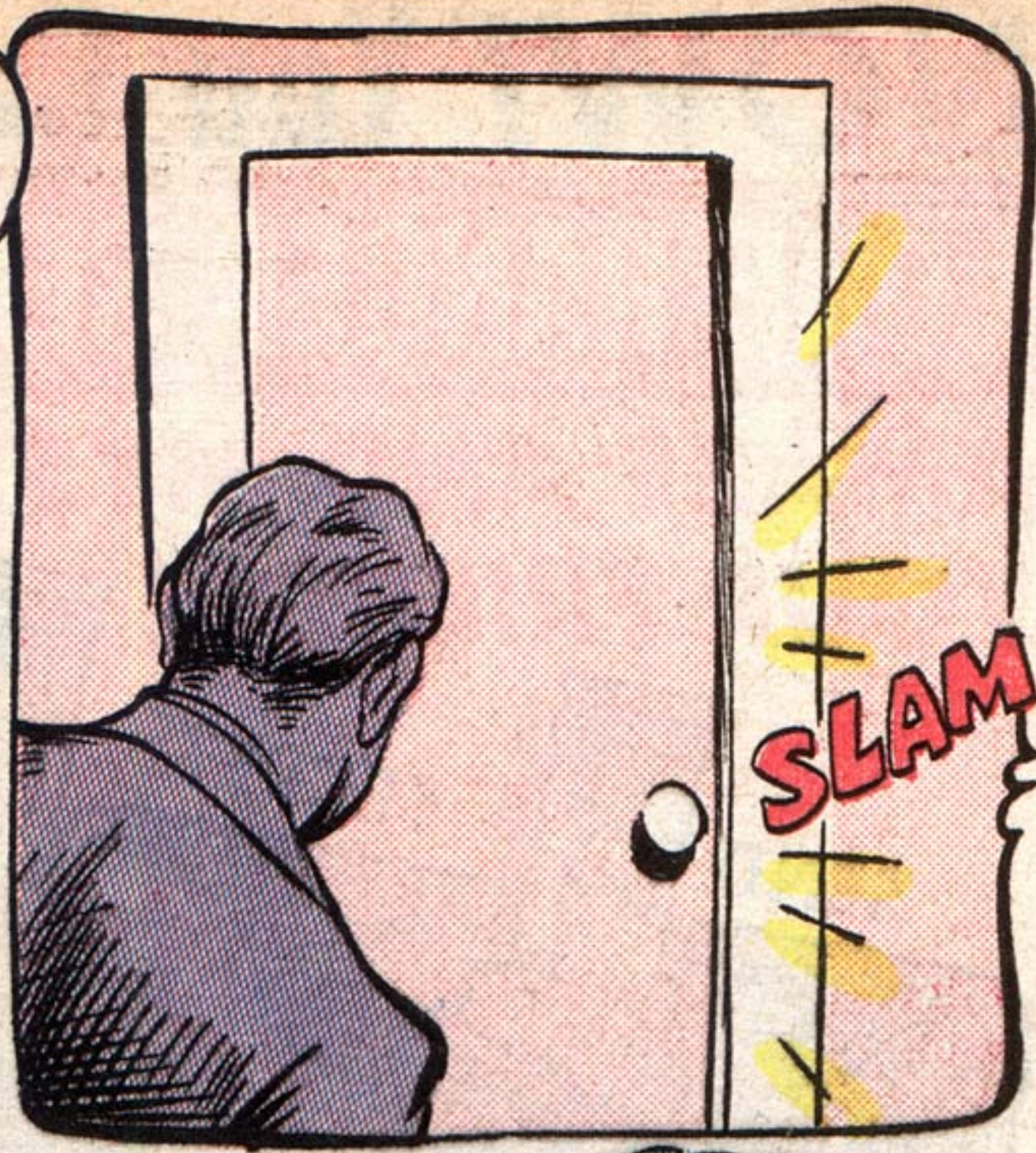
HEY, MISS  
PRIM, IS  
DAD --













# NOW! You Can Get The Official LONE RANGER SECRET CODE PEN SET!

**AMAZE AND MYSTIFY  
YOUR FRIENDS!**

AN EVERLAST  
PRODUCT



Plenty  
**FUN**  
for you

**BLUE**

The Lone Ranger's  
Secret Code Pen

**RED**

Danger Signal Pen

**GREEN**

Tonto's Own Pen

**PLUS**

A handsomely em-  
bossed leather scab-  
ard holder **ALL FOUR**  
**FOR ONLY**

**LIMITED**

**OFFER!**

**\$1.00**  
For  
Complete  
Set

**HERE'S A  
SENSATIONAL BUY!**

**BE THE FIRST  
TO HAVE THIS  
WONDERFUL  
COMBINATION!**

**ACT NOW! RUSH YOUR ORDER!**

From.....

Address.....

Enclosed is \$..... Rush Me At  
Once..... Official Lone Ranger  
Secret Code Pen Sets.

Sorry—Our Amazing Price  
Permits No C.O.D. Orders.

B & M Distributing Co. Inc.  
45 West 45th Street  
New York City, N. Y.

Each of the Secret Code pens is shaped like the Lone Ranger's own Silver Bullet. Each one writes with special secret code ink. Danger Red. High-ho Green and Ranger Blue Write up to three years.

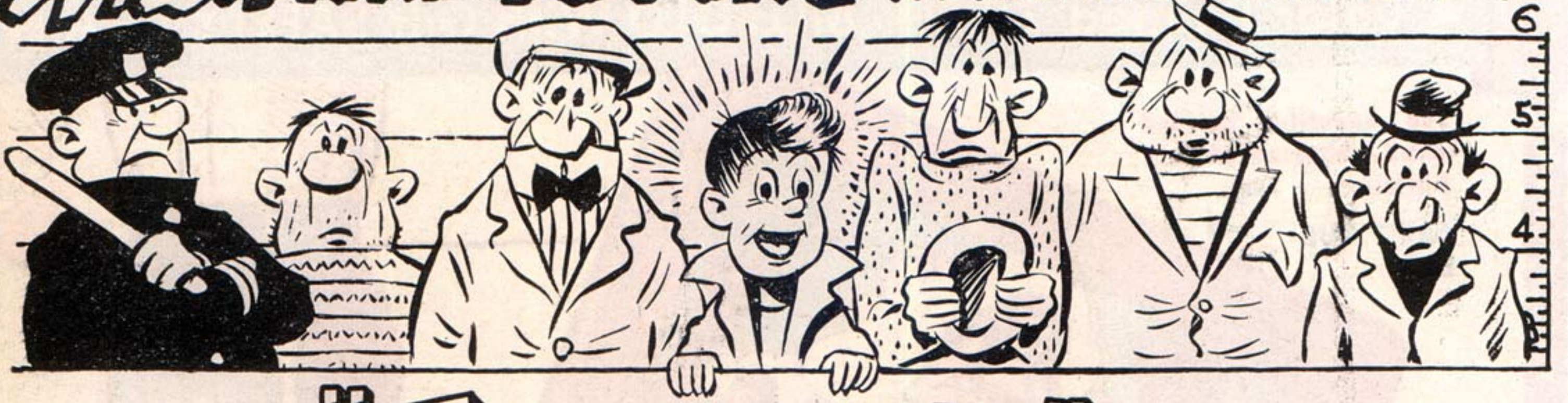
You Can Send Secret Messages With Hidden Meaning, Make Secret Signs and Maps, and A Hundred Different Secret Code Purposes That Only Your Friends Will Solve!

The Genuine Leather Belt Scabbard Is Beautifully Embossed With Pictures Of The Lone Ranger, his horse Silver, and Tonto, his Faithful Indian Friend. It Can Be Attached Right To Your Belt! **DON'T DELAY — SEND FOR YOURS TODAY!**

**B & M Distributing Co. Inc.  
45 West 45th Street  
New York City, N. Y.**



Who's number one IN THE LAUGH LINEUP?



WHY, **COOKIE** OF COURSE!

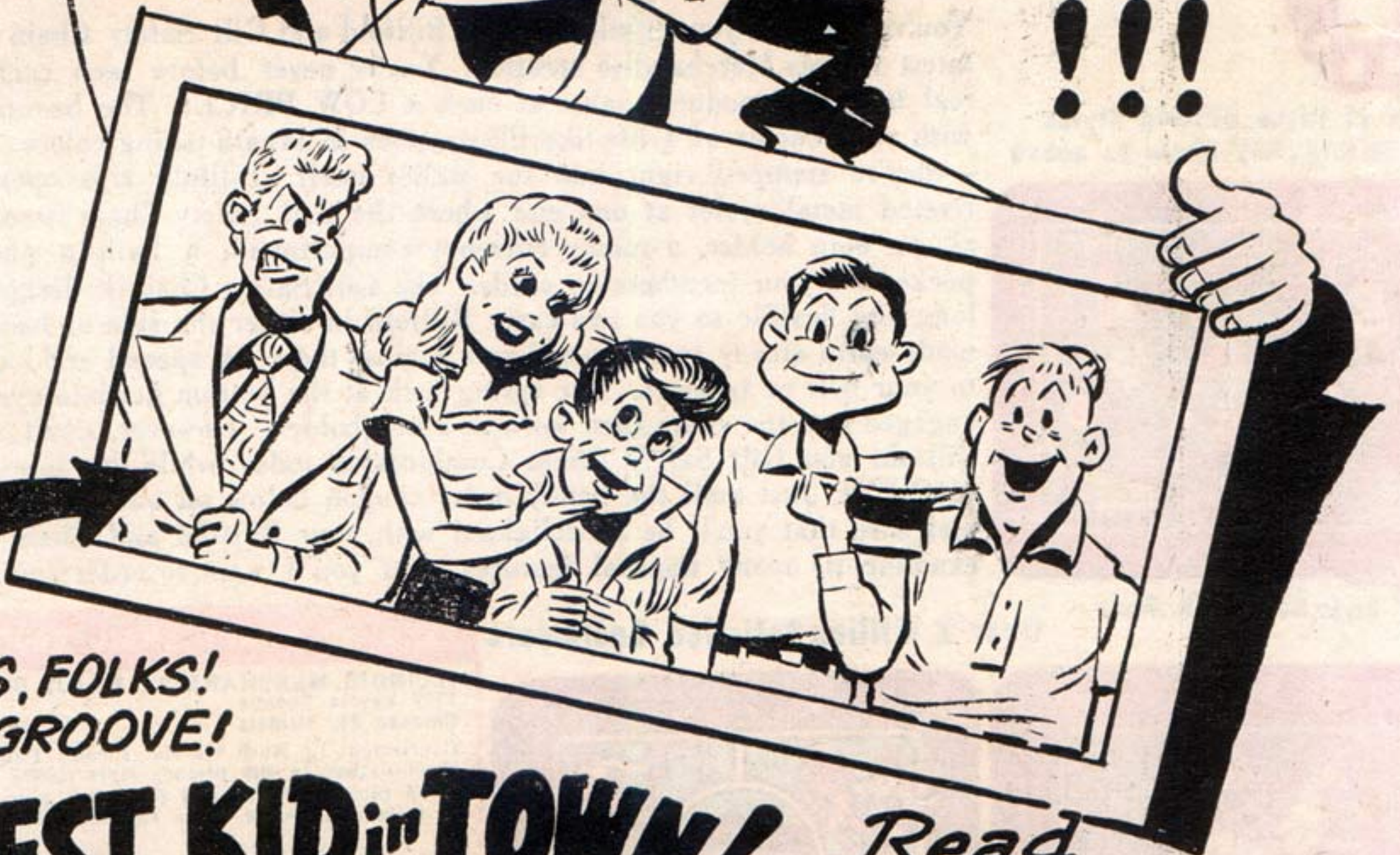
**COOKIE'S** THE LAFF-LAD THE WHOLE WORLD LOVES! **COOKIE'S** THE HOTTEST, MOST HILARIOUS HEPCAT IN HISTORY... A RAPID-FIRE ROMEO AND A REGULAR GUY! AND NOW HE'S SWEEPING THE NATION IN HIS **OWN** MAGAZINE...

**COOKIE**

!!!

HERE'S THE MAGAZINE--

-- AND HERE'S WHO'S IN IT!



IT'S ALL YOURS, FOLKS!  
SO GET IN THE GROOVE!

Meet...

**The FUNNIEST KID in TOWN!**

Read

10¢ AT ALL STANDS

**COOKIE**



# Easy to use! Hard to lose! Every Man Will Want This Beautiful 4 Color Painted ZIPPER BILLFOLD With Gilt SAFETY CHAIN!

The beautiful painted scene embossed on this Billfold . . .

CAN'T RUB OFF

This smart-looking Gilt Chain is made extra strong to protect your valuables.

Style 520 — Hula Girl

Only \$1.98

This is the first ZIPPER BILLFOLD and SAFETY CHAIN COMBINATION with all these unusual features ever to be offered at the sensational LOW PRICE of only \$1.98.

**Billfold has a built-in Pass Case and built-in Plastic Coin Holder! Clever Safety Chain is designed so it can also be used as a handy Key Chain!**

You've never in your lifetime seen a Billfold and Gilt Safety Chain combination to compare with this latest Illinois Merchandise creation. You've never before seen such luxurious appearance, and such real honest-to-goodness value at such a LOW PRICE! The beautiful painted designs are embossed with your choice of 4 life-like illustrations in breath-taking colors. These colorful scenes can't rub off—they're stamped right into the wallet itself. Billfold zips open "all-the-way-around" and has a riveted metal eyelet at one end where the Gilt Safety Chain is securely fastened. Inside is a built-in plastic coin holder, a roomy currency compartment, a built-in pass case, also a spacious window pocket for your membership cards. The Gilt Safety Chain is designed especially for this Billfold. It's long and flexible so you can carry Billfold in either the side or back pocket without interference. It's made extra sturdy to safeguard you against theft. A special self-locking device at the top fastens on to your belt or trousers. The spring lock at the bottom fits into eyelet of billfold but can also be disengaged and the chain then worn as a key holder. However, don't wait! Order your Painted Zipper Billfold and Gilt Safety Chain Combination today while this low price offer is in effect. SEND NO MONEY! Just mail the handy order coupon below on our 10 day money back guarantee offer. We feel sure that you'll be so delighted with your Billfold and Chain Combination once you see it and examine its many unusual features, that you'll want to order again for gifts to friends and relatives.

Each of these Billfold Styles comes with Safety Chain as above



Style 532—U. S. Map

Over 2 Million Satisfied Customers



Style 535—Texas Ranger



Style 549—Sporting Scene

**SEND NO MONEY! MAIL COUPON WITH YOUR STYLE CHOICE!**

ILLINOIS MERCHANDISE MART, Dept. 5106  
1227 Loyola Avenue  
Chicago 26, Illinois

Gentlemen: ☐ Rush me the 4 color Painted Zipper Billfold and Gilt Safety Chain Combination in the picture style choice indicated below. I will pay postman only \$1.98 plus Fed. Tax and few cents postage and C.O.D. charges on arrival. I must be fully satisfied or I can return billfold and chain within 10 days for refund.

MY BILLFOLD SELECTION IS \_\_\_\_\_  
(Give Style number and subject)

If more than one billfold is being ordered state how many here \_\_\_\_\_

MY NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_